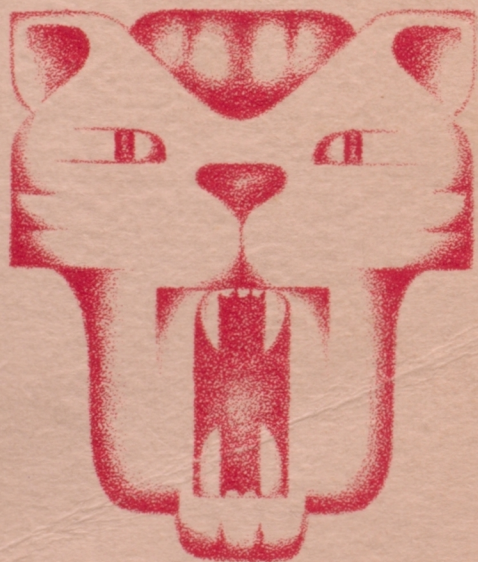
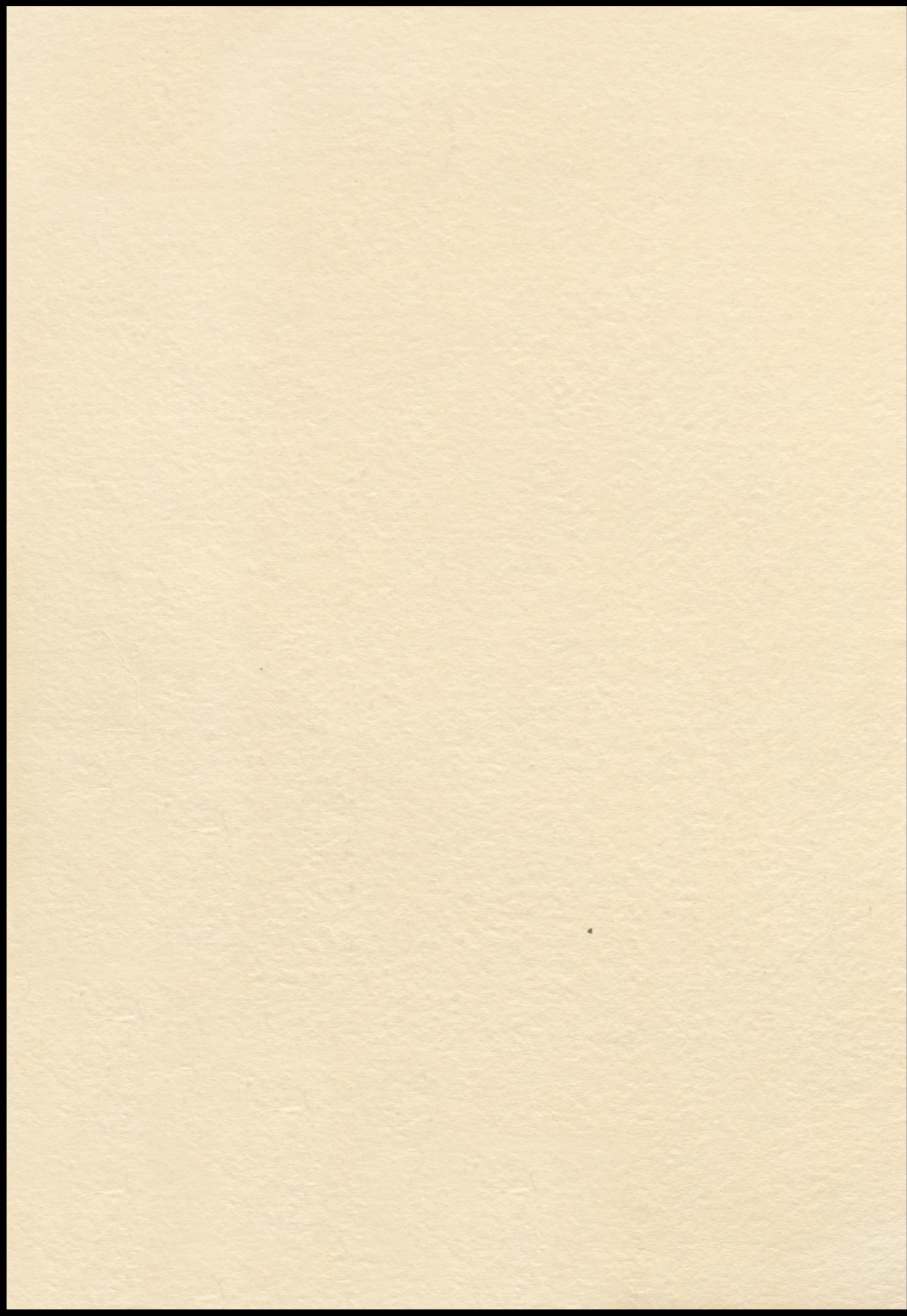


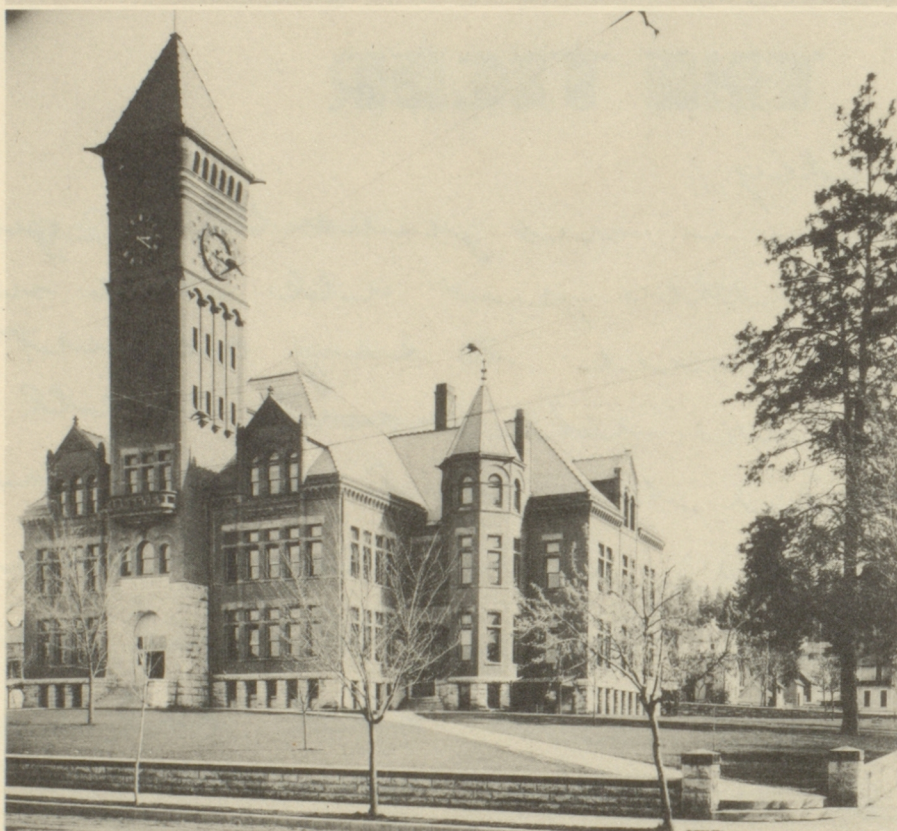
THE T I C E R



JUNE '38



THE TIGER



Upper: A Spokane Grade and High School Group in the early nineties.

Middle: South Central High School in 1905.

Lower: Lewis and Clark High School in 1938.



Well, you've been
a very swell
elegant & sis &
everything, & here's to
more fun at the
song, via
stag

THE TIGER

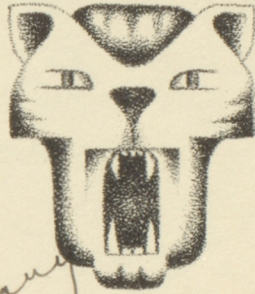
Published by

CLASS OF JUNE, 1938

of the

Lewis and Clark High School

Spokane, Washington



Dear Elaine
the really
haven't been
together very
much lately
but maybe
we'll have more
time in the
future - loads
of luck to a swell
Sigma Psi
Katie

Dear Elaine.
This history
class is sure
a riot, isn't it?
It's been sweet to
have you here (telling me
all the answers) and I hope
you will be in more classes
together. Really, Elaine, you're
one of the greatest girls I
know - you're perfect & your
figure - you look like a
queen. Makes me
want to be like you.
Betty

Well Elaine
 of year and we
 will be through
 in L.C. any how here's
 wishing a swell kid
 the best of everything

James Pearson

Dear Elaine
 Oh my
 how I love
 you how
 that way

Best wishes
 Always

James
 Vogel

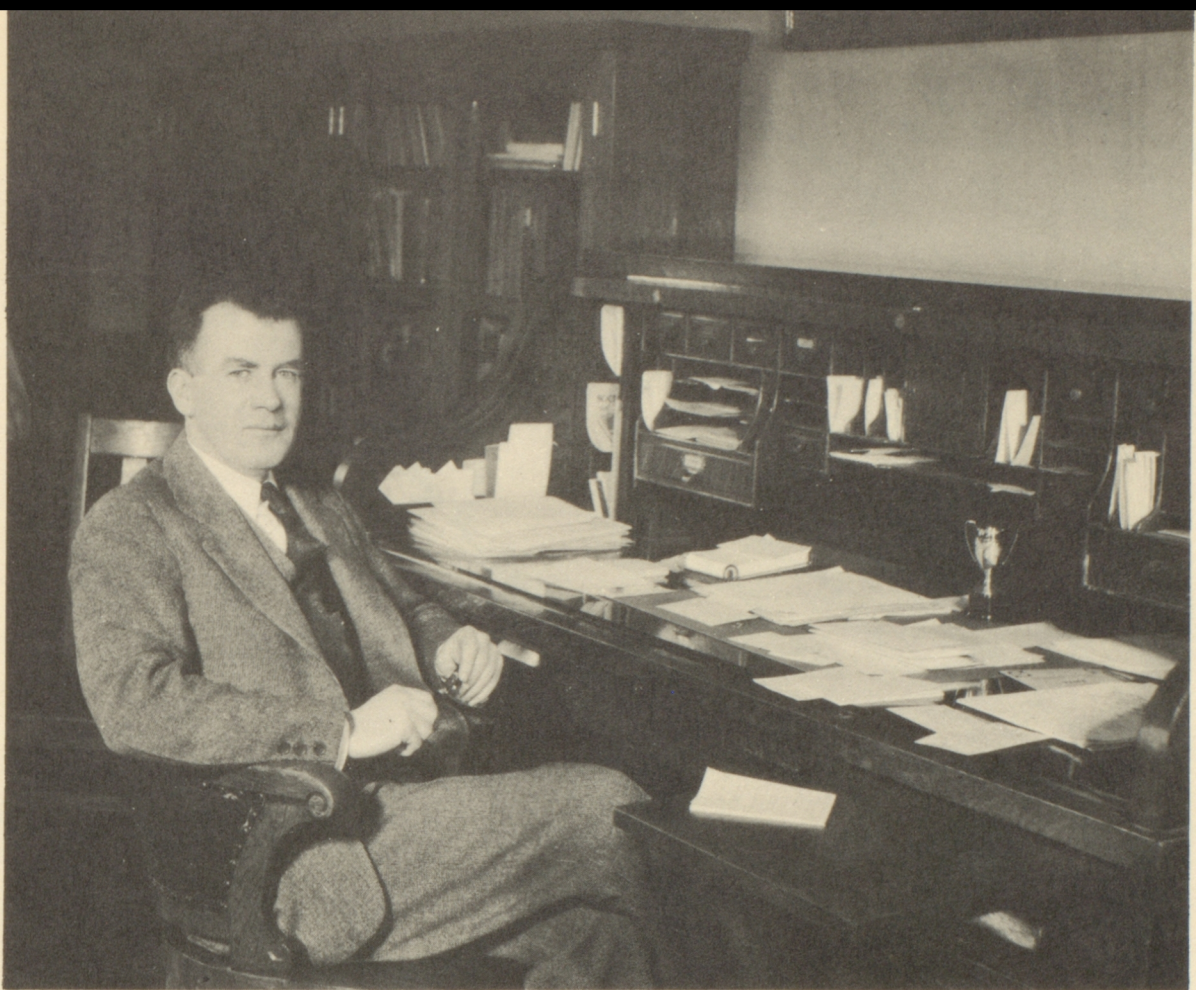


Mrs. Elsie L. Bengel

In sincere appreciation of the warm sympathy and broad understanding with which she has dealt with us, and in memory of all she has done to promote school spirit, good feeling, and sportsmanship, we, the Class of June, 1938, affectionately dedicate our TIGER to Mrs. Elsie L. Bengel.

Dear Elaine,
 Good Luck
 and success.
 Nicki Hunter

What a
 student. Good luck
 to you.
 Beverly Lee



PRINCIPAL TRUMAN G. REED

MESSAGE

To the Members of the Class of June, 1938:

This class is graduating at a most difficult, yet interesting time. There is a welter of conflicting opinion concerning our domestic policies; there is the constant threat of international involvement. The classes of young men and women who leave school this year are going to find that problems resident in both of these situations are none too easy to solve.

But it is with a sense of peculiar satisfaction that we send this class out into the world. They are well prepared; they are well disciplined; and they have learned, particularly in their senior year, to work together for the common good. It seems to us that this is the equipment that will solve the problems that perplex us all.

You may be sure that you go with our very best wishes and with our abiding interest in your welfare.

—TRUMAN G. REED.



Because the road was steep and long,
And through a dark and lonely land,
God set upon my lips a song
And put a lantern in my hand.
—Joyce Kilmer

Truman G. Reed,
Principal
Frances M. Stubblefield
Myrtle L. Elliott
June Ely
Mrs. Elsie L. Bengel
Mrs. Alice S. Lehmann
Mrs. Bess R. Blanchard



LOUIS S. LIVINGSTON and A. L. PARKER, *Vice-Principals*

Office

"To be a counsellor, a friend of boys and girls, an arbitrator of the varied phases of adolescent strifes, a program maker, a supervisor of activities, an exponent of the idea that the school of today is a place of living, as well as of learning—this is the function of the high school office and of its officers."

—A. L. PARKER.

Mathematics

"Mathematics has long been recognized as the language of science. It is also becoming the language of business, of economics, and of education. None of the marvellous inventions of the age would be possible without its use. The study of mathematics is therefore essential for a thorough appreciation of so much that is seen in the world today."

—KATE BELL.



KATE BELL, *Head*

R. A. Bannen
Christina Claussen
Olive G. Fisher
F. H. Gnagey
Carrie E. Lake
George A. Meyer
Clarence E. Miller
Blanche Smith
William W. Taylor



CLARA G. BOND, *Head*

Averil E. Fouts
Ruth Kelsey
Carrie E. Lake

Home Economics

"The aims in the Home Economics department are to develop in the girls good health habits; to develop an interest in the home and a desire to have a part in its activities; to develop an appreciation of the needs and the value of friendships and to help them apply beauty in their homes, their dress, and their personal appearance.

"These aims we try to attain through the study of foods, clothing, related art, and home relations."

—CLARA G. BOND.

Chemistry

"High school chemistry should be taught and studied, not merely for the sake of chemistry, but for the sake of the learner. We need chemistry, not primarily to train technicians, but to give the student a view of the scientific mode of approach to his life's problems, that is, of the experimental mode."

—GEORGE F. CLUKEY.



S. S. Endslow
Rudolph Meyer

GEORGE F. CLUKEY, *Head*

Pearle E. Anderson
 Philip M. Baird
 Ellen Bungay
 Charles E. Canup
 Rachel Davis
 Bernice V. Frey
 W. B. Graham
 Charles D. Guttermann
 Irene B. Hunt
 E. E. McElvain
 Neil D. McKain
 Sophia C. Meyer
 Carl G. Miller
 Eloise Neilson
 Marian Pettis
 Ann Reely
 Arthur O. Walther



CARLOTTA COLLINS, *Head*

English

"In general, the aim of the English department is to prepare the pupil to be a well-balanced social being, able to adjust himself to the complexities and responsibilities of our democratic institutions.

"In particular, our aim is to teach a student to acquire right attitudes, to read average material with some degree of rapidity and comprehension, to express himself clearly in reputable English, to enjoy various life experiences through an extensive reading program of the classic and of the modern, to develop power to distinguish worthwhile writing from the cheap and ordinary, and to adapt himself to his environment."

—CARLOTTA COLLINS.

Languages

"The objectives of the Foreign Languages Department are many: to help students to find pleasure in the knowledge of a language other than their own that they may gain a sureness in the use of words and a feeling for forceful, concise English; to train students to express their ideas logically, accurately, and forcefully that they may cultivate a respect for citizenship and a feeling of world-mindedness; to aid them in understanding better the people whose native languages they read; and to acquire an appreciation of great nations through the study of their customs, literature, and ideals."

—HELEN L. DEAN.



HELEN L. DEAN, *Head*

Charles d'Urbal
 R. G. Ferrer
 Ethel K. Hummel
 Mabel Pope
 Elizabeth Stannard
 Marie Emma Stuirow



C. S. FREDRIKSEN, *Head*

W. J. Dunlop
A. W. Smith
F. A. Sartwell

Manual Arts

"The Mechanical Arts department offers the basic essentials in the trades and technical training.

"Ours is an industrial nation, primarily, and offers unlimited opportunities to the trained man or woman. An unfinished commodity has no value in the ever-changing pathways of life. Students should become equipped to travel the varied pathways of life and experience the happiness of a duty well performed; to assume those responsibilities that follow the natural course of our every-day lives."

—C. S. FREDRIKSEN.

Fine Arts

"The chief aim of the Fine Arts department is appreciation. We can all develop the capacity to enjoy our surroundings and increase our judgment and taste in regard to what constitutes beauty. Such good taste can best be developed in creative work. Through drawing, design, lettering, commercial art, and the handcrafts, we gain both appreciation and skill; and we see the great possibilities for art in our present-day world."

—LYDIA S. GOOS.



Miriam Morgan

LYDIA S. GOOS, *Head*

Lyle A. Maskell



E. L. HUNTER, *Head*

Boys Physical Education

"Every boy in school must take physical training during his first three years, if physically fit. For those excused by doctors, there are health classes which they attend. During the one-hour class period, there are ten minutes of active calisthenics followed by relay races and games. The instructors alternate in teaching Freshmen, Sophomore, and Junior classes."

—E. L. HUNTER.

Library

"The library staff is composed of twenty-five students who assist in the library by taking charge of the circulation desk and the Home Reading room, checking attendance at the door, and assisting in various other ways. Those who are planning on entering the library field, and others interested, seem to find this special training very valuable. A staff award is given to the member of the graduating class who has served the longest. Many students remain on the staff for their entire four years."

—MARY HELEN McCREA.



MARY HELEN McCREA, *Head*

Catherine Baker



R. C. Anderson

JOSEPH G. McMACKEN, *Head*

Physical Science

"The Physical Science department includes Physics, Geology, and Astronomy. Physics attempts to make clear the principles that underlie the construction and operation of the many familiar machines and devices that surround us in our daily experiences. Geology deals with the causes that produce earth features and with their history as revealed by the rocks. Spokane stands second to none in the richness of its geological happenings. Astronomy is the oldest and most cultural of all the sciences. It gives the student a breadth of view not found elsewhere. It should enable one to comprehend the universe and understand its plan and meaning."

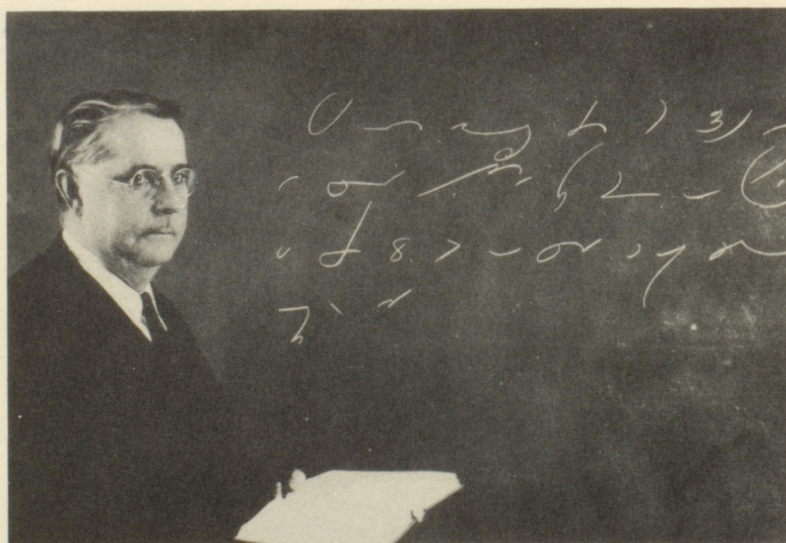
—JOSEPH G. McMACKEN.

Commercial

"Instruction in typing, shorthand, commercial arithmetic, law, and bookkeeping are some of the subjects taught in the Commercial department.

"The aim in teaching commercial work is to fit students to use this knowledge as a means of earning a livelihood and to help others to look after their own correspondence and budgeting."

—HERBERT J. OKE.



Charles E. Baten
Helen Finnegan
Clyde W. Middleton
E. A. Orcutt
Alonzo O. Woolard

HERBERT J. OKE, *Head*

Walter Thomas



GEORGE A. STOUT, *Head*

Music

"We wish to offer to the young folks of The Lewis and Clark High School an opportunity for enjoyable and profitable music study: a contact with good music that will teach them an appreciation of the best."

—GEORGE A. STOUT.

Social Studies

"The Social Studies, we hope, will not only give a clearer understanding of the world and society in which we live; but will also help to develop more intelligent citizens, and create a desire for realizing more completely the great American dream of democracy."

—RUTH WEST.



RUTH WEST, *Head*

Carl H. Ferguson
Louis S. Livingston
F. G. Nogle
A. L. Parker
Norman C. Perring
Mabel Pope
Amy F. Shellman
Lilian A. Siegler
Thomas Teakle
H. D. Thompson
E. W. Toevs
Dan S. Whitman

CAMERA-SHY DEPARTMENTS

Biological Sciences

ALONZO P. TROTH, *Head*

R. C. Anderson
Nettie M. Cook
Thomas Large
Clarence E. Miller
S. S. Endslow

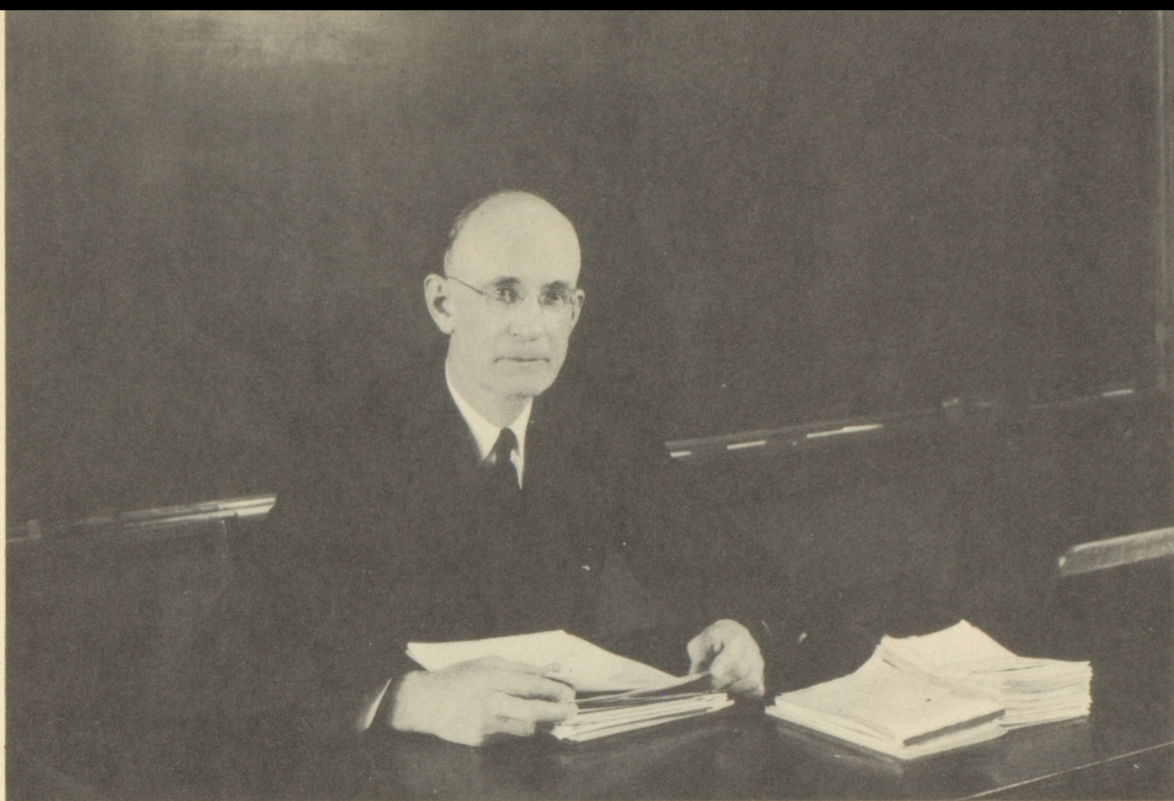
"The Biological Sciences (General Science, Botany, Zoology), as organic sciences, are of the highest value owing to their direct relationship to the daily life of the individual. Due to this close relationship, Botany and Zoology have more to offer the active and energetic student than any other high school subject. It is with this thought in mind that these sciences are offered and taught in Lewis and Clark."

—ALONZO P. TROTH.

Girls Physical Education

JESSIE BALTEZORE, *Head*

Anne Norvell



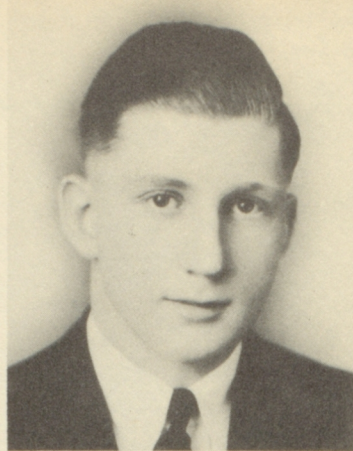
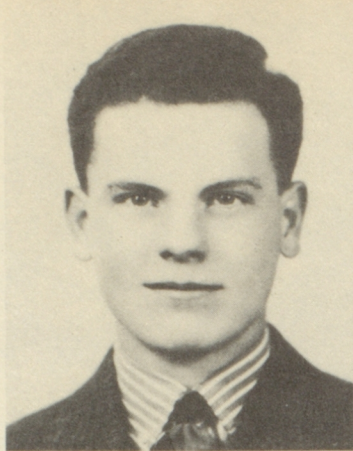
THOMAS TEAKLE

MESSAGE

Again a group of young people approach the moment of their leave-taking from Lewis and Clark. The business and professional world is standing by while awaiting an opportunity to appraise the members of the group. This world also stands ready to reward those found capable of qualifying for a place within its pale. Twelve years of preparatory training within Spokane's schools should have fitted the individuals of the group to measure up, with some degree of assurance, to this expectation of worth and capability. It may well stand to reason that the schools have done their best. What have you to offer?

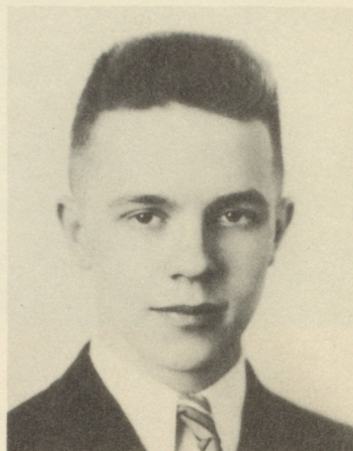
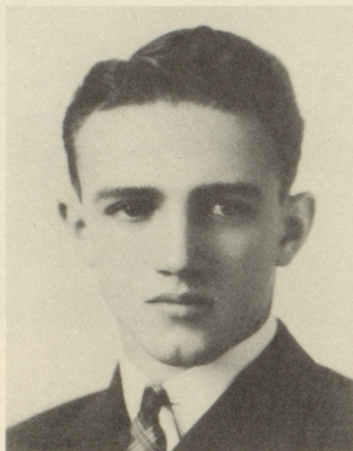
—THOMAS TEAKLE.

FRANK BOUTIN, *Editor*



ROBERT GARRISON,
Managing Editor

ROBERT PRICE,
Business Manager



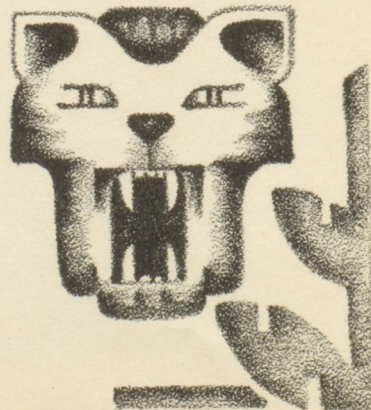
ROGER SAFFORD,
Advertising Manager

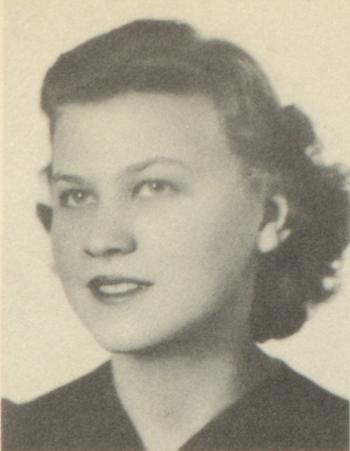
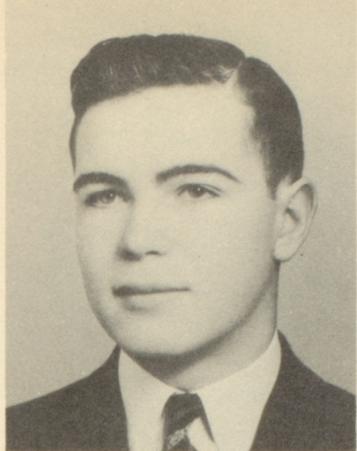
WINIFRED GROBEL, *Art*



RUTH BOYER, *Literary*

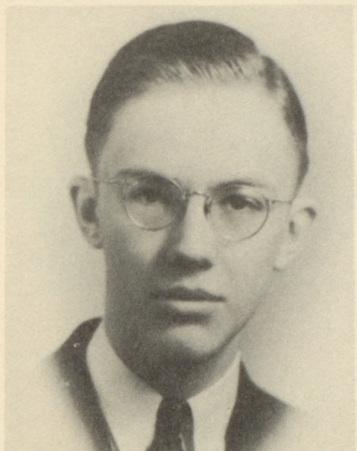
TIGER STAFF





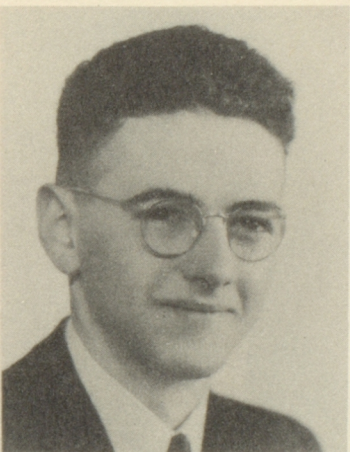
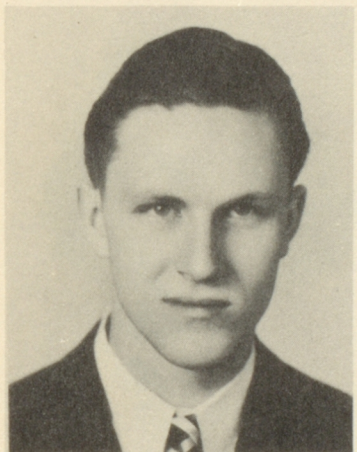
JOE HUNT, *Photographs*

DORIS GULSRUD, *Class*



DONALD SCHOEDEL,
Organizations

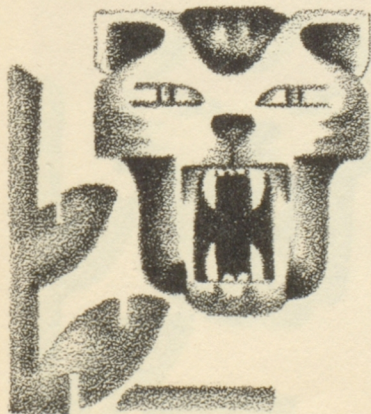
MARJORIE MILLER,
Assistant Art



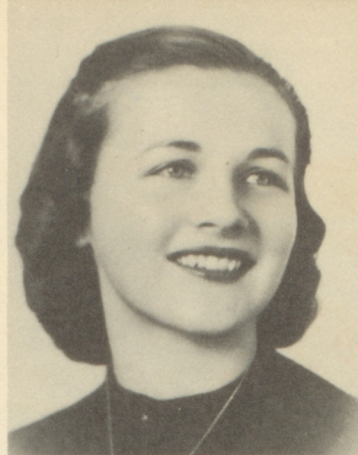
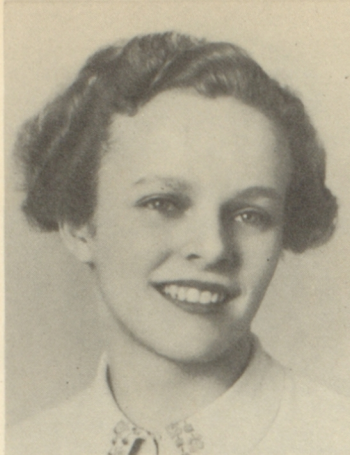
HUGH SHERRICK,
Boys Athletics

SID WEINER,
Circulation

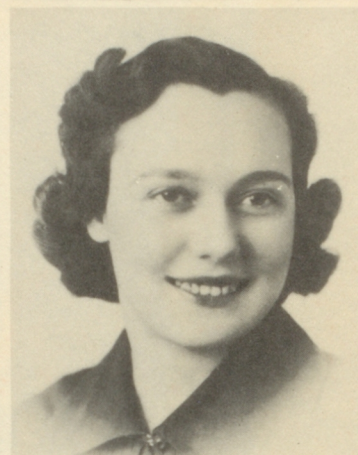
TIGER STAFF



VIRGINIA HENRY,
Photographs

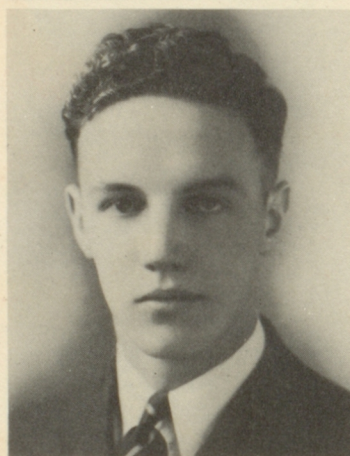


JUNE VOGEL,
Photographs



GAIL TALLEY,
Administration

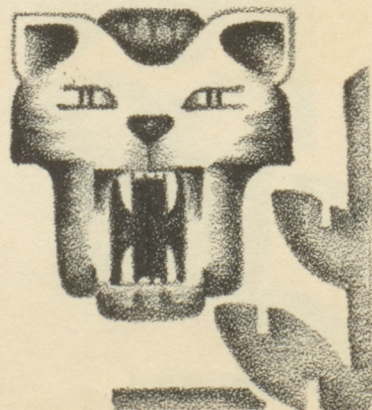
HELEN DYSER,
Girls Athletics



GLEN PORTER,
Honorary ex officio

HELEN MAE BLAKESLEY
Staff Typist

TIGER STAFF

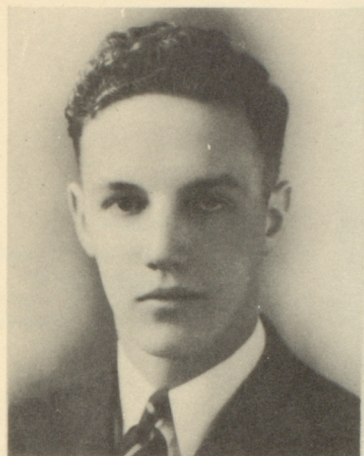




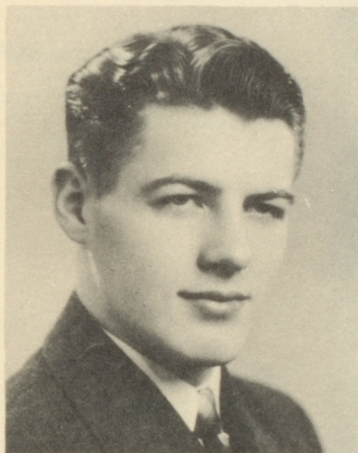
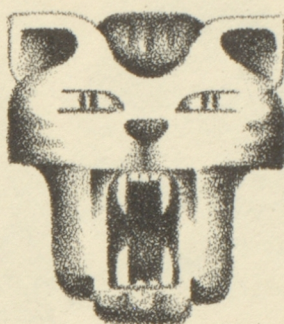
Radiant with ardour divine!
 Beacons of hope ye appear!
 Languor is not in your heart,
 Weakness is not in your word,
 Weariness not on your brow.

—Arnold: Rugby Chapel

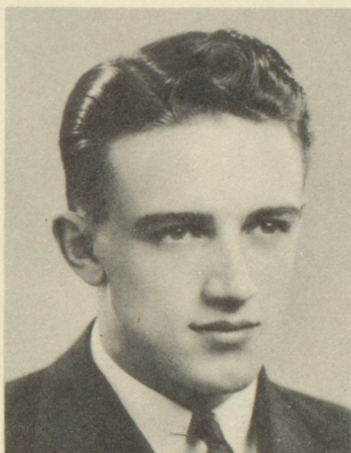
CLASS OFFICERS



GLEN PORTER,
President



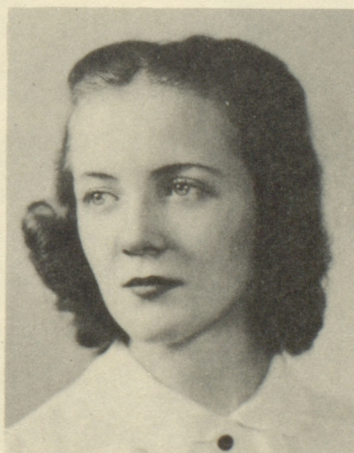
JAMES BEAVER,
Vice-President



ROBERT PRICE,
Secretary



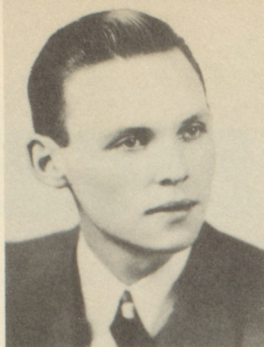
RUTH THOMSON,
Treasurer



BETTY HANGAUER,
Fifth Executive



ADAMS, JOHN GARDNER, JR.
General
Roosevelt High, Seattle
University of Washington
Law



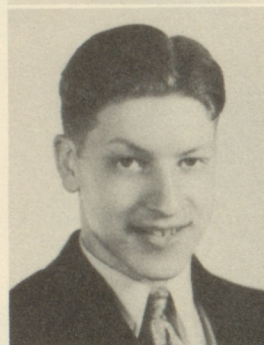
ALBRIGHT, HELEN JOSEPHINE
Scientific
North Central High
Spokane Junior College
Music

ALDERSON, WINONA LEE
Classical
Roosevelt
University of Washington
Medicine



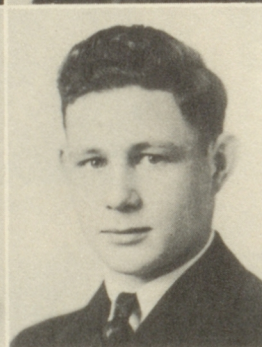
ALLIN, LENORA JEAN
General
Irving
Washington State College
Journalism, Adelante

ANDERSON, ROBERT RUSSELL
Manual Arts
Havermale Junior High
Montana School of Mines
Engineering



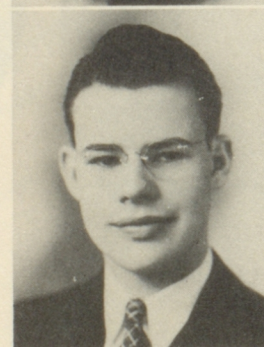
ANDERSON, WALLACE QUENTIN
General
Great Northern
University of Washington

ARNOLD, ALICE JEANNE
Commercial
Colfax High
Washington State College
Music



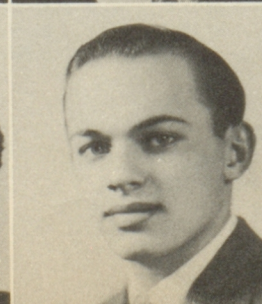
AUSTELL, JAMES EDGAR
General
Hutton
Washington State College
Chemical Engineering
Football; Baseball; Hockey

BACON, JOHN GEORGE
General
Irving
Washington State College
Architecture
Rifle; Drum Major; Japau



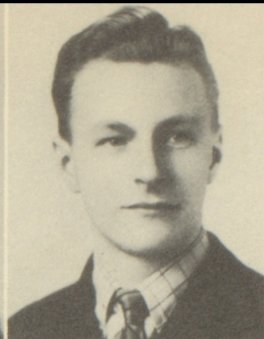
BACON, MERWYN SHIRLEY
Manual Arts
North Central High
Washington State College
Electrical Engineering
Radio Club; Glee Club

BARBEE, MARY ELAINE
General
Pullman High
Washington State College
Commercial



BARKER, LAWRENCE JAMES
General
Hutton
University of Washington
Business Administration
Track and Field

BARNHILL, GARNETTA MARGARET
General
 Roosevelt High, Seattle
 University of Washington
 Library



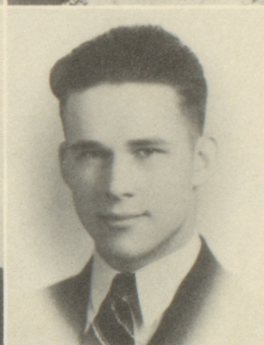
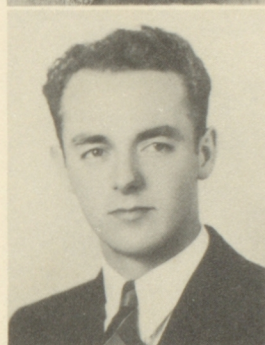
BARTHOLOMEW, CLARENCE WILBURN
Manual Arts
 Roosevelt
 Washington Technology Institute
 Radio

BAUER, PEARLE IRIS
Home Economics
 Adams
 Orchestra



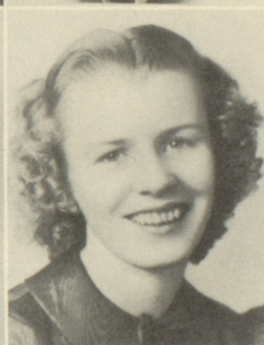
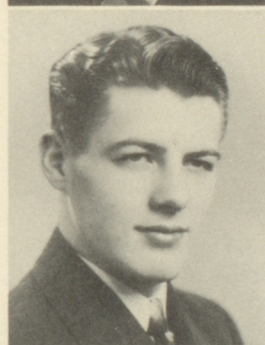
BAYNE, DOROTHY ANNA
General
 St. Augustine
 University of Washington
 Advertising
 JOURNAL Advertising

BEAL, LAWRENCE CHESTER
General
 Opportunity
 Linfield College
 Ministerial
 Thespian; Band



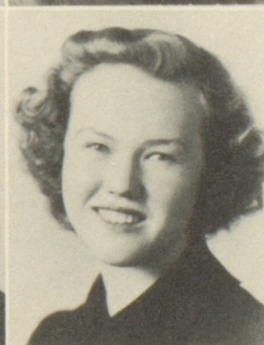
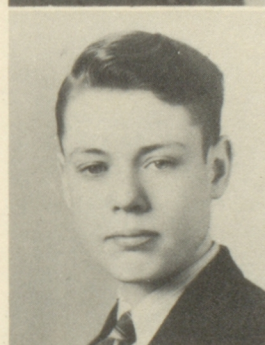
BEALE, WILLIAM HENRY
General
 Whittier
 Engineers; Hockey; Band;
 Orchestra

BEAVER, JAMES FOSTER
Scientific
 Irving
 JOURNAL; Senior Class
 Vice-President



BECKWOLD, EVELYN
Home Economics
 Lincoln
 Spokane Junior College
 Home Economics

BENEKE, FRANK DIEBREL
General
 Libby Junior High
 University of Washington
 Teaching



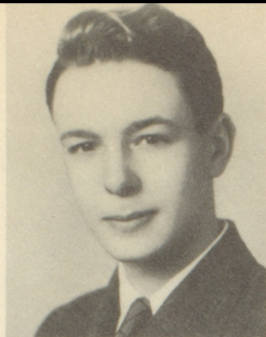
BERG, CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH
Home Economics
 Hutton
 University of Washington
 Nursing
 Curie; Home Economics;
 Orchestra

BERRONG, MARGARET LOUISE
Commercial
 Pine City High
 Washington State College
 General



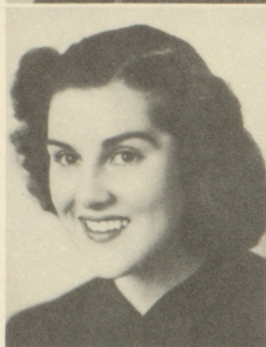
BICKETT, VERNA MYRA
General
 Central Valley High
 Spokane Junior College
 Dietetics

BISATT, RONALD EDGAR
Scientific
 Grant
 University of Washington
 Engineering
Engineers; Band



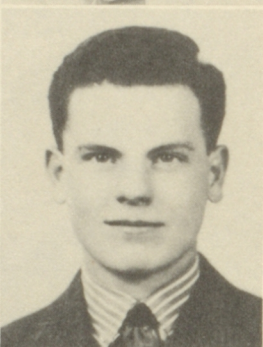
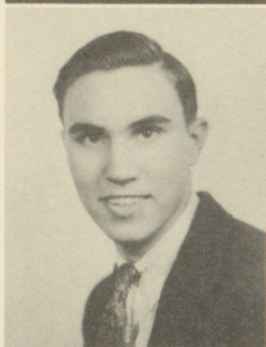
BLACK, ELIZABETH JACQUELINE
Home Economics
 Whittier
 Washington State College
 Home Economics
G.A.C.; Home Economics;
Basketball; Indoor; Volleyball

BLAKEMORE, RUTH MARY
General
 Roosevelt
 Washington State College
Thespian; Quill and Scroll;
JOURNAL



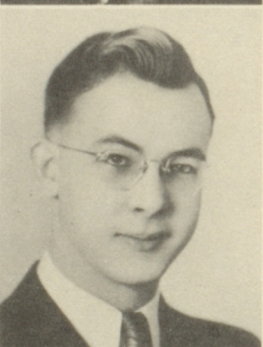
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Commercial
 Franklin
 Kelsey-Baird
TIGER; Volleyball

BOMERSHEIM, HARRY WILLIAM
General
 Libby Junior High



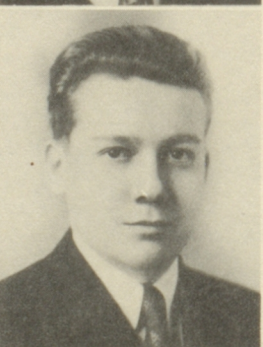
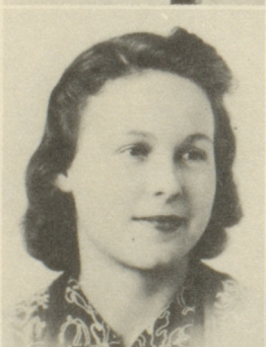
BOUTIN, FRANK JOHN
Scientific
 Irving
 Stanford
 Medicine
Senate; Golf; Debate; TIGER
Editor; Joyner Prize

BOYER, RUTH CECILE
Home Economics
 Roosevelt
 Washington State College
 Dietetics
Papyrus; Palimpsest; TIGER



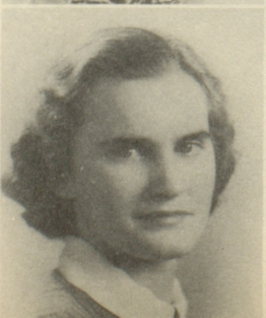
BRANDT, WILLIAM EDWARD
Scientific
 Grant
 Washington State College
 Chemistry
Rheingold; Júpau

BRECKEN, VIRGINIA ALYNE
Commercial
 Whittier



BROWDER, ROBERT PAUL
General
 Hutton
 University of California
 Social Science
Palimpsest; Júpau; Papyrus; Band;
Awards—Downs History; Schol-
astic Magazine; League of Nations

BROWN, CATHERINE MACGILP
General
 University High, Eugene
 University of Oregon



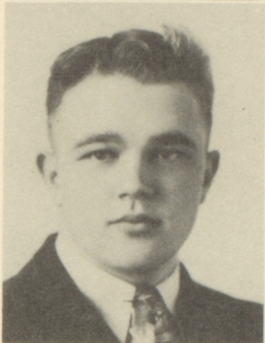
BROWN, JEAN KATHERINE
General
 Roosevelt
 Mills College
 Language
Adelante

BRUGGER, MARJORIE ELIZABETH
Commercial
Lincoln
Eastern Washington College
of Education
Teaching



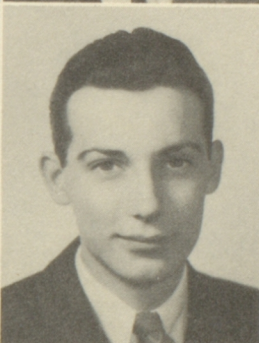
BUCHHOLTZ, ELMA
Home Economics
Grant
Eastern Washington College
of Education
Teaching

BUCHHOLTZ, EUGENE BISHOP
General
Irving
Washington State College
Business Administration
Engineers; Rheingold; Golf



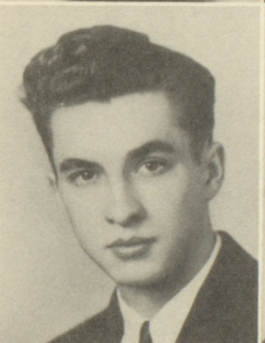
BURCH, CHARLES PHILIP
General
Roosevelt
University of California
Secretary of Boys' Federation

BUTTON, PEARL LENORE
General
Venice High, California
University of California,
Los Angeles
Business
Debate



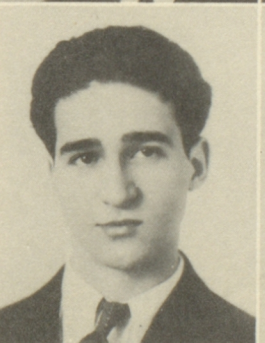
CAGLE, ERNEST PHILIP
General
Washington
Duquesne University
Law
Engineers; Band

CARLSON, CARL DON
Manual Arts
Libby Junior High
University of Cincinnati
Architecture
Engineers



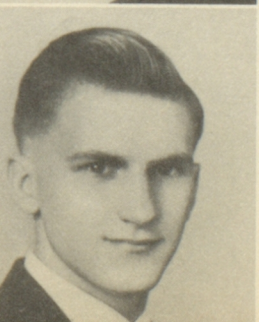
CARLSON, HELEN DAVIDA
Classical
Washington
Washington State College
Home Economics

CASTINO, ERNEST ALBERT
General
Lincoln
Gonzaga University



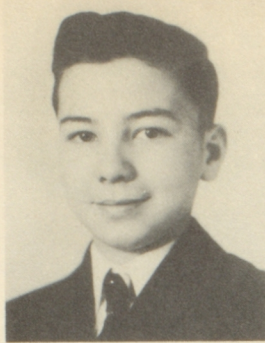
CHAPMAN, JEANNE LORRAINE
General
Franklin
University of Idaho
Journalism

CHASE, MARY CATHERINE
General
Irving
University of Wisconsin
Occupational Therapy
Adelante; Thespian; Girl Reserve;
Baseball; Volleyball



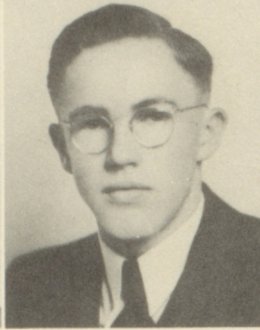
CLARK, ERVIN ROY
General
Libby Junior High
Washington State College
Engineering
Engineers

CLARK, HERSCHEL BRYAN
General
Lincoln
Ensemble



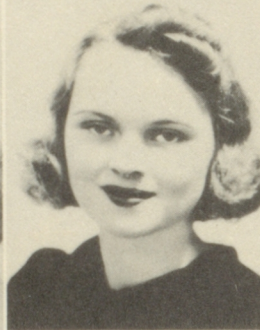
CLOSE, MARGARET IRENE
General
St. Augustine
University of Idaho
Home Economics
Curie; Girls Federation Council

COGSWELL, HELEN CHARLOTTE
General
Roosevelt
Oregon State College
Business Administration



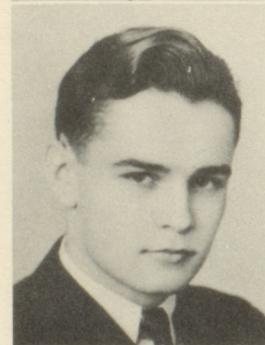
COLBERT, VERN EDWARD
Manual Arts
Lincoln
Gonzaga
Engineering

COOK, ALICE LOUISE
General
Livingston High, Montana
University of Washington



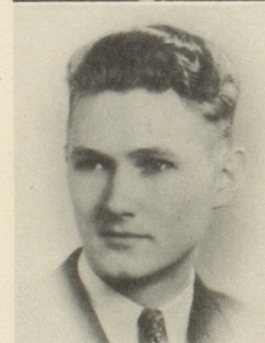
COOPER, PATRICIA ANN
General
Hutton
Stevens
Dramatics
JOURNAL

CRESSY, VERNE ELWOOD
General
Roosevelt
University of Washington
Engineering
Rifle; Mathematics Award



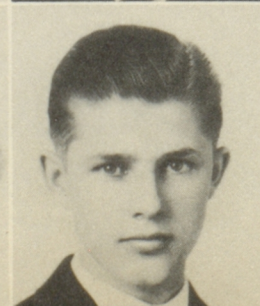
CRISPIN, EVELYN MARIE
Commercial
Irving

CROSBY, ROGER JOSEPH
Classical
Lincoln
University of Washington
Law
Senate; Classical; Jupaui; Band



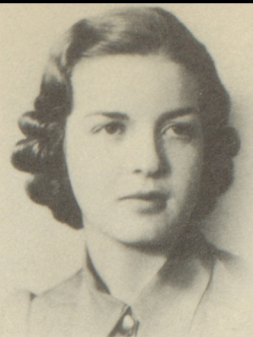
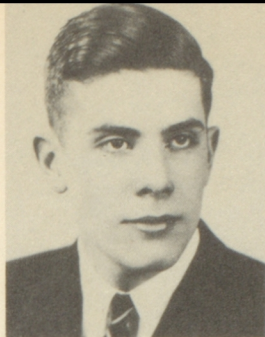
CUNNINGHAM, LAWRENCE GERALD
General
Roosevelt
University of Idaho
Band

DANFORTH, RUTH MAY
Home Economics
Adams
Washington State College
Dietetics
Home Economics; Ensemble



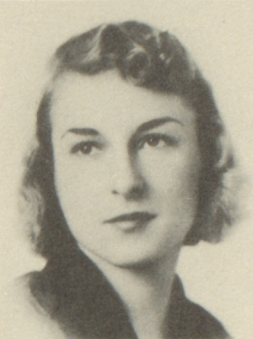
DAVENPORT, GLENN RUSSELL
General
Libby Junior High
University of Washington
Telegraphy
JOURNAL

DAVENPORT, RICHARD PADDOCK
Scientific
 Irving
 Whitman
 Mechanical Engineering
Thespian; Band



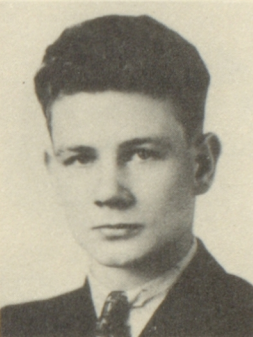
DAVIS, EDITH PAULINE
General
 Great Falls High, Montana
 Northwestern
Ensemble

DAY, MARIE ANGIONETTE
General
 Bent County High, Colorado
 Asbury College
Papyrus; Gorgas Essay



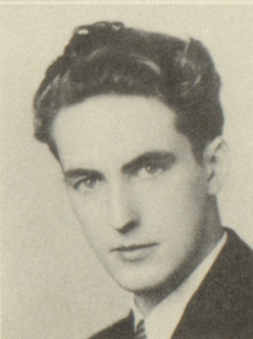
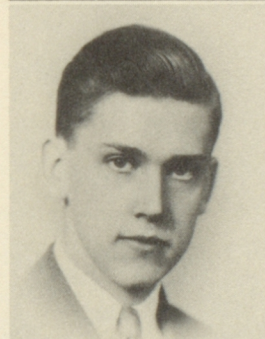
DEARDORFF, BETTE ANN
General
 Pullman High
 Washington State College
 Design

DENISON, ROBERT FRED
General
 Irving
 Gonzaga
 Law
Engineers; Thespian; Ensemble



DILLARD, JAMES PITT, JR.
General
 West Valley High
 University of Washington
 Law

DOBBIE, HARRY STEVENSON
Scientific
 Kellogg High, Idaho
 University of Michigan
 Forestry



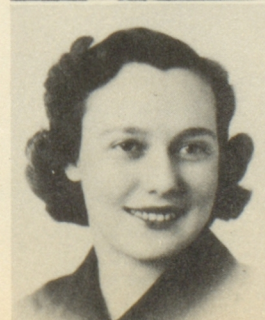
DODGE, WALTER KELLY
General
 Lincoln
 Washington State College
 Mechanical Engineering

DORSEY, ALBERT SMITH
Scientific
 Roosevelt
 Washington State College
 Aeronautical Engineering
Mathematics; Engineers; Track and Field; Debate



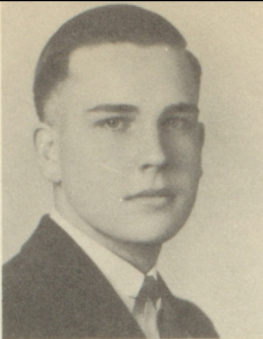
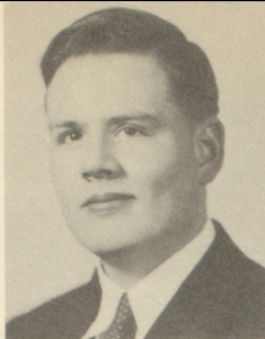
DUNN, BERNICE MYRTLE
Commercial
 Libby Junior High
 Washington State College
 Commercial

DYSER, HELEN BEATRICE
Classical
 Roosevelt
 University of Washington
 Dramatics
Thespian; Classical; National Forensic League; TIGER



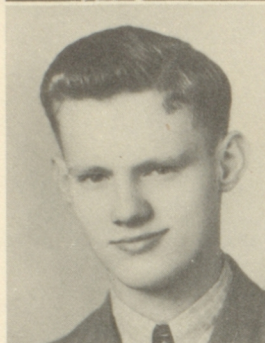
EDWARDS, VIRGINIA OLGA
Commercial
 Libby Junior High
 Washington State College
 Business Administration

EHRHARDT, ROBERT PAIGE
General
 Roosevelt
 Oregon State College
 Forest Entomology



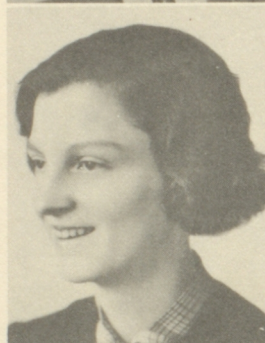
ELDENBURG, WILLIAM PAUL
Manual Arts
 Lincoln
 Curtiss Wright Technical
 Institute of Aeronautics
 Aeronautical Engineering
 Engineers

EMMONS, WILLIAM ROBERT
General
 Libby Junior High
 University of Washington



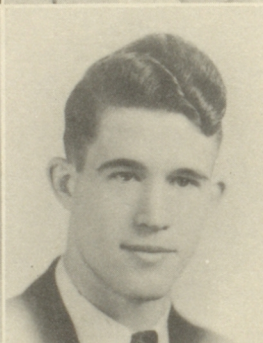
EMRY, LOIS JUNIA
Classical
 Hutton
 Stanford
 Journalism
*Classical; Papyrus; Quill and
 Scroll; JOURNAL Associate
 Editor; Orchestra; Ensemble;
 Classical Award*

EMRY, MINNIE ELIZABETH
Home Economics
 Irving
 Eastern Washington College
 of Education
 Teaching
*G.A.C.; Home Economics; Basket-
 ball; Baseball; Volleyball*



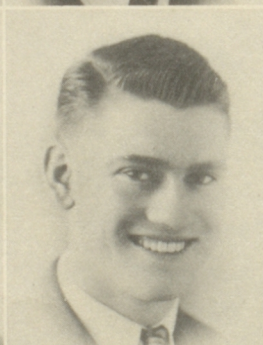
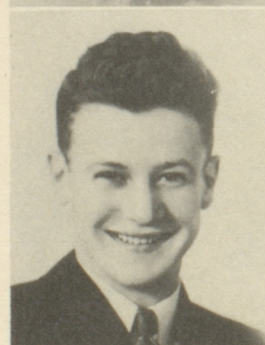
ENFIELD, MAYME RUTH
Classical
 Irving
 Whitman
 Social Science
*JOURNAL Editorial; Girls
 Federation Council*

ERICKSON,
 LENORE WILHELMENIA
Home Economics
 Irving
 Thomas Comptometer
Home Economics; Orchestra



ETTENBOROUGH, CRAIG MAX
General
 North Central High
 Baseball

EVERETT, GARTH PERSHING
General
 Roosevelt
 University of Washington
 Law
 Drum Major



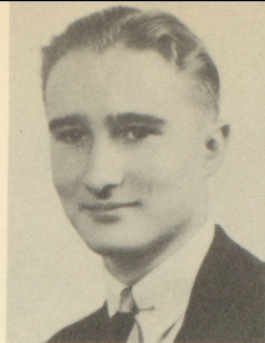
FAHLGREN, CLIFFORD SUNWOLD
General
 Washburn High, North Dakota
 Gonzaga University
 Civil Engineering
 Engineers

FELLOWS, ELSIE ELIZABETH
General
 St. Ignatius High, Montana
 University of Montana
 Sociology



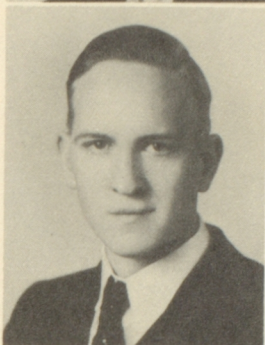
FISH, VIRGINIA JEANNE
Home Economics
 Adams
 Wheaton College
*Thespian; Home Economics;
 Orchestra; Ensemble; Girls
 Federation Council*

FLEMING, CLARENCE LINWOOD
Scientific
Grant
Washington State College
Senate; JOURNAL Exchange
Editor; Band



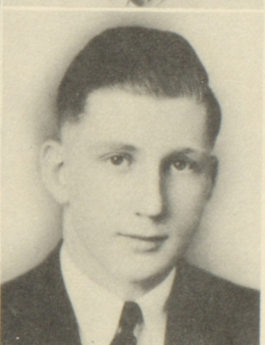
FORD, VELMA JEANNE
General
Libby Junior High

FOSS, EDWIN INGALL
Manual Arts
Libby Junior High



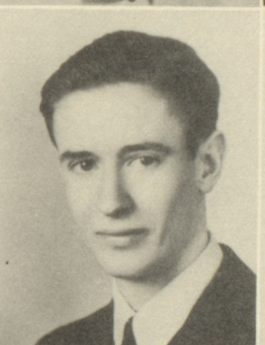
FREDERKING, ETHEL RUTH
Commercial
Franklin

GAMBLE, MARY GENEVIEVE
General
St. Augustine
Mills College
Dramatics
Orchestra



GARRISON, ROBERT LENWOOD
Scientific
Franklin
Washington State College
Electrical Engineering
Adelante; Football; TIGER Managing Editor; Associated Student Body Council; Inspirational Award; Joyner Prize

GAUMOND, GEORGE FRANCIS
Manual Arts
Lincoln
Washington State College
Electrical Engineering
Engineers



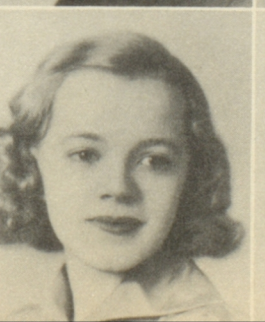
GIBLETT, ELOISE ROSALIE
Classical
Roosevelt
Mills College
English
Papyrus; Orchestra Concert; Mistress; Classical Award

GILLINGHAM, LILLIAN JUNE
General
Springdale High, Washington
Eastern Washington College of Education
Teaching



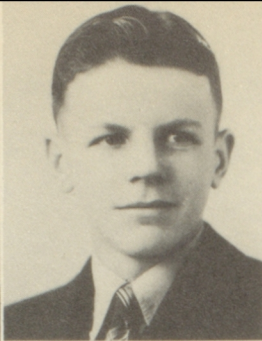
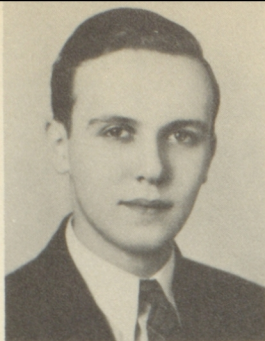
GINDRAUX, ELEANOR MAY
General
Grant
G.A.C.; Basketball; Baseball; Volleyball

GLEASON, BARBARA MARIE
Home Economics
Washington
Washington State College
Home Economics
Palimpsest; Home Economics



GLEASON, DOROTHY JEAN
Classical
Lower Naches High
Washington State College
Journalism
Papyrus; Classical

GLENN, HOWARD KINGSLEY
Manual Arts
 Roosevelt
 Band



GOODELL, RONALD HENRY
Commercial
 Whittier

GRAHAM, MARGARET MARTHA
Commercial
 Libby Junior High
 Kinman Business University



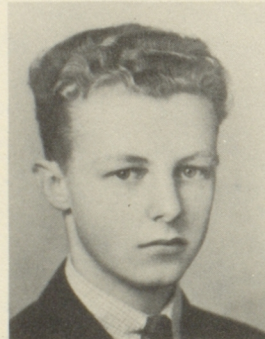
GREEN, EILEEN SYLVIA
Home Economics
 St. Augustine
 Washington State College
 Costume Designing
Racquet; G.A.C.; Tennis

GRIEST, JEAN ELIZABETH
General
 Hutton
 Eastern Washington College
 of Education



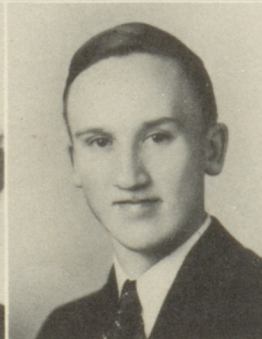
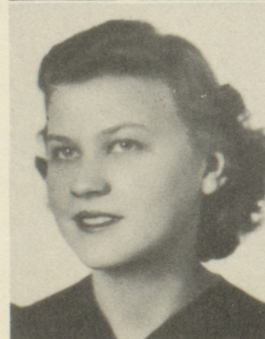
GROBEL, WINIFRED ADA
Fine Arts
 Roosevelt
 University of Washington
 Art
Fine Arts; Papyrus; TIGER Art
Editor; Downs History Award

GROSS, CLAYTON KELLEY
Scientific
 Boise High, Idaho
 Gonzaga
 Pre-Medicine
Rheingold; Thespian; Rifle



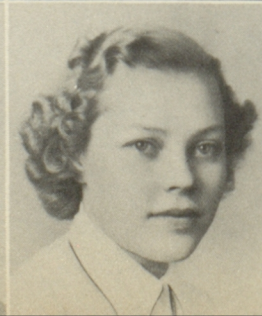
GROVER, BETTY BELLE
Home Economics
 Williams School
 Washington State College
Home Economics; Band

GULSRUD, DORIS MARIE
General
 Kenmare High, North Dakota
 St. Olaf
 Music
TIGER; Orchestra; Band



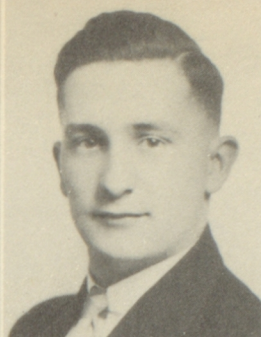
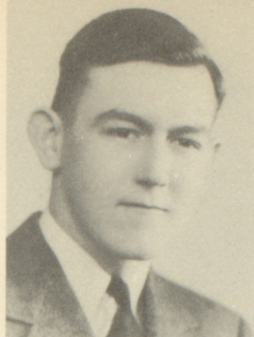
GUSTAFSON, ALBERT JOHN
Commercial
 Moran School
 Washington State College
 Business Administration

GUSTAFSON, EDNA LENIA
Commercial
 Moran School
 Eastern Washington College
 of Education



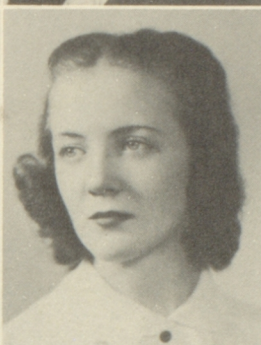
HAGEN, OLGA EILEEN
General
 Everett High, Washington
 University of Washington

HALL, GEORGE RICHARD
Scientific
Grant
Washington State College
Engineering



HALL, VICTOR WAYNE
General
Roosevelt
Track and Field; JOURNAL
Advertising Manager; Boys Federa-
tion Council

HANCOX, MARGARET
Home Economics
Hutton
Girl Reserves; Curie; Adelante



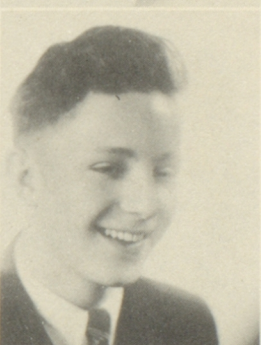
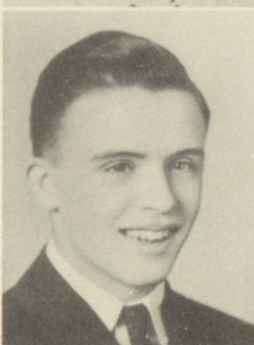
HANGAUER, ELIZABETH ANNE
General
Holy Names
University of Washington
Senior Class Fifth Executive

HANSEN, DOROTHEA LOUISA
Home Economics
Roosevelt
Washington State College
Veterinary
Curie; Adelante



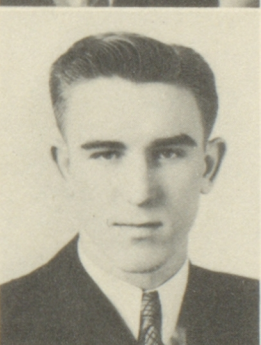
HANSON, JUNE LORRAINE
General
Grant
Washington State College

HARDGROVE, GEORGE ARTHUR
Scientific
Roosevelt
Washington State College
Engineering
JOURNAL Editorial; Band



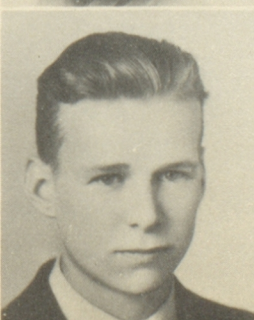
HARDING, GEORGE WASHINGTON
General
Lincoln
Washington State College
Electrical Engineering
JOURNAL Advertising

HARRISON, JACQUELINE JUANITA
General
Adams
Northwestern Business College



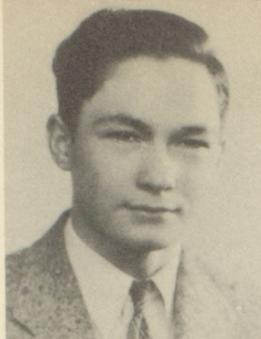
HART, AARON
General
Hutton
Washington State College
Engineering
Football

HART, RUBEN ORSLEY
Scientific
Libby Junior High
University of Idaho
Forestry
Science



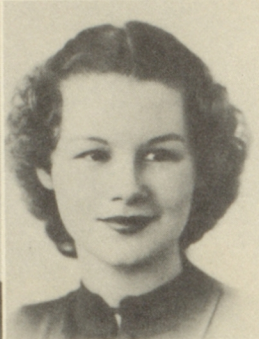
HARTIN, MARY ISOBEL
General
Roosevelt
Stephens College
Social Service
Adelante

HARTT, JAMES RICHARD
General
 Balboa High, San Francisco,
 California



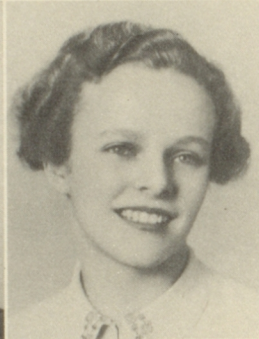
HARWALDT, MAXINE MARGRET
Commercial
 Libby Junior High
 Spokane Junior College
 Business Administration

HAYS, MARIE ADELINE
General
 Fairfield High, Washington
 Washington State College
 Pre-Nursing



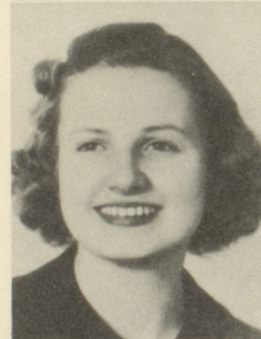
HEIRGOOD, MARJORIE IRENE
Commercial
 West Valley High
 Washington State College
 Secretarial Science

HENDRICKSON, ELVIN RICHARD
Commercial
 Bovill High, Idaho
 Kinman Business University



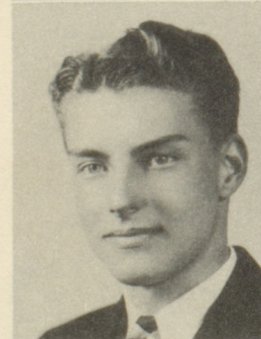
HENRY, VIRGINIA ELEANOR
General
 Irving
 Washington State College
 Library
Adelante; TIGER

HENRY, WINIFRED SWEET
General
 Grant High, Portland, Oregon
 Spokane Junior College
 Journalism



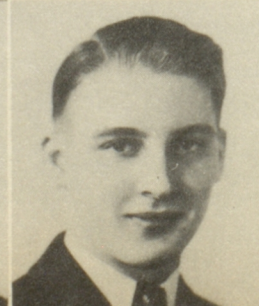
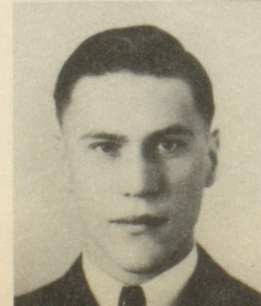
HERGERT, MARGARET JOAN
Classical
 Washington
 University of Southern California
 Fine Arts
Classical

HILL, GEORGE WILLIAM
Scientific
 Roosevelt
 University of Washington
JOURNAL; Stage Manager



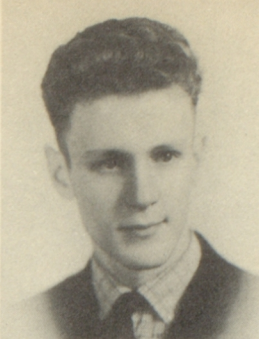
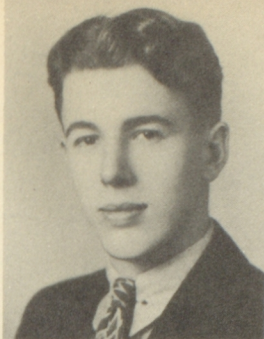
HILL, PAULINE ALICE
Home Economics
 Whittier

HOLLAND, JACK ISAAC
General
 Libby Junior High
 Washington State College
Baseball; JOURNAL Sports
Editor



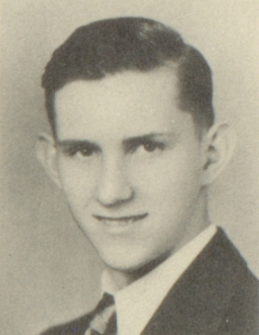
HOLLINSHEAD, ROBERT MALORY
Commercial
 Junior High, Valley City,
 North Dakota
 Washington State College
 Business Administration

HOLMES, DAVID CHARLES
General
 Libby Junior High
 University of Washington
 Scientific
Band; Mathematics Award



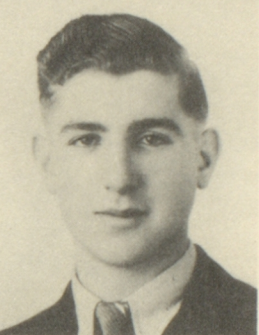
HOLT, ROBERT HARLOW
General
 Irving
 University of Washington
 Dramatics and Voice
Basketball

HOPKINS, JOSEPH DONALD
General
 Hutton
 Washington State College
 Mechanical Engineering
Rifle; German Award



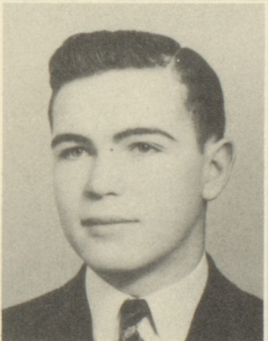
HORR, ERNEST
Scientific
 Adams
 University of Idaho
 Forestry

HORTON, DAISY LEE
General
 Ione High, Washington



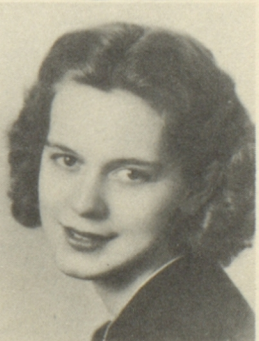
HOTRUM, GEORGE BERTON
General
 Libby Junior High
 Kinman Business University

HUNT, JOSEPH FREDERICK
General
 West Valley
 Gonzaga
 Law
*Football; Basketball Manager;
 Track and Field; TIGER*



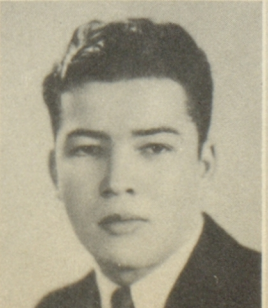
HUTCHINSON, JANICE
General
 Benton City High, Washington
 University of Washington
 Dietetics
Mathematics

HYNDS, HELEN RUTH
Classical
 Jefferson
 Stanford
 Sociology
*Palimpsest; Quill and Scroll;
 JOURNAL Editorial*



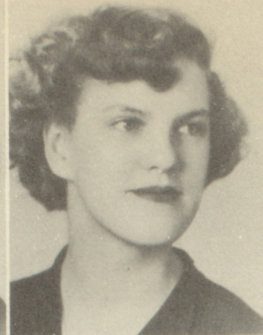
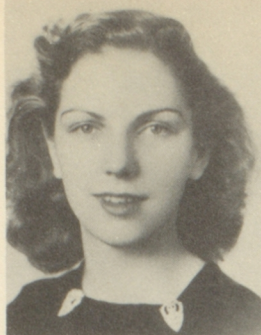
INDGJERD, RITA BERNICE
Commercial
 West Valley High
 Kinman Business University

IVEY, HERBERT LEEROY
General
 Franklin
Band



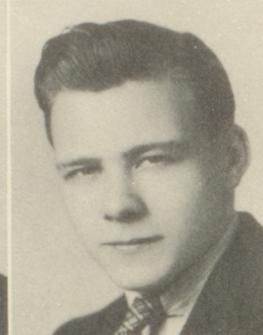
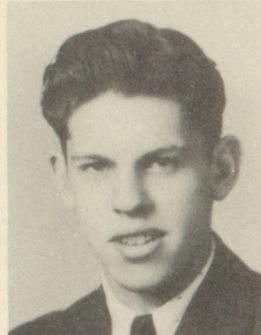
JACKSON, BEULAH MILDRED
General
 Washington
 Washington State College
 Medical
Papyrus; Thespian; Badminton

JACKSON, FLORA MARIE
General
Grant
University of Washington
Social Work
Tennis; *JOURNAL* Business
Manager



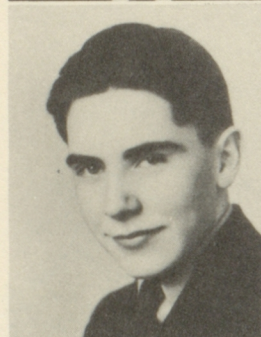
JACKSON, MARGUERITE EILEEN
General
Grant
University of Washington
Library
Adelante; Tennis; *JOURNAL*

JAMES, WILLIAM CLIFFORD
Manual Arts
Jefferson
University of Idaho
Architecture
Thespian; Fine Arts



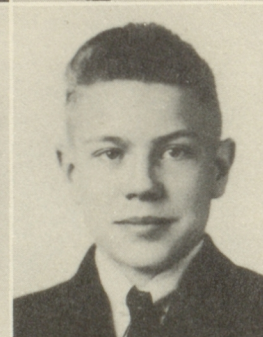
JANSEN, SHIRLEY GEORGE
Commercial
West Valley High

JENNINGS, PATRICK HENRY
Scientific
Grant
Washington State College
Chemistry
Adelante; *JOURNAL*



JOHNSON, ETHEL-MARIE
Scientific
Irving
Washington State College
Business Administration
Curie; *Papyrus*; Basketball;
Associated Student Council;
Irving Cup

JOHNSON, GERALDINE FRANCES
General
Hutton
University of Washington
Nursing
Racquet; Tennis



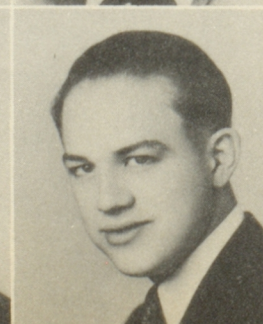
JOHNSON, HAROLD VICTOR
General
Coeur d'Alene High, Idaho
Washington State College
Civil Engineering

JOHNSON, MARCO
General
Jefferson
University of Washington
Law
Senate; Debate; National Forensic
League



JOHNSON, MILDRED ELEANORE
General
Libby Junior High
Washington State College
Business Administration
G.A.C.; Orchestra

JOHNSON, JOHN WALTER ROYAL
General
Roosevelt
Gonzaga University
Journalism
Radio; Track and Field;
JOURNAL Advertising Manager,
Editor-in-Chief; Boys Federation,
Council



JOHNSON, WILLIAM
General
North Central High
Football

KARASOV, FRANCES ESTHER
General
 Couch School, Portland,
 Oregon



KEEN, MILDRED LEONA
General
 Pollack High, South Dakota
 Kinman Business University



KELLY, IRENE HELEN
Classical
 Roosevelt Junior High,
 Eugene, Oregon
 Washington State College
 Nursing
JOURNAL Editorial Staff
Secretary



KINLEY, VERA MAUREEN
General
 Coulee City High, Washington
 Washington State College
 Teaching



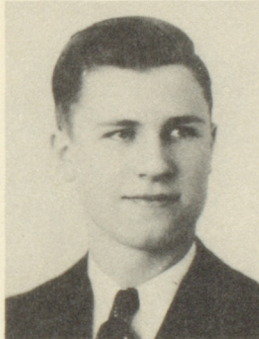
KLINGEL, MIRIAM LUCILLE
General
 Harrington High, Washington
 Washington State College
 Library



KLOPHER, MAXINE LILIAN
Classical
 Grant



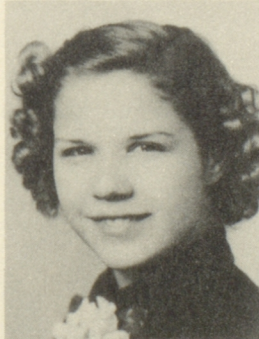
KRAUS, EDWIN PATRICK
 Grant
 Washington State College
 Electrical Engineering
Rheingold; Cross Country;
Baseball



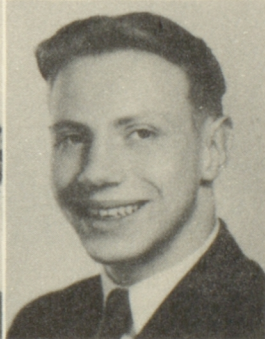
KRUSE, MAY LUCILLE
Commercial
 Jefferson
 University of Washington
 Business Administration
Mathematics



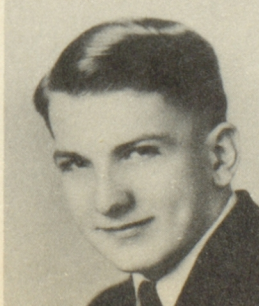
LAING, PAULINE EDNA
Commercial
 Adams
 Northwestern Business College
G.A.C.; Basketball; Baseball;
Volleyball



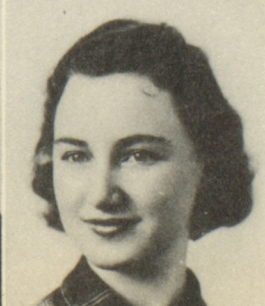
LAJOIE, WILLIAM JOSEPH
General
 Roosevelt
 Gonzaga University



LANG, JACK ARVID
Scientific
 Grant
 Washington State College
 Metallurgical Chemistry
Rheingold; Jupau; Science;
German Award



LAUDWEIN, KATHERINE HELEN
General
 St. Augustine
 University of Washington
JOURNAL

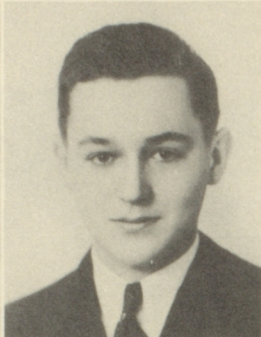


LAWRENCE, VADA MAY
General
 Roosevelt High, Seattle
 University of Washington
Teaching
Mathematics; Racquet; G.A.C.;
Basketball; Volleyball; Tennis
Champion 1937



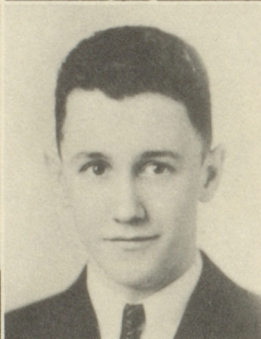
LEDUC, BEVERLEY JEAN
General
 Roosevelt
 Washington State College
Music
Orchestra

LEENDERTSEN, ANNETTE
General
 Lincoln
 California School of Fine Arts
Fashion Artist



LINDSAY, BENJAMIN BURKET
General
 Irving
 University of Washington
Economics and Business
JOURNAL Desk Editor; Band

LITTLE, CHARLES STEWARD
General
 Garden Springs
 Whitworth College
Business



LONG, WILLIAM SAMUEL
Classical
 U. S. Grant High, Portland, Ore.
 Spokane Junior College
Pre-Law
Senate; Classical; Debate

LOUCKS, GEORGIE CAROLINE
Home Economics
 Irving
 Kinman Business University
Home Economics; Orchestra



LOUTHIAN, PHILLIS JEAN
Commercial
 Vera School
 Washington State College
Commercial
G.A.C.; Basketball; Baseball;
Volleyball

LUTZ, PHILIP BROOKS
Scientific
 Roosevelt
 California Institute of Technology
Civil Engineering
Band



LYONS, JAMES PHILIP
General
 Leilehua, Hawaii
 Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute
Metallurgy
Senate; Classical; Jupau; Rifle;
Forensic League; Extemporaneous
Speech Contest Winner

MAASS, LOUISE MARIE
Commercial
 Jefferson
 Spokane Junior College
Secretarial Science



MACDONALD, FRANK JAMES, JR.
General
 Roosevelt
 Washington State College
Engineering
JOURNAL; Band

MACK, JAMES EVANS

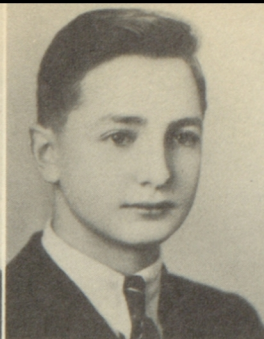
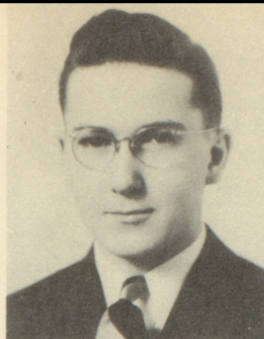
Classical

Hutton

Stanford

Law

*Jupau; Senate; Papyrus; Classical;
National Forensic League; Debate;
Extemporaneous Speech Contest
Winner; Student Association
Council President*



MACKEY, ROBERT ELWOOD

General

Oakesdale Junior High,
Washington

Washington State College

Engineering

Engineers

MACNAUGHTON, DONALD STUART

General

Irving

Eastern Washington College

of Education

Teaching



MAGGARD, EDNA PAULINE

Home Economics

Millwood School

MANNING, RUTH ELIZABETH

Commercial

Wallace High, Idaho

Thespian; Basketball; Baseball;

Volleyball



MANSFIELD, HELEN MAE

General

Franklin Junior High,

Yakima, Washington

Washington State College

MARKS, VIVIAN ALICE

General

Lincoln

Linfield College

Social Service

G.A.C.; Basketball; Baseball;

Volleyball



MARLOW, KATHLEEN ANNE

Commercial

Lincoln

MARSHALL, RICHMOND WILLARD

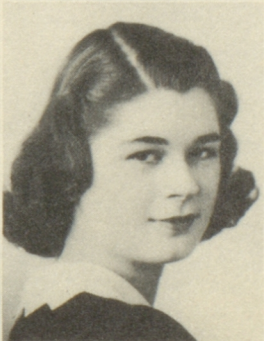
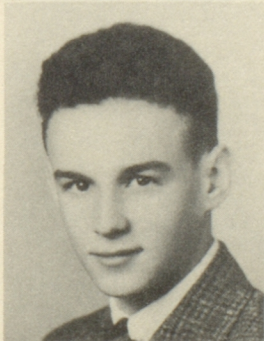
General

Kellogg High, Idaho

University of Idaho

Construction Engineering

Mathematics



MASSEY, ANNABELLE MARY ALICE

Home Economics

Hutton

Whitworth

Business Administration

Adelante

MAUGHAN, WAYNE WILLIAM

General

Ithaca High, New York

Cornell University



McCAIN, LAURABELLE

General

Twisp High, Washington

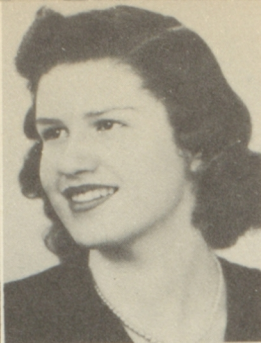
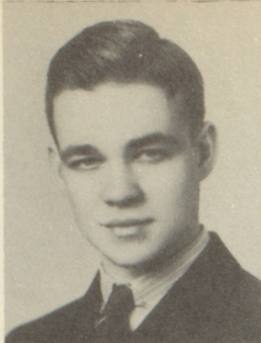
Washington State College

Library

Home Economics; Basketball;

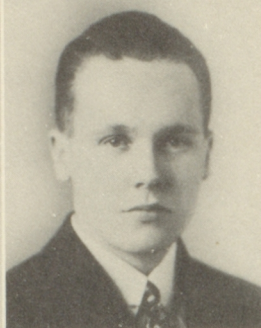
Baseball; Volleyball

McCALLUM, GENE THOMAS
Scientific
 Libby Junior High
 University of Washington
 Pre-Medicine
Science; Debate



McCARTHY, VIRGINIA CECILE
Home Economics
 Roosevelt
 University of Washington
 Home Economics
*Girls Federation Sergeant at Arms;
 Orchestra; Badminton*

McDEVITT, ALTA PATRICIA
General
 Irving
 Sacred Heart School of Nursing



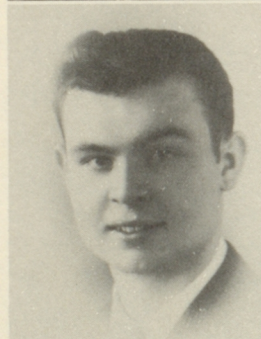
McKEOWN, LARRY LEE
Scientific
 Irving
 University of Washington
 Medicine
Engineers; TIGER

McKEVITT, MARY PATRICIA
General
 Roosevelt
 Washington State College



MERAGER, GRACE EUDORA
General
 Irving
 University of Washington

MESSEX, LEWIS CECIL
Manual Arts
 Whittier
 University of Idaho
 Mining Engineering
*Engineers; Camera; Debate;
 Glee Club*



MILLER, CHANCY FLEMING
Commercial
 Washington
 University of Washington
 Aeronautical Engineering

MILLER, LUCILLE IRENE
Commercial
 Jefferson
 Washington State College
 Business Administration



MILLER, MARJORIE CLARICE
General
 Libby Junior High
 University of Washington
 Commercial Art
Fine Arts

MILLER, MARY ELAINE
Home Economics
 Libby Junior High



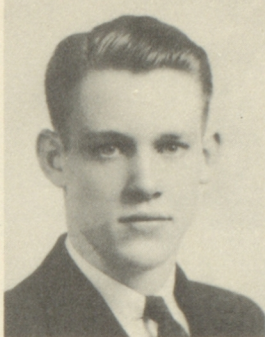
MILLER, ROBERT HARVEY
Manual Arts
 Lincoln
 University of Idaho
 Forestry

MINNICK, BERTHA WYNONA
General
 Libby Junior High
 University of Oregon
 Music
Thespian



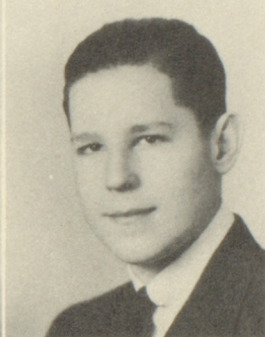
MITCHELL, RAONA GRACE
Home Economics
 Lincoln
Rheingold; Home Economics

MODESITT, DONALD WILLIAM
General
 Roosevelt
Football; Track



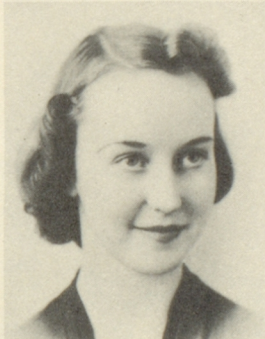
MOLINE, MARIA HELEN
Commercial
 Grant
G.A.C.; Basketball; Volleyball; Orchestra

MOORE, GERALDINE MURELLE
Home Economics
 Lincoln
 Tuskegee Institute
 Dietetics



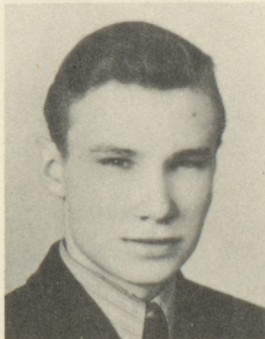
MOORE, HENRY CLAY, JR.
General
 Sandpoint High, Idaho
 Gonzaga
 Scientific
Adelante; Rifle; Band; Ensemble

MORAN, MARION BERNICE
General
 Academy of I. H. M.,
 Coeur d'Alene
 University of Washington
 Laboratory Technician



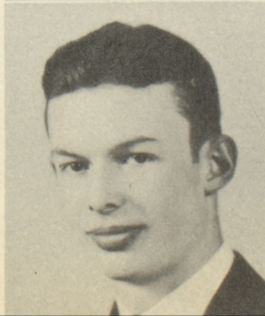
MORPHY, GERTRUDE BLANCHE
Commercial
 Wallace High, Idaho

MORRIS, HENRY HUNTER
General
 Colorado Springs High, Colorado



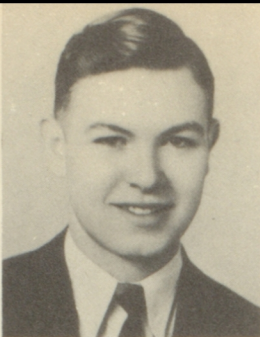
MORRIS, JUANITA
Commercial
 Colorado Springs High, Colorado

MULLER, JOHN EDWARD
Manual Arts
 Whittier
 University of Idaho
 Civil Engineering
 Engineers



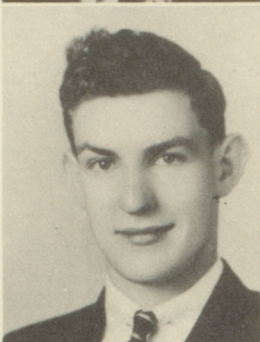
MULLIGAN, MARIE DELORES
Classical
 Holy Names
 Washington State College
 Classical

MURPHY, MARY LOUISE
General
 St. Augustine
 Washington State College
 Home Economics



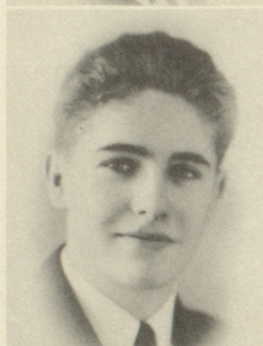
MURRAY, DONALD HOWARD
Scientific
 Jefferson
 Spokane Junior College
 Forestry

NANCE, VIRGINIA-LEE
General
 Hutton
 Whitworth College
Missionary
Racquet; Basketball; Volleyball;
Tennis; TIGER; Orchestra;
Ensemble



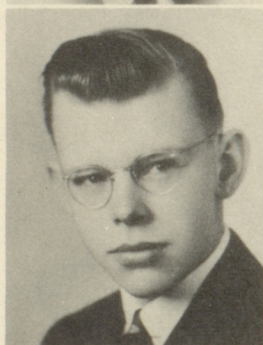
NEIDHART, ALBERT
Manual Arts
 Adams

NEUDORFER, JOHN ADOLPH
General
 Whittier
 University of Washington
Engineers



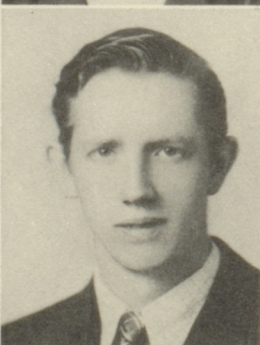
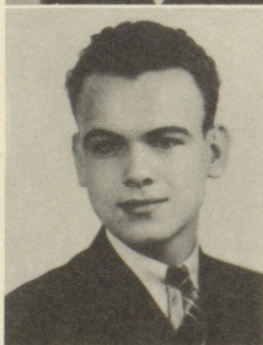
NEVILLE, DOROTHY JOYCE
Commercial
 Havermale Junior High

NEWLAND, RALPH LLOYD
Scientific
 Olympia High, Washington
 University of Idaho
 Pre-Medicine
Engineers



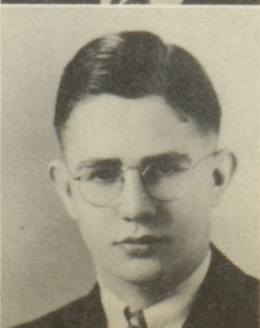
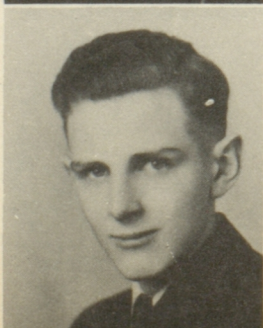
NOLAND, JEANNE LOUISA
Classical
 Irving
 Washington State College
 Sociology and Psychology

NOTTON, PHILLIP AUSTIN
General
 Hutton
 University of Washington
 Business Administration
Band



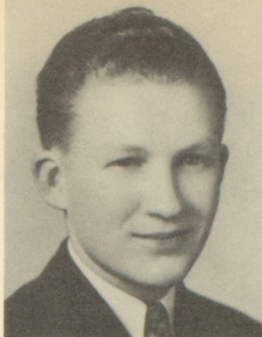
NYGAARD, REYNOLD OSWALD
Manual Arts
 Libby Junior High

OAKES, GEORGE LEE
General
 Jefferson
 University of Idaho
 Advertising
Fine Arts



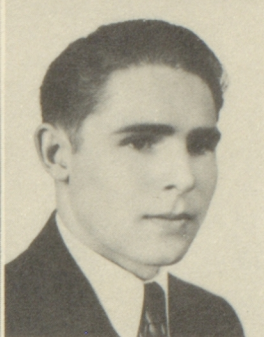
OEHLE, ROBERT ARTHUR
Scientific
 Franklin
 University of Washington
 Business Administration
Rifle

OLSEN, ROBERT NICHOLAS
General
Lincoln
Kinman Business University
Band



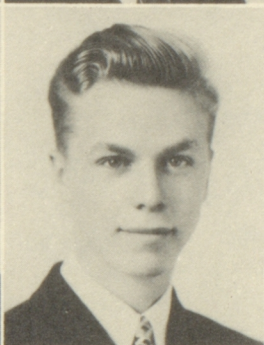
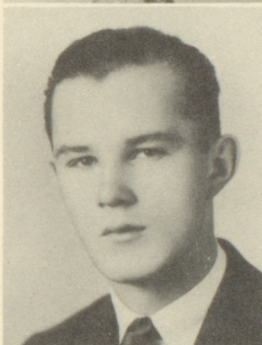
O'REILLY, JOHN
General
Our Lady of Lourdes
Gonzaga
Social Service
Fencing; Band

OWENS, LILLIAN
General
Teton County High, Montana
Montana State College



PATERSON, MELVIN JAMES
General
John Rogers High
Engineers

PATTERSON, SHANNON VICTOR
General
Grant
Washington State College
Physical Education
Football; Basketball; Baseball



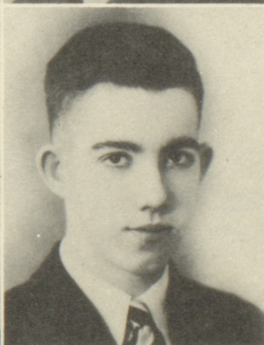
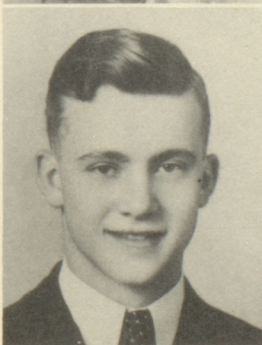
PATTON, JAMES MOSS
Scientific
Roosevelt
University of Washington
Pre-Medicine

PEACOCK, VIOLET EMMA
General
Coeur d'Alene High, Idaho
Kinman Business University



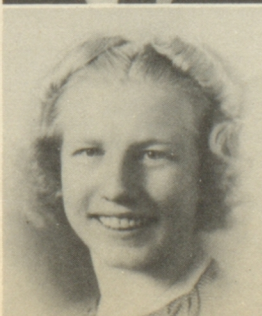
PERLEY, LYDIA ELISE
General
Central High, Omaha, Nebraska
Whitworth College
Nursing
Thespian; Debate

PERMAIN, TED USSHER
Scientific
Franklin
Washington State College
Medicine



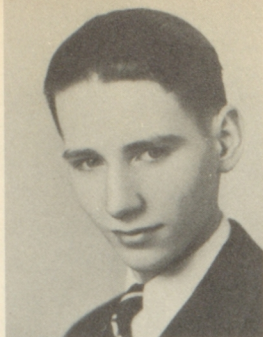
PERRY, JOHN SPENCER
General
Grant
Washington State College
Debate; Band

PETERSON, MYRTLE GLADYCE
Commercial
John Rogers High



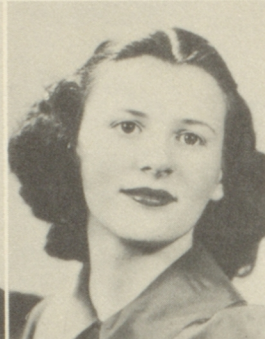
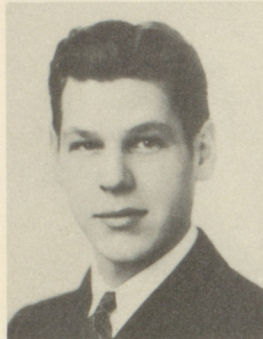
PETTY, LORENE FRANCES
General
Libby Junior High
University of Washington
Nursing
G.A.C.; Basketball; Volleyball

PINKERTON, RALPH MARSHALL
Scientific
 Jefferson
 University of Washington
 Civil Engineering
Adelante



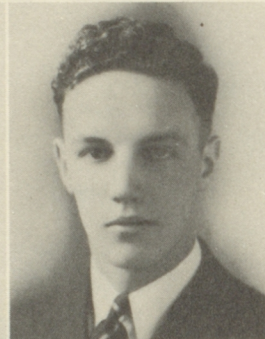
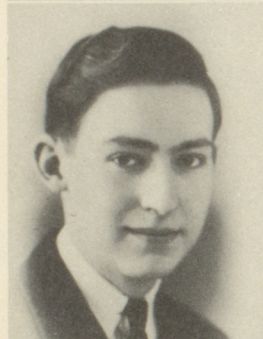
PINTLER, LOIS GWENDOLYN
Commercial
 Libby Junior High
 Washington State College
 Business Administration

POINTER, EARL LEE
General
 Jefferson
 University of Washington
 Art
Fine Arts; JOURNAL



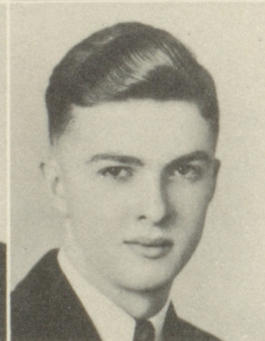
POLWARTH, CAROL JEAN
General
 West Valley High
 University of Washington
Girls Federation President

POPE, JOHN PETER
Manual Arts
 Sacred Heart
 University of Washington
 Mechanical Engineering



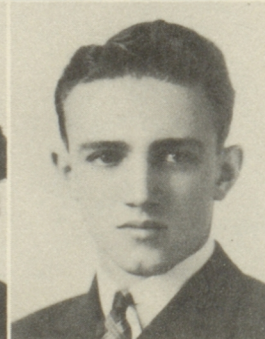
PORTER, GLENDOWER PRICE, JR.
Scientific
 Irving
 University of Washington
 Electrical Engineering
*Lettermen Club President; Football;
 TIGER; Boys Federation Council;
 Senior Class President*

PORTER, THOMAS SHANNON
General
 Roosevelt
 University of Washington
 Mining
JOURNAL



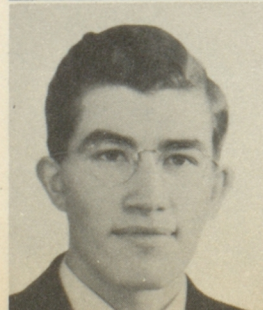
POUNDS, DONALD WILLIAM
General
 Franklin
 University of Washington
 Commercial Art
Senate; Fine Arts

PRICE, MARJORIE HELENE
General
 Havermale Junior High
 Washington State College
 Business Administration
Palimpsest President



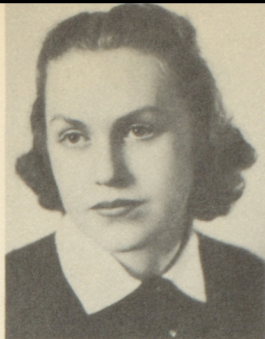
PRICE, ROBERT FRANK
General
 Roosevelt
 Washington State College
*JOURNAL; TIGER; Senior
 Class Secretary*

RAMIREZ, ROBERT HOWARD
Scientific
 J. J. Browne
 Washington State College
 Engineering



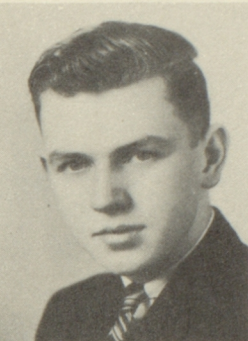
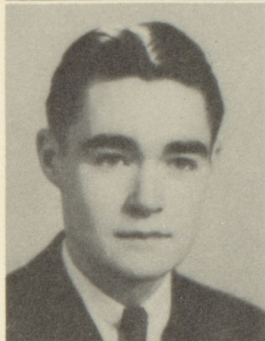
RATHBUN, EUGENE HERBERT
General
 West Valley High
 Columbia University
 Pre-Medicine

RAUN, DORIS LORENA
Commercial
 Grant
 Washington State College
 Business Administration
 Basketball; Volleyball; JOURNAL



REED, IDA LUCILLE
Commercial
 Libby Junior High
 Spokane Junior College
 Business Administration
 G.A.C.; Basketball; Baseball;
 Volleyball

REID, GORDON PARR
Scientific
 Irving
 University of Michigan
 Basketball



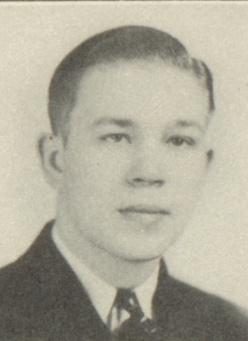
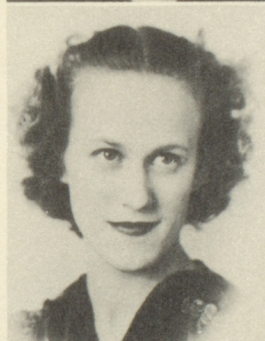
REINHARD, LOUIS HENRY
Scientific
 Franklin
 Washington State College
 Aeronautical Engineering
 JOURNAL

RENNER, MARGARET ALVA
Commercial
 Libby Junior High
 Washington State College
 Business Administration



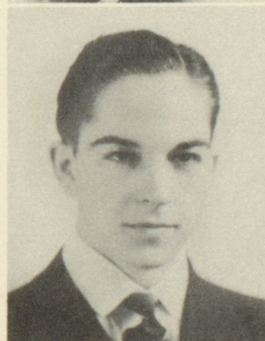
RICHTER, VIRGINIA MAE
General
 Hutton
 University of Washington
 Teaching
 Adelante

RILEY, CECELIA EILEEN PATRICIA
Classical
 Lincoln
 College of St. Teresa,
 Winona, Minnesota
 Music



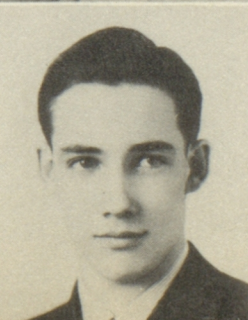
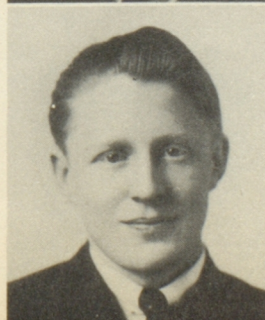
RILEY, LYMAN LEROY
General
 North Central High
 University of Washington
 Business Statistics

RILEY, MARVIN EARL
General
 North Central High
 University of Washington
 Business Statistics



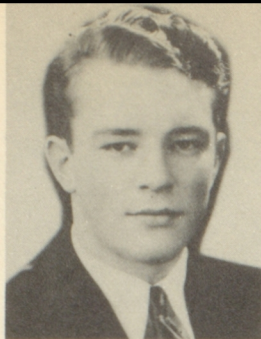
ROBERTS, ROBERTA JEANNE
General
 West Valley High
 University of California
 Music
 Thespian; Ti-Girls

ROBERTS, VICTOR CLARK
General
 Lincoln
 Jupau; JOURNAL; Band



ROBERTSON, WILLIAM FREDERICK
Scientific
 Roosevelt
 University of Washington
 Pre-Dentistry

RODNEY, JAMES MACMILLIAN
Scientific
 Roosevelt
 Stanford University
 Pre-Medicine
*Football; Boys Federation Fifth
 Executive; Boys Federation
 Council*



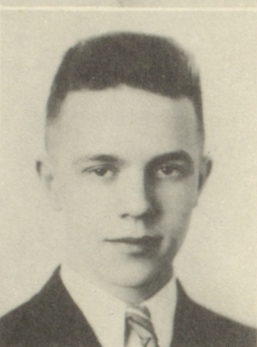
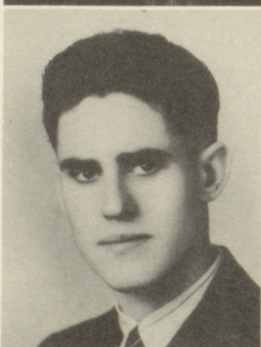
ROSAMOND, MARTHA KATHRINE
Commercial
 Newport High, Washington
 Washington State College
 Physical Education
*G.A.C.; Basketball; Baseball;
 Volleyball*

ROWAN, CLIFFORD EUGENE
General
 Roosevelt
 Washington State College
JOURNAL



ROWLAND, MARIE FRANCES
Classical
 Hutton
 University of Washington
 Literature
Palimpsest; Rheingold

RUSSELL, JOHN EDGAR
General
 Irving
 University of Oregon
Basketball



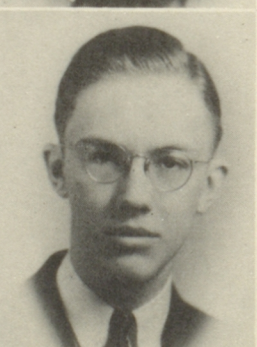
SAFFORD, ROGER FREDERICK
General
 Mullan High, Idaho
 Gonzaga University
 Pre-Law
*Senate; National Forensic League;
 JOURNAL; Debate; TIGER; Gyro
 Club Contest*

SAMPSON, ELIZABETH MARY
General
 Hutton
 Washington State College
 Music
*Papyrus; Fine Arts;
 D.A.R. History Award*



SCANLAN, MARGARET JANE
General
 Hutton
 Washington State College
 Library
Mathematical Award

SCHLAUCH, MARY ELLEN
General
 West Valley
 Spokane Junior College
 Journalism
JOURNAL



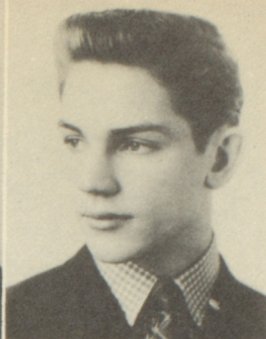
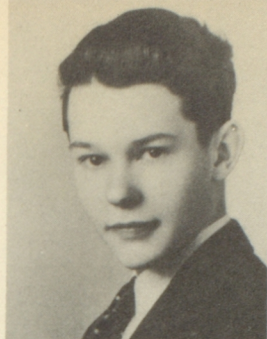
SCHOEDEL, DONALD LOUIS
General
 Roosevelt
 Stanford University
 Law
*Jupau; Palimpsest; Senate; Debate;
 TIGER; National Forensic League*

SCHOEMPERLEN, INA RUTH
General
 Grant
 Washington State College
 Teaching
Tennis



SCHOLFIELD, LILIAN
General
 Grant
 Washington State College
 Scientific

SCHUTTE, CARL HENRY, JR.
General
 Gulfport High, Mississippi
 Illinois State University
 Art and Science



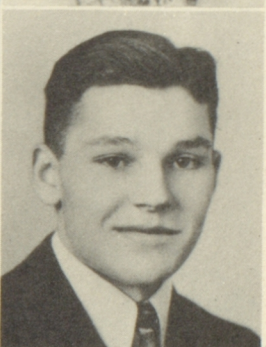
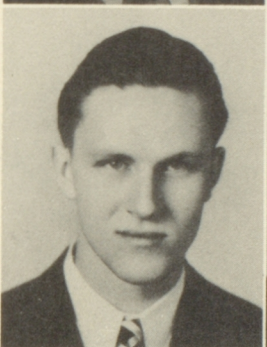
SCOTT, CARL HENRY, JR.
General
 Lincoln
 University of Idaho
 Electrical Engineering
Palimpsest

SEMON, LAWRENCE NORMAN
General
 Live Oak High, Morgan,
 California
 University of California



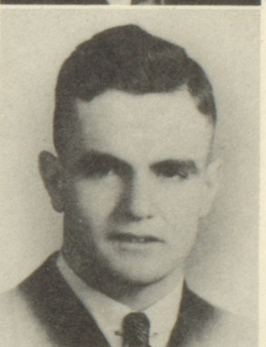
SHEPHERD, ALROSE MARIE
General
 Havre High, Montana
 Kinman Business University

SHERRICK, HUGH AMSBOKER
General
 Grant
 Washington State College
 Journalism
Lettermen; Quill and Scroll;
Football; JOURNAL; TIGER



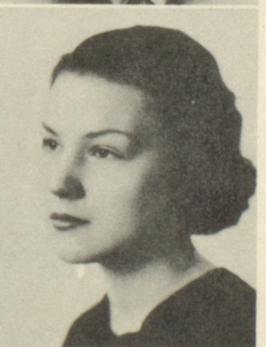
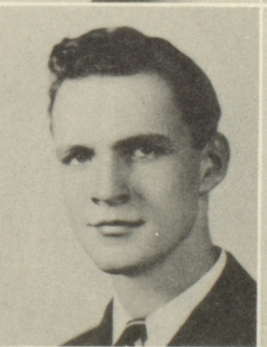
SIMCHUK, HARRY
Manual Arts
 Williams School
 Washington State College
 Electrical Engineering
Lettermen; Baseball

SIMPSON, WANDA LEE
General
 Libby Junior High
 University of Washington
 Library
Adelante; JOURNAL Desk Editor



SINNITT, PAUL EDWARD
Classical
 Roosevelt
 Gonzaga University
 Law
Adelante President; Classical

SKADAN, JOHN WESLEY
General
 Jefferson
 Washington State College
 General and Mortuary



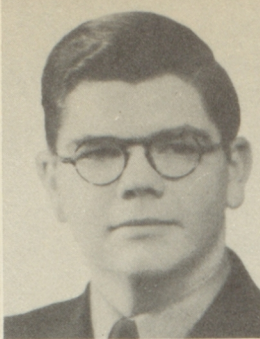
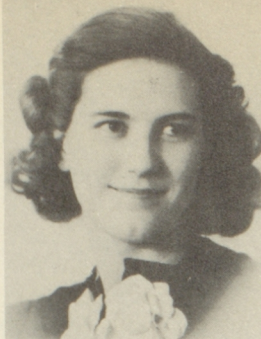
SKINDLOV, DORIS LOUISE
Home Economics
 Grant
 St. Olaf College
 Music
Thespian; Home Economics;
Orchestra

SKOGLUND, KENNETH DONALD
General
 Washington
 Washington State College
 Game Management
Rheingold; Engineers;
Track and Field



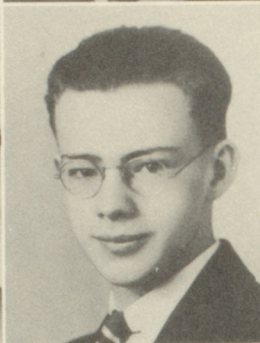
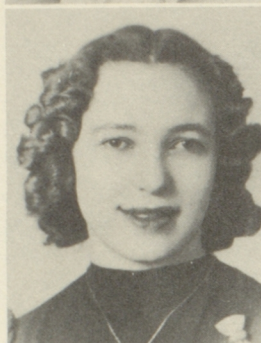
SMITH, ELEANOR MINKA
Home Economics
 Grant
 Washington State College
 Home Economics
Rheingold; Home Economics;
Orchestra; Band

SMITH, ILLA GENEVIEVE
Commercial
 Grant
 University of Washington
 Interior Decorating
 Girl Reserves; Band



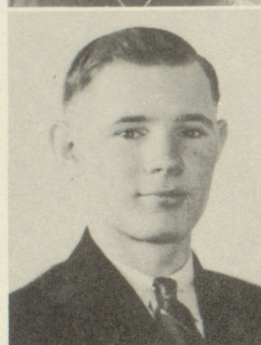
SNYDER, WARREN ARTHUR
General
 Franklin
 University of Washington
 Journalism
JOURNAL Associate Editor;
Ensemble; Quill and Scroll

SOSS, GERTRUDE SHIRLEY
Commercial
 Irving
 University of Washington
 Business Administration
Thespian



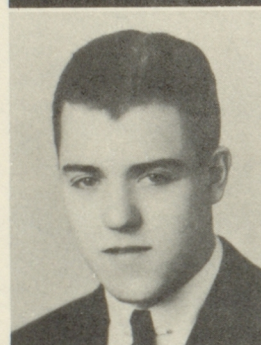
STOKES, WILBUR LLOYD
General
 Irving
 Curtis-Wright Aeronautical School
 Aeronautical Engineering
Cross Country

STORER, JOHN HOPKIN
Scientific
 Roosevelt
 University of Southern California
 Chemistry
Band



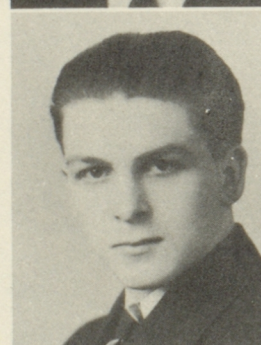
SUMMERSON, CAROLINE NORA
Home Economics
 Libby Junior High
 University of Washington
 Nursing

SWALLEY, JACK LAWRENCE
General
 Libby Junior High
 University of Washington
 Forestry



SWEENEY, HAZEL CLARIESSE
General
 Marshall High, Missouri
 Sacred Heart School of Nursing

SWENSON, OSCAR LOUIS
General
 Elma High, Washington
 Willamette University
 Law
Football; Boys Federation
Treasurer



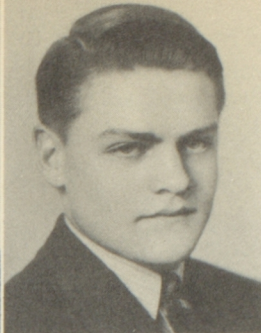
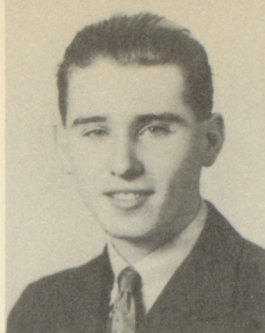
TALLEY, BERTHA GAIL
Scientific
 Hutton
 Washington State College
 Sociology
Curie; Volleyball; JOURNAL;
TIGER

TANNER, ALBERT WILLIAM
General
 Whittier
 University of Washington
 Engineering
Engineers



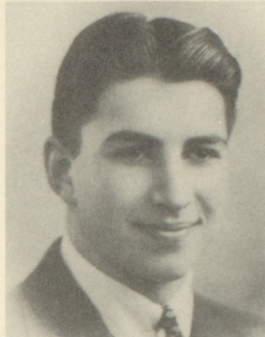
TATE, MARLIN WESTLEY
Manual Arts
 Great Northern
Band

TERRY, WALTER LEE
Commercial
 Libby Junior High
 Business



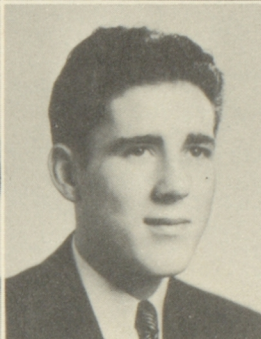
THAYER, JAMES LEWIS
General
 Washington
 Washington State College
 Agriculture
Palimpsest; Engineers

THEIS, CHARLES EDWARD, II
General
 Irving
 University of Washington
 Economics
Football; Boys Federation Council



THOMPSON, GRAHAM ROY
Classical
 Washington
Orchestra

THOMPSON, MARJORIE ETHEL
Home Economics
 Franklin
Baseball



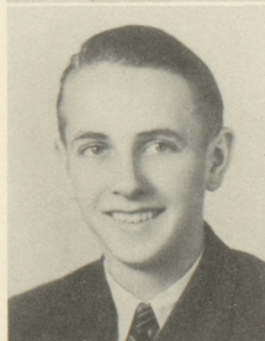
THOMPSON, THEODORE DEWITT
General
 Washington
 University of Montana
 Physical Education
Basketball; Track and Field

THOMSON, RUTH MARY
Scientific
 Roosevelt
 University of Washington
 English and Sociology
Mathematics; Racquet; Tennis;
Girls Federation Vice-President;
Senior Class Treasurer; Ti-Girls
President



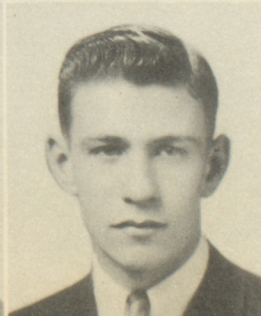
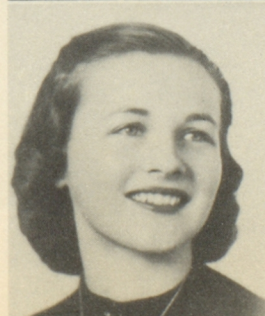
THORSTENSEN, ALICE
Home Economics
 Grant
 Washington State College
 Home Economics and Music
Adelante; Home Economics;
JOURNAL

TSCHIRLEY, ROBERT EUGENE
Manual Arts
 Libby Junior High
 Diesel Engineering



TUCKER, VIRGINIA JOYCE
General
 Jefferson
 University of Washington
 Journalism
JOURNAL

VOGEL, JUNE SHARP
General
 E. J. Toll Junior High,
 Glendale, California
 University of Washington
 Business Administration
Adelante; Baseball; JOURNAL;
TIGER



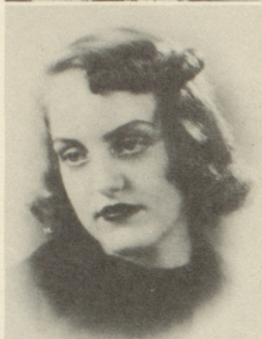
WADE, WILLIAM HENRY
General
 Roosevelt
 University of Washington
 Cross Country; Track and Field;
 Band

WAGONER, JEANNE FRANCES
General
 J. J. Browne School
 Eastern Washington College
 of Education
 Teaching



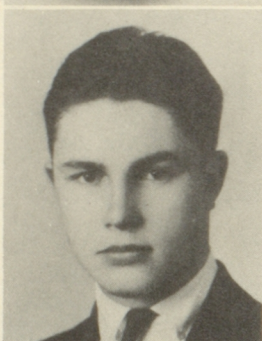
WALDO, DOROTHY ELIZABETH
Commercial
 Grant
 University of Utah
 Nursing
 Girls Federation Council;
 Gym Assistant

WALDO, MARY LOUISE
Commercial
 Grant
 University of Utah
 Nursing



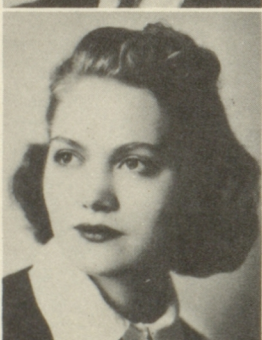
WALKER, MARY EVELYN
Commercial
 John Rogers High

WALSH, ROBERT GEORGE
General
 Belmont High,
 Los Angeles, California
 University of Montana
 Fencing; Football



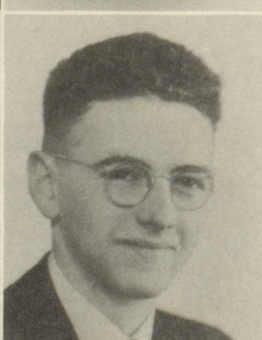
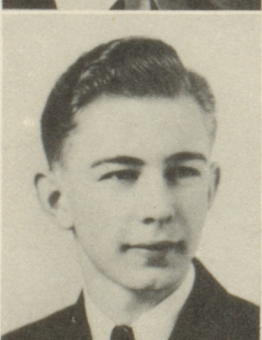
WARBURTON, GLADYS MAE
General
 Hunters High, Washington
 University of Washington

WARNER, ZOA AEFFEDALE
Home Economics
 Roosevelt
 Washington State College
 Dietetics
 Palimpsest



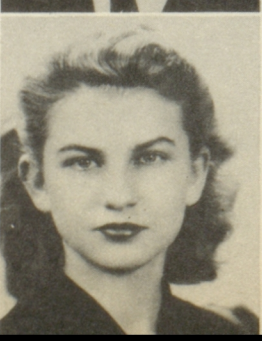
WEBER, FRANCES IRENE
Commercial
 Jefferson
 Spokane Junior College
 Business Administration

WEBER, WILSON BECKMAN
Manual Arts
 Adams
 Washington State College
 Electrical Engineering
 Engineers; Radio



WEINER, SIDNEY NATHAN
Manual Arts
 Irving
 Washington State College
 Electrical Engineering
 Engineers; Debate

WEISS, FRANCES ROSE
General
 Roosevelt
 University of California,
 Los Angeles
 Dramatics



WESTER, VIRGINIA KAREN
General
 Jefferson
 University of Washington
 Dramatics
 G.A.C.; Thespian President;
 Racquet President; Tennis;
 JOURNAL; Secretary of
 Associated Student Body

WHITEHOUSE, MARTHA ELLEN
Classical
 Hutton
 University of Idaho
Classical; Thespian; JOURNAL;
Orchestra



WHITLEY, SARAH ALICE
Commercial
 Lincoln
Palimpsest; G.A.C. President;
Basketball; Baseball; Volley-
ball; National Forensic League;
Algebra Award

WILKENING, JOE
General
 Ritzville High, Washington
 Washington State College
 Electrical Engineering
Senate; Engineers; Debate;
Band; Ensemble



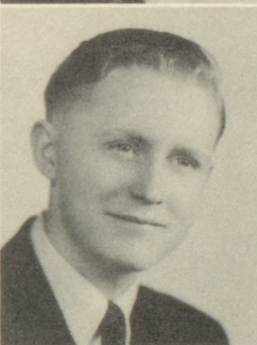
WILLIAMS, BARBARA WARWICK
General
 San Leandro High, California
 Oregon State College
 Law and Secretarial Science
Band

WILLIAMS, BERNICE KATHERINE
Commercial
 Libby Junior High
 University of Washington
 Business-Administration



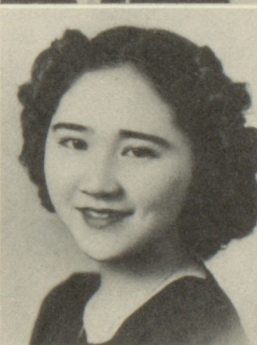
WILLIAMS, DAISIE LORENE
Home Economics
 Grant

WILLIAMS, SARAH RHETA
Commercial
 Washington



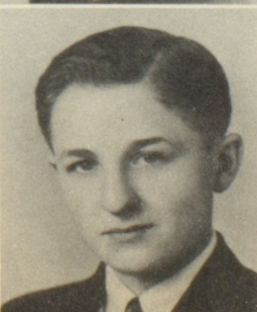
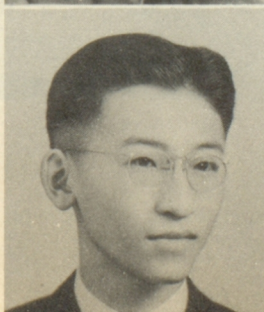
WINBLAD, ROBERT CARL
Manual Arts
 Irving
 Washington State College
 Architecture
Mathematics

YENTER, CLARICE ROBERTA
Home Economics
 Republic High, Washington
 Washington State College
 Home Economics



YONAGO, LILY
Commercial
 Lincoln
 Kinman Business University

YUASA, SHUN
General
 Lincoln
 University of Washington
 Aeronautical Engineer
Mathematics; Rheingold;
German Award



ZEIMANTZ, ROBERT FRANCIS
Fine Arts
 Gonzaga High
 University of Washington
 Fine Arts
Fine Arts

Camera-Shy Seniors

CAMPBELL, HELEN SHIRLEY

General

Boise High, Idaho

Whitworth College

Pre-nursing

Racquet; G.A.C.; Volleyball;

Tennis

FLORENCE, HESTER YVONNE

General

Central Valley

LEE, HARRY PHILIP, JR.

General

Iowa City High, Iowa

CASEY, MARGARET MARIE

General

Havre High, Montana

Whitworth College



The Fishing Port

I came upon it when the sun was low,
And saw the small roofs crimsoning with fire.
The weathered dories caught the afterglow,
And color tipped a sail, a mast, a spire;
The sand was patched with scarlet—and the bay
Was quivering with broken lines of light;
The children's voices echoed at their play;
The anchors sounded—dropping for the night.
The blue smoke curled—the fisherwives began
Preparing evening meals of fish and bread,
Each thinking of her children—of her man,
And they were coming—hungry to be fed!
While I, alone upon a darkening shore,
Stood as one stands outside a close-shut door.

—FRED WARDNER



Senior Honor Students

FIRST ROW (*left to right*)—Janice Hutchinson, Pearl Bauer, Virginia Wester, Lois Emry, Ruth Thomson, Gertrude Soss, Vada May Lawrence, Winifred Grobel, Helen Mae Blakesley, Lily Yonago, Angionette Day, Wanda Simpson. SECOND ROW—Eugene Buchholtz, Marjorie Miller, Maxine Harwaldt, Barbara Gleason, Winona Alderson, Ruth Boyer, Ethel-Marie Johnson, Bernice Williams, Marjorie Price, Doris Gulsrud, Margaret Scanlan. THIRD ROW—James Mack, Donald Schoedel, Paul Sinnitt, Eloise Giblett, Dorothea Hansen, Jean Noland, Sara Whitley, Lucille Miller, Jean Gleason, Helen Dyer, Shun Yuasa. FOURTH ROW—Roy Thompson, Walter Dodge, Jack Lang, James Lyons, Roger Safford, Benjamin Lindsay, Lawrence Barker, Robert Browder, William Brandt, Philip Lutz, James Austell.



Senior Snaps

FIRST ROW: Jean Brown, Beverly LeDuc, Don Pounds, Margaret Berrong, Alrose Shepherd, Zoä Warner. SECOND ROW—Dorothea Hansen, Jim Mack, Jean Gleason, Jerry Johnson, Walter Dodge. THIRD ROW—Bill Johnson, Lee Oakes. FOURTH ROW—Carol Polwarth, Jeanne Chapman, Francis Gaumond, Vada May Lawrence, Frank MacDonald. FIFTH ROW—Glen Porter, Doris Skindlov, Louis Messex, Ruth Thomson, Lucille Miller.



Senior Snaps

FIRST ROW (left to right)—Marjorie Price, Louise Maass, Doris Raun, Mary Genevieve Gamble, Jean Brown. SECOND ROW—Earl Pointer, Gertie Soss, George Hardgrove, Lorene Petty, Marjorie Miller, Marie Mulligan. THIRD ROW—Frank Boutin, Marion Moran, Martha Rosamond, Mack Rodney. FOURTH ROW—Gordon Reid. FIFTH ROW—Lewis Thayer, Chancy Miller, Mary Hartin, Zoa Warner, Jean Lovell, Kenneth Skogland.



Senior Snaps

FIRST ROW (left to right)—Betty Hangauer, Ruth Boyer, Eloise Giblett, Lenore Button, Jack Russell, Ben Lindsay. SECOND ROW—Lawrence Barker, Marco Johnson, Charles Theis, Garth Everett. THIRD ROW—Illa Smith, Ina Schoemperlen, Eloise Brooks, Jim Dillard. FOURTH ROW—Don Modesitt, Ralph Pinkerton, Dick Davenport, Phyllis Butts, Virginia McCarthy, Ellen Robertson, Laurabelle McCain, Barbara Gleason. FIFTH ROW—Kenneth Skogland, Helen Dyser, Barbara Gleason, Dorothea Hansen, Angionette Day, Lenora Allin, Marjorie Price, Wanda Simpson.



By mutual confidence and mutual aid
Great deeds are done and great discoveries made!
—Pope: Iliad

ORGANIZED ACTIVITIES

Adelante Club

Founded in 1919 to give greater opportunity to learn the customs, history, culture, and language of Spanish-speaking peoples. Adviser, Miss Mabel Pope.

Classical Club

Organized in 1912 to give students a detailed classical background, to encourage creative ability, and to study Roman literature, life, and customs. Adviser, Miss Helen L. Dean.

The Crest

An honor society organized in 1923 to recognize outstanding effort and achievement in behalf of the Lewis and Clark High School.

Curie Club

Founded in 1921 to stimulate an interest among girls in science and to study science in relation to everyday life. Adviser, Miss Carrie E. Lake.

Engineers Club

Founded to acquaint the members with the various industrial enterprises, particularly those in which some form of engineering is used. Adviser, Mr. A. W. Smith.

Fine Arts Club

Founded in 1920 to increase interest in art among the students, and to serve the school with its talent. Adviser, Miss Lydia S. Goos.

Jupau Club

The purpose is to train in Parliamentary Law and to further an interest in stamp collecting. It is open only to Freshmen and Sophomores. Adviser, Mr. C. D. Guttermann.

Mathematics Club

Organized in 1919 to promote and further interest in mathematics for those who have interest and ability. Adviser, Miss Blanche Smith.

Palimpsest Club

Organized in 1927 to create more interest in the study of social science and the past history of this region and to foster projects of historical interest. Adviser, Mr. H. D. Thompson.

Papyrus Club

Founded in 1915 to promote an interest in good literature, and to develop ability to write both prose and verse. Adviser, Miss Rachel Davis.

Racquet Club

Founded in 1918 to further an interest in tennis and good sportsmanship among the girls of the school. Adviser, Miss Anne Norvell.

Rheingold Club

Founded to awaken an interest in German art and literature, and to become acquainted with the life and customs of the German people. Adviser, Miss Marie Emma Sturrow.

Senate Club

Founded early in the history of the school to further training in proper parliamentary procedure and in public speaking and debate. Adviser, Mr. Carl H. Ferguson.

Thespian Club

Organized in 1920 to stimulate interest in dramatics, music, and dancing, and to afford an opportunity for talented students to perform. Adviser, Miss Ann Reely.

Girls Athletic Club

Founded to stimulate an interest in girls' sports. Adviser, Miss Jessie Baltezone.

National Forensic League

A national honorary society for debaters. The chapter at this school was organized in 1937. Adviser, Mr. W. B. Graham.

Knights of the Blade

Organized in 1938 to acquaint Lewis and Clark with the sport of fencing and to build up a team adept enough to compete with other schools and clubs. Adviser, Mr. F. G. Gnagey.

Home Economics

Founded in 1938 to stimulate interest in the household arts among the girls of the school. Adviser, Miss Clara G. Bond.

Associated Student Council

Organized in 1938 and is made up of representatives from each session room of the school. It is the main student-governing body of the school. Adviser, Mr. D. S. Whitman.

Boys Federation Council

Founded in 1927 and is composed of session room representatives. It supports school activities and works for the best interests of the boys. Adviser, Mr. C. E. Miller.

Girls Federation Council

Founded in 1918 and is similarly composed as that of the Boys Federation Council. Supports school activities while promoting good sportsmanship among the girls. Adviser, Miss Frances M. Stubblefield.

JOURNAL Editorial

The JOURNAL was organized in 1912 for the gathering of news of the school at large which the staff edits and distributes through the medium of THE LEWIS AND CLARK JOURNAL. Editorial Adviser, Mr. C. G. Miller.

Lettermen

Founded in 1937 and is composed of lettermen in the four major sports of the school. Its purpose is to give all possible support to the sports activities of the school. Adviser, Lyle Maskell.

Girl Reserves

Organized in 1938 for the accomplishment, through friendship, of a fuller realization of social, civic, and artistic appreciation, in order that each girl may live a more cultural life. Adviser, Miss Eloise Neilson.

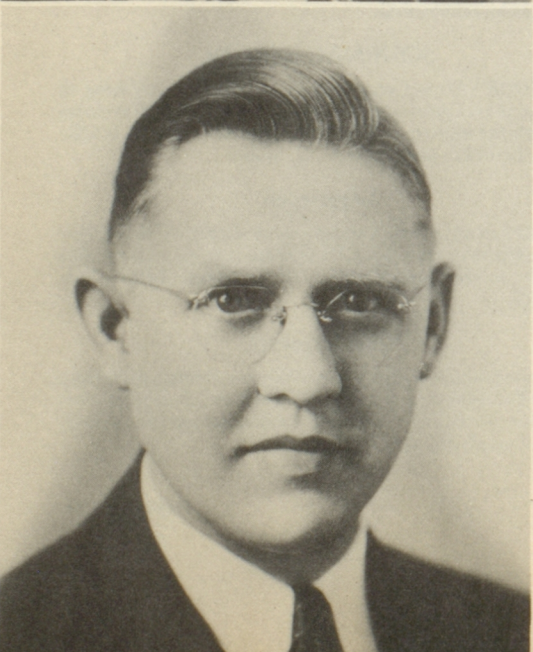


FACULTY ADVISERS
ORGANIZED STUDENT
BODY GROUPS

D. S. WHITMAN
Associated Student Body



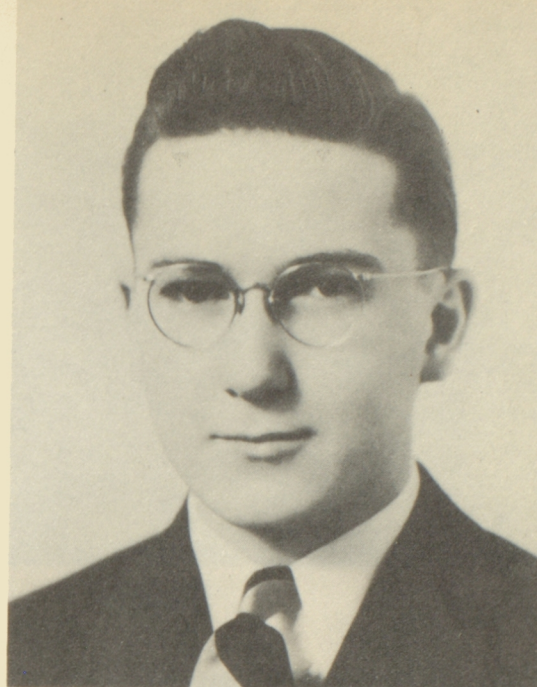
FRANCES M. STUBBLEFIELD
Girls Federation



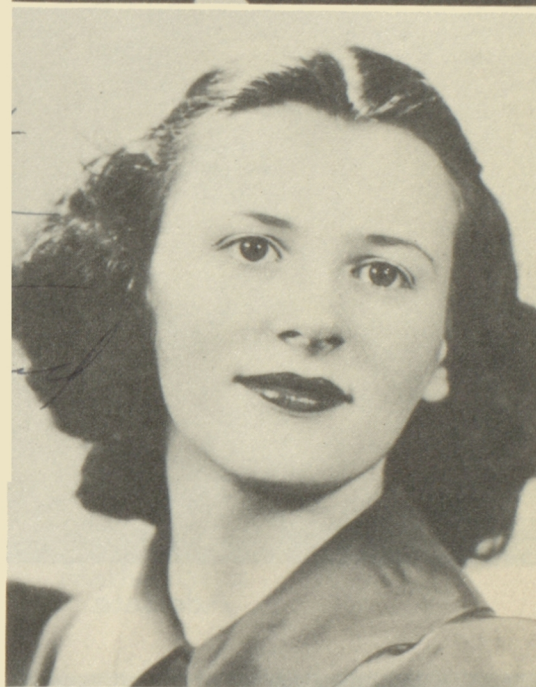
C. E. MILLER
Boys Federation

ORGANIZED STUDENT BODY LEADERS

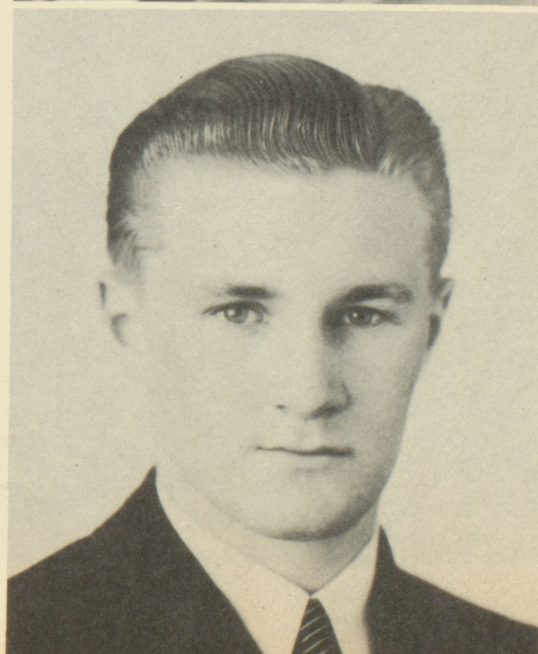
JAMES MACK
President Associated Student Council



CAROL POLWARTH
President Girls Federation



KENNETH BARNES
President Boys Federation





Jupau

FIRST ROW (*left to right*)—Richard Johnson, Milton Gimbel, Robert Bateman, Robert Sewell, Lawrence Thompson. SECOND ROW—Byron Eurich, Roscoe Balch, Kenneth Vawter, Lyman Hubenthal, Robert Greensfelder. THIRD ROW—Gus Hempstead, Richard Follett, Richard Garrett, James Gamble, Mr. Charles D. Guttermann.



Adelante

FIRST ROW (*left to right*)—Wanda Simpson, Lenora Allin, Virginia Henry, Peggy Talbott, Jane Barnard, Virginia Richter, Mary Hartin. SECOND ROW—Mary Chase, Dorothea Hansen, Annabelle Masey, Margaret Hancox, Jean Brown, Betty Ogle, June Vogel. THIRD ROW—Karl Maxwell, Robert Garrison, Ralph Moriarty, Marguerite Jackson, Miss Mabel Pope, Alice Thorstensen. FOURTH ROW—Jack Casey, Dan Ogden, Henry Moore, Paul Sinnitt, James Hattrick, Robert Moore, Patrick Jennings.



Classical

FIRST ROW (*left to right*)—Lois Ransom, Virginia Way, Margaret Hergert, Shirley Petty, Louise Mohn, Marjorie Marks, Bernice Graves, Curran Dempsey. SECOND ROW—Marvel McVay, Patsy Young, James Mack, Marie Mulligan, Paul Sinnitt, Jean Gleason, Miss Helen L. Dean, Elizabeth DuBois. THIRD ROW—Mary Shields, Phyllis Butts, Heley Dyser, Muriel Kinman, Martha Whitehouse, John Strickle. FOURTH ROW—Merritt Johnson, Paul Decker, George Hutcheck, John Rockie, William Powell, William Weaver.

FIRST ROW (left to right)—William Brandt, Marie Rowland, Rose Marie Roth, Elsie Mobins, Joan Bungay, Marguerite Daugherty, Jane Quire, Shun Yuasa. SECOND ROW—Jack Lang, Marian Cooil, Marilyn Gates, Marjorie Vye, Miss Marie Emma Sturrow, Eleanor Smith, Melva Jean Kinch, Richard Carlson, THIRD ROW—Frank Romaine, Neil Seehorn, Reiner Deglow, Clayton Gross, Bartlett Calkins, Paul Decker, Eugene Buchholtz.



Rheingold

FIRST ROW (left to right)—Mary Yonago, Vada May Lawrence, Dorothy Belcher, Michi Hirata, Ruth Thomson, Carol Gleason. SECOND ROW—Miss Blanche Smith, Ernest Greene, Sara Lee Williams, Margaret Van Slyke, Jane Storer, Richmond Marshall. THIRD ROW—Betty Jean Berg, Houston Kimbrough, Marian Harris, Janice Hutchinson. FOURTH ROW—Robert Rucker, Shun Yuasa, Robert Harvey, Bartlett Calkins.



Mathematics

FIRST ROW (left to right)—Patsy Young, Marilyn Gates, Helen Amick, Barbara Gates, Jane Current, Winifred Grobel. SECOND ROW—Mary Johnson, Helen Smith, Marylin Gilstrom, Esther Shank, Geraldine Allison, Patricia Sanders, Miss Lydia Goos. THIRD ROW—Marjorie Miller, Kenneth Mhyre, Walter Weeks. FOURTH ROW—Robert Zeimantz, Earl Pointer, Melvyn Thompson, James Gindraux, Lee Oakes, Donald Pounds, Richard Roper-Witt.



Fine Arts



Home Economics

FIRST Row (*left to right*)—Beverly Klatt, Ruth Taylor, Patsy Parker, Barbara Gleason, Marie Jacoy, Virginia Roberts, Toyoko Migaki, Sumi Yuasa. SECOND Row—Eleanor Smith, Betty Grover, Ruth Macko, Raona Mitchell, Laurabelle McCain, Doris Skindlov, Virginia Fish, Althaea James. THIRD Row—Dorothy Gay, Lois Woolard, Caroline Summerson, Bernice Dana, Harrietta Leslie, Esther Madson, Betty Black, Doris Fish. FOURTH Row—Betty Durkin, Margaret Manning, Marie Widman, Verna Kinley, Alice Thorstensen, Maxine Carter, Marion DeRuiter, Georgia Loucks.



Senate

FIRST Row (*left to right*)—Roger Safford, Archie Hulsizer, James Lyons, Frank Spinelli, Roger Crosby. SECOND Row—Robert Guertin, James Mack, James Towles, Jack Kemper, Alan Johnson. THIRD Row—Joe Wilkening, Robert Brooke, Marco Johnson, Willis Busard, Donald Pounds, Donald Schoedel, Mr. Carl H. Ferguson.



Papyrus

FIRST Row (*left to right*)—Lois Emry, Eloise Giblett, Elizabeth Stone, Winifred Grobel, Mary Davis. SECOND Row—Elizabeth Sampson, Marjorie Malone, Helen Amick, Ethel-Marie Johnson, Beulah Jackson, Dorothy Hallett, Miss Rachel Davis. THIRD Row—Mr. Philip Baird, James Mack, Fred Wardner, Jack Ostergren, Robert Stier, William LaJoie, Robert Browder.

FIRST ROW (*left to right*)—Alice Jane Thompson, Ruth Herington, Jane Barnard, Margaret Holl, Althaea James, Kathleen Arnold, Mary Yonago, Asaka Yoshida. SECOND ROW—Barbara Aitchison, Marilyn Seitz, Muriel Walters, Ethel James, Margaret Hancox, Betty Lynn Northrop, Virginia Way. THIRD ROW—Ethel-Marie Johnson, Dorothea Hansen, Wilma Scott, Dorothy Boline, Geraldine Allison, Michi Hirata, Ida Nishifue, Charlotte Berg.



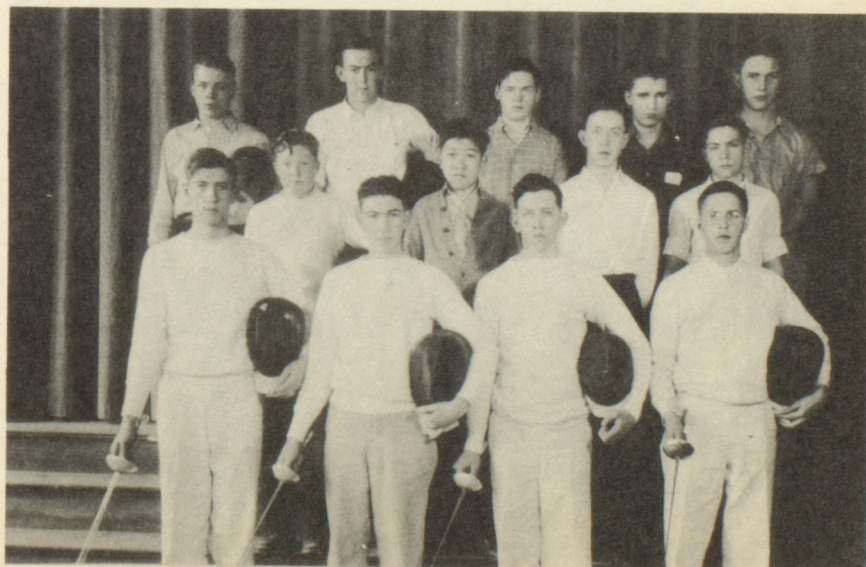
Curie

FIRST ROW (*left to right*)—Rowena Beaudry, Sara Whitley, Mary Echelbarger, Barbara Gleason, Margaret Parmelee, Mary Davis. SECOND ROW—Marjory Marks, Marjorie Price, Zoa Warner, Gertrude Woolsey, Ruth Oshima, Yuki Yamamoto, Marjorie Malone. THIRD ROW—Mr. H. D. Thompson, Robert Browder, Lyle DeVore, Malcolm Stewart, George Hutcheck, William Powell. FOURTH ROW—Archie Hulsizer, Donald Schoedel, Lewis Thayer, Carl Scott, Roscoe Balch.



Palimpsest

FIRST ROW (*left to right*)—William Wade, Floyd Johnson, Robert Moore, Jack O'Reilly. SECOND ROW—William Wessel, Vernon Lee, Thomas Murphy, Ted Tuerke. THIRD ROW—Dan Drumheller, George Hall, Robert Borgert, Richard Driscoll, Robert Walsh.



Knights of the Blade



Associated Student Council

FIRST ROW (*left to right*)—Clarice Wolcott, Virginia Lou Mahoney, Virginia Wester, Marjorie Marks, Ethel-Marie Johnson, Melva Kinch, Marjorie Nelson, Dorothy Belcher, Marylou Ostrander, Sara Whitley. SECOND ROW—Richard Nelson, Claude Munsell, Lyman Hubenthal, Roger McMacken, Joe Nail, Gordon Davenport, Robert Reid, Robert Bateman, Patricia Turnbull, Mr. D. S. Whitman. THIRD ROW—Hugh Sherrick, Richard Hathaway, Robert Garrison, Kenneth Mhyre, Pat Doyle, George King, Kenneth Vawter, Dick Middleton, Arden Johnson. FOURTH ROW—Morris Hulin, Roscoe Balch, Willis Bussard, Robert Franks, Warren Westerman, Paul Jones, Paul Decker, Robert Long, James Mack, James Hatch.



Engineers

FIRST ROW (*left to right*)—Ernest Luce, Delbert Cox, Melvin Paterson, Walter Eckert, Lawrence Sharley. SECOND ROW—Don Carlson, Lewis Messex, Richard Carlson, Raymond Heft, Kenneth Skoglund, Mr. A. W. Smith. THIRD ROW—Sid Weiner, Rulon Taylor, Francis Gaumond, Randall Carpenter, Harold Muzatko. FOURTH ROW—Jack Muller, Eugene Gaumond, Lawrence Smith, John Neudorfer, Robert Mackey, John Williams, Lewis Thayer.



Girl Reserves, Unit One

FIRST ROW (*left to right*)—Shirley Anne Kinch, Barbara Pearson, Goldine Simon, Florine Soss, Clarabelle Weiner, Audrey Mackey, Sumi Yuasa, Marjorie Bolin, Juanita Wayne, Roberta Blain. SECOND ROW—Miss Eloise Neilson, Mary Elizabeth Davis, Priscilla Duffe, Betty Flett, Mary Ann Weinstein, Elizabeth Smith, Cora Lundin, Wilma Scott, Sachi Yamamoto. THIRD ROW—Chere Perley, Dorothy Hallett, Ellen Fuller, Melva Jean Kinch, Jane Machen, Iris Felt, Lorraine Schulz, Donna Jean Harrison, Florence Guiles, Margaret Evans.

FIRST ROW (*left to right*)—June Price, Vivian Marks, Josephine Bartoletta, Maxine Klopher, Marilyn Woodstrand. SECOND ROW—Mary Chase, Annabelle Massey, Margaret Hancox. THIRD ROW—Anna Belle Price, Illa Smith, Mary Ellen Schlauch, Lois Kirkeby.



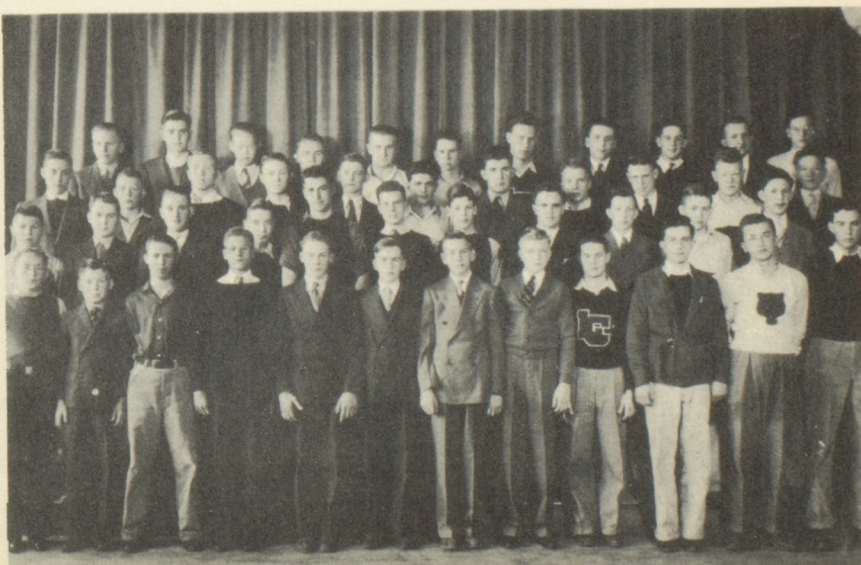
Girl Reserves, Unit Two

FIRST ROW (*left to right*)—Virginia Wester, Kathleen Arnold, Dorothy Belcher, Vada May Lawrence, Beverly Weber. SECOND ROW—Betty Laberee, Jane Laberee, Virginia Olson, Agnes Stroman, Eileen Green, Sylvia Knight, Gertrude Woolsey, Betty Jean Gamble. THIRD ROW—Marjorie Nelson, Gwyneth Owen, Betty Alberts, Jean Harris, Beverly Soss, Virginia Lou Mahoney. FOURTH ROW—Miss Anne Norvell, Ruth Rock, Marjorie Rarey, Shirley Campbell, Lois Kirkeby.



Racquet

FIRST ROW (*left to right*)—Burr Monteith, Joe Alice, Kenneth Barney, James Stone, George Johnson, William Carlson, Don Kerns, Ray Ramsey, Walter Haspedis, Michel Saad, August Klaue, Earl McCarthy. SECOND ROW—Richard Ervin, Patrick Close, Jack Mallory, Don Swick, Charles Theis, Frank Boutin, Robert Muller, Paul Sinnitt, Wardell Carter, James Melrose, Sam Hupp. THIRD ROW—Tom Ware, Robert Imhoff, Bill Nye, Roger Crosby, Virgil Severin, Tom Zografos, George Tichbourne, Sherb Nelson, Ivan Tyree, Charles Scott, Jack Gilberg. FOURTH ROW—Arthur Follett, Lynn Aldrich, Howard Paulsen, James Sargeant, Kenneth Barnes, William Frazier, Robert Atwood, Oscar Swenson, Charles McAuley, Charles Gillingham, Robert Gay.



Boys Federation Council



Girls Federation Council

FIRST ROW (*left to right*)—Mary Kay Moon, Emily Kandler, Gwendolyn Yale, Barbara Paine, Peggy Davis, Marvel Smith, Shirley Bretz, Dorothy Lohnes, Patricia Osborne, Carol Polwarth, Ruth Rock. SECOND ROW—Virginia Summerson, Angionette Day, Margaret Hayfield, Betty Laberee, Bobbee Judd, Carolyn Paynter, Eleanor Bloom, Betty Jernigan, Mary Button, Gertrude Woolsey. THIRD ROW—Doris Bennett, Betty Decker, Elizabeth DuBois, Mary Shields, Betty Hallett, Marjorie Price, Betty Jean Rucker, Charline Williams, Janet Richardson. FOURTH ROW—Ruth Diamond, Virginia Olson, Eleanor Davis, Jane Laberee, Peggy Talbott, Margaret Holl, Marjory Rarey, Beverly Soss, Barbara Miller, Barbara Nelson, Patricia Taylor, Helen Dyser.



Thespian

FIRST ROW (*left to right*)—Shirley Bretz, Patricia Turnbull, Virginia Wester, Harriett Rainsberry, Betty Gregerson, Imogene Cox, Virginia Fish. SECOND ROW—Miss Ann Reely, Mary Chase, Lorraine Morford, Doris Skindlov, Margaret Fleming, Marie Domini, Beulah Jackson, Rhoda Skindlov. THIRD ROW—Agnes Boutin, Patricia Davies, Patricia Sanders, Helen Dyser, Sophea Kakakes, Lorena Catlow, Jane Current. FOURTH ROW—Virginia Lou Mahoney, Lydia Perley, Betty Alberts, Dorothy Belcher, Anna Belle Price, Lorraine Moore. FIFTH ROW—Curran Dempsey, Harold Doolittle, Carlton Dinwiddie, Douglas Hubbard, Robert Denison, Eleanore Davidson.



JOURNAL Editorial

FIRST ROW (*left to right*)—Virginia Wester, Lois Emry, Katherine Laudwein, Irene Kelly, Dorothy Bayne, Martha Whitehouse, Beverly Soss, Wanda Simpson. SECOND ROW—Mr. Carl G. Miller, James Beaver, Alice Thorstensen, Flora Jackson, Glenn Davenport, Clarence Fleming, Patrick Jennings. THIRD ROW—Warren Snyder, Benjamin Lindsay, Louis Reinhard, George Hardgrove, Jack Holland, James Gindraux. FOURTH ROW—Royal Johnson, Frank MacDonald, George Hill, Robert Price.

FIRST Row (*left to right*)—Margaret Dragneff, Virginia Wester, Virginia Olson, Mary Nell Schaefer, Sara Whitley, Dorothy Belcher, Jane Wilson, Marjorie Rarey, Vada May Lawrence, Jane Laberee, Betty Laberee. SECOND Row—Virginia Summerson, Elaine Franke, Laurabelle McCain, Helen Schilling, Mary Echelbarger, Carolyn Paynter, Evelyn Gerhauser, Beverly Weber, Betty Alberts, Jane Storer, Lorraine Ring, Vivian Marks, Joyce Miller, Helen Moline, Betty Black, Lorene Petty, Marguerite Hopkins, Margaret Parmelee, Lucille Gormley, Shirley Campbell. THIRD Row—Louise Mohn, Lucille Poirier, Helen Amick, Minnie Emry, Genevieve Mertes, Virginia Lou Mahoney, Eleanor Gindraux, Jean Louthian, Mildred Johnson, Dorothy Foster, Lucille Reed, Martha Rosamond, Phyllis Paynter.



Girls Athletic Club

FIRST Row (*left to right*)—Sara Whitley, Virginia Lou Mahoney, Marjorie Vye, Helen Dyser. SECOND Row—Roger Safford, Frank Spinelli, Donald Schoedel, James Lyons, Mr. W. B. Graham. THIRD Row—Willis Bussard, Marco Johnson, James Mack, Robert Brooke.

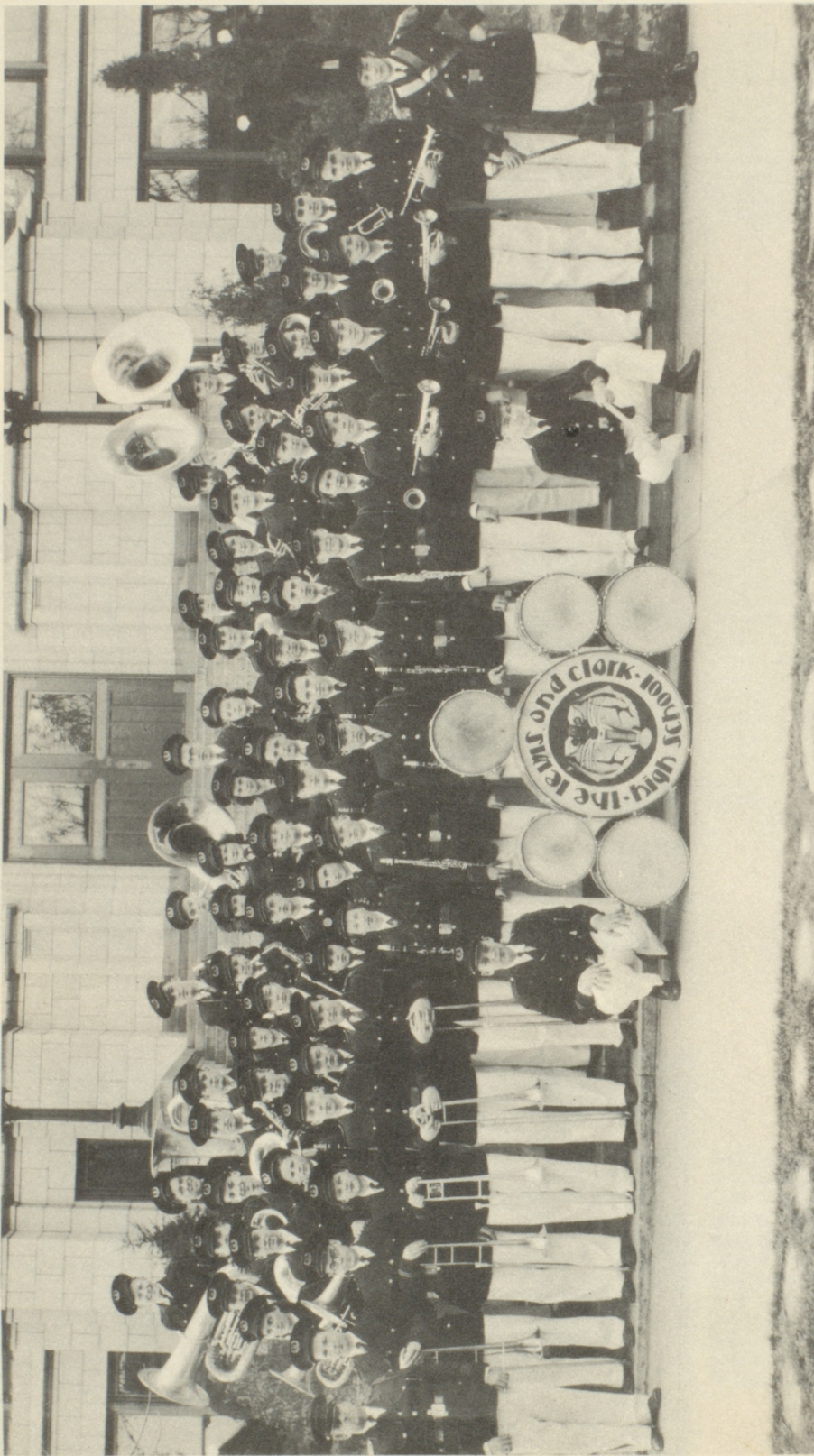


Forensic League

FIRST Row (*left to right*)—Charles McAuley, Don Vawter, Fred Sherman, Shannon Patterson, Harry Simchuk, Glen Porter. SECOND Row—Hugh Sherrick, Oscar Swenson, Jack Holland, James Austell, Marvin Gilberg. THIRD Row—Robert Garrison, Martin Kiesig, Gordon Reid, Dick Middleton, Don Prentice. FOURTH Row—Gordon Taylor, Joe Hunt, Oscar Calkins, Don Modesitt, Ed Kraus, Wayne Templeton.



Lettermen



The Lewis and Clark Band

FIRST Row (left to right)—Mr. Walter Thomas, Paul Walther, Owen Martin, Garth Everett, SECOND Row—Philip Frederick, Emmett Chester, Doris Gulsrud, Jack Seifert, Robert Calkins, Betty Grover, Robert Olson, Dick Eberstein, Robert Guertin, Elwyn Lufkin, Roger Schedler, Bill Cruikshank, Ronald Bisatt, Howard Glenn. THIRD Row—Karl Maxwell, Dorothy Wolfe, Helen Grinnell, Benjamin Lindsay, George Hardgrove, Frank MacDonald, Doris Pritchard, Warren Westerman, Howard Clukey, Ralph Moriarty. FOURTH Row—Illa Smith, Jack Stratton, Dick Carlson, Paul Berkeley, Philip Lutz, Jack O'Reilly, Bruce Adams, Virgil Severin, Jack Warth, James Walsh, James Mack. FIFTH Row—John O'Neal, Bruce Davis, Margaret Doughty, John Bacon, Roger Crosby, Ernest Luce, Edwin Kirsch, Duane Henry. SIXTH Row—James Hanson, Philip Stainer, Robert Reese, Betty Beale, Donna Sawyer, Lois Beale, Dorothy Beutelspacher, Helen Falk, Dorothy Gay. SEVENTH Row—Victor Roberts, James Davey, John Storer, August Zueger, Arthur Hoaglund, Lawrence Hazelwood, Bill Carlson, John DeFiore, George Gough.



The Lewis and Clark Orchestra

FIRST ROW (left to right)—Mr. George A. Stout, Doris Skindlov, Rhoda Skindlov, Virginia Fish, Ruth Woolsey, Marylou Widstrand, Gertrude Berkey, Mary Alice Kelley, Jackie Permain, Lois Beale, Walter Morgan, George King, Owen Martin. SECOND ROW—Nancy Boyd, Lois Woolard, Helen Moline, Lenore Erickson, Gertrude Woolsey, Mae Rankin, Dorothy Rankin, Betty Reynolds, George Loucks, Lois Ransom, Margaret Mellor, Pearl Bauer. THIRD ROW—Charlotte Berg, Dolores Gruel, Roy Thompson, Marjorie Marks, Phyllis Carson, Marian Coil, Caryl McKuown, Janet Clarke, Mary Lou Ford, Jeanne Abrams. FOURTH ROW—Eloise Giblett, Mildred Johnson, Mary Gamble, Mildred Caldwell, Virginia Lee Nance, Marjorie Roll, Andrew O'Neal, Jane Quire, Robert Woolard, Howard Davis, Roger Schedler, Billy Cruikshank. FIFTH ROW—Eleanor Smith, Helen Grinnell, Jean Fisher, Enola Grenfell, Mary Matthews, Kirk Barnes, Ed Luce, John Rockie, Bobbee Judd. SIXTH ROW—Doris Gulsrud, Donna Sawyer, Jack Seifert, Paul Berkey, George Gough, William McEvers, John DeFiore, Archie Hulsizer, Paul Revitt.



Freshman B Class



Freshman A Class



Sophomore B Class



Sophomore A Class



Junior B Class



Junior A Class

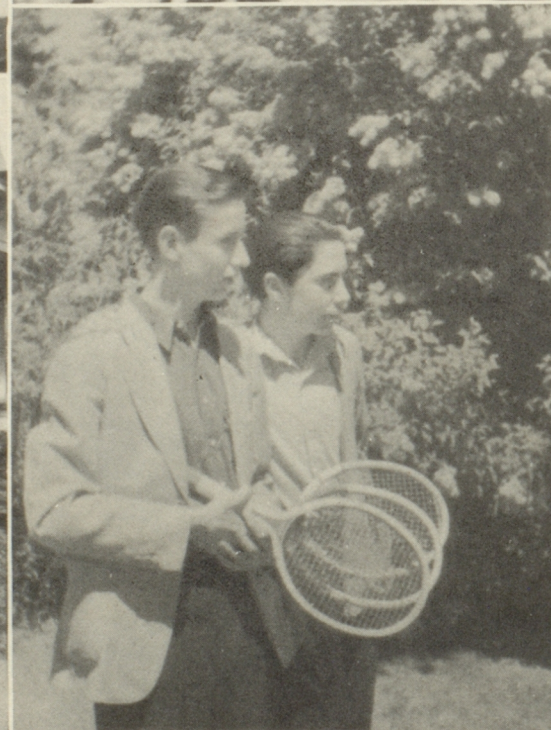
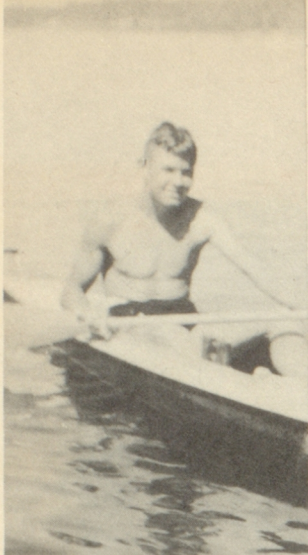


Senior B Class



The Lewis and Clark Glee Club

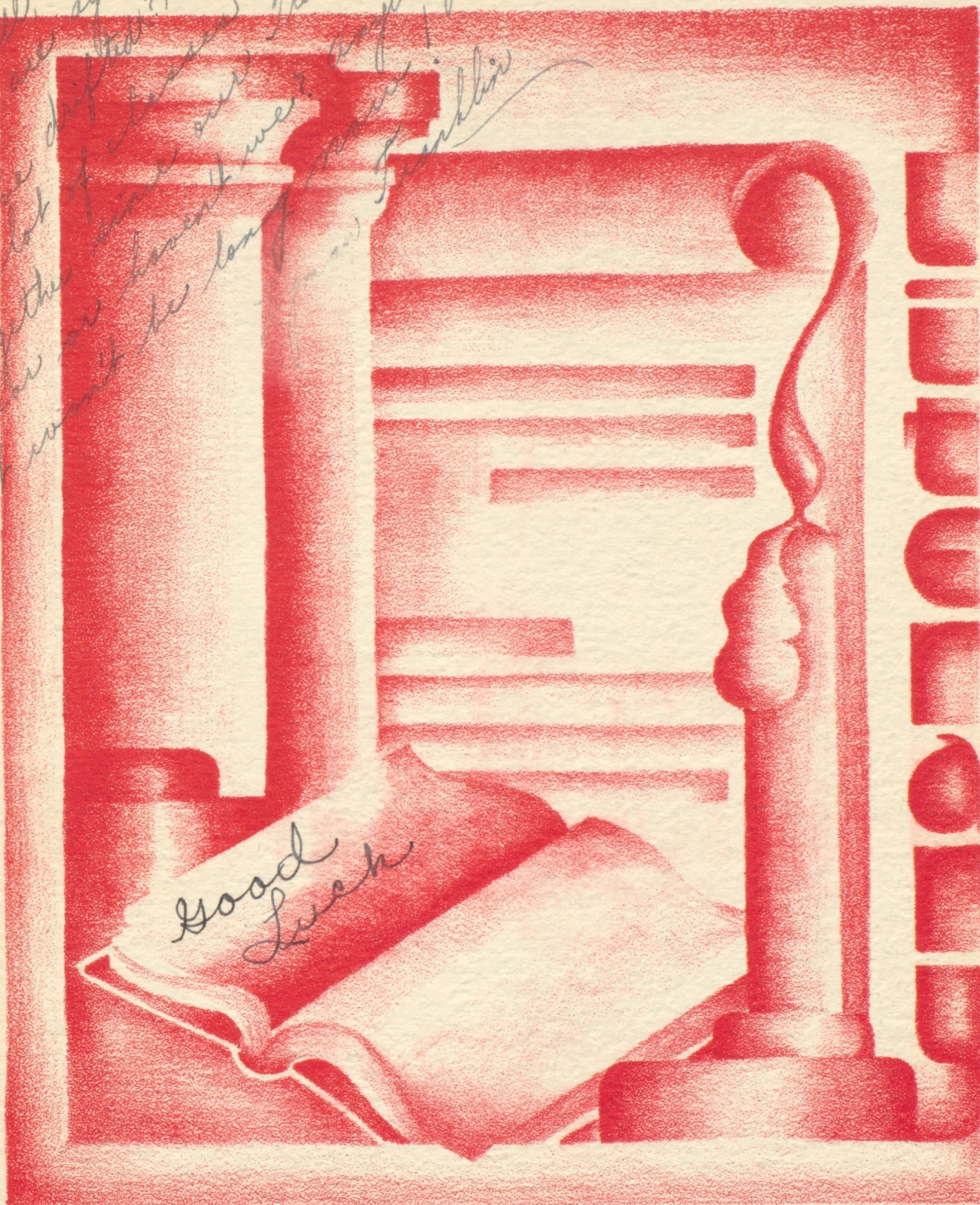
FIRST ROW (left to right)—Alice Thompson, Ruth Ellingwood, Vera Novich, Charlotte Jensen, Dolores Von Hausen, Ruth Pease, Irene Quast, Patricia McBride, Betty Hostetler, Helen Niemann, Richard Thiele, Kirk Barnes. SECOND ROW—Jeanne Phillips, Annette Leendersten, Julie Crommelin, Gloria Nurick, Vivian Schlicht, Jean Nance, Doris Cryderman, June Mahoney, Glenna McDuffy, June Vogel, Patsy Gamby, June Gleason, June Nickolas, Paul Revitt. THIRD ROW—Lillian Owens, Jean Brown, Stana Novich, Frances Kruegel, Louise Rogers, Lucille Isaacs, Wilma Quirt, Betty Fisk, Joyce Whiteman, Louise Holder, Betty Ahrens. FOURTH ROW—Wade Kraglund, Marguerite Carroll, Jean Chamberlin, Henrietta Eakin, Norma Binkley, Edna Smith, Marion Harris, Anna Belle Price, Mary Kempff, Eunice Kempff, Robert Sadler. FIFTH ROW—Sidney Kistler, Loren Lampert, Robert Lotzenheiser, Frank Romaine, Robert James, Albert Barris, Jack Casey, David Levitch, James Villars.



Senior Snaps

FIRST ROW—Don Murray, Winifred Grobel, Eloise Giblett. SECOND ROW—Jean Louthian, Margaret Renner, Edna Gustafson, Lois Pintler, Margaret Scanlan, Barbara Williams, Doris Gulsrud. THIRD ROW—Dorothy Neville, Lucille Miller, Francis Gaumond, Patrick Jennings, Elizabeth Sampson.

well, here
we are again.
We've drifted?
a lot of classes over Freshman
together since we haven't met? Anyway
if you've long missed me, Franklin



Whatever hath been written shall remain,
Nor be erased nor written o'er again;
The unwritten only still belongs to thee:
Take heed, and ponder well what that shall be.
—Longfellow

CLASS PROPHECY

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is a true episode in the life of the great detective, Roger Fredrick Safford, called by some, Relentless Rog. This was printed in *The Saturday Morning Post* in September, 1952, and is being repeated this year by popular demand.

The afternoon sun lighted up the handsome features of Relentless Rog, the Great Detective, as he sat in his luxurious office. His feet were on his desk and he was admiring his new spats, designed by William Eldenburg, famous designer of men's clothes. Across the room sat Jack O'Reilly, a policeman, looking through the files for material on Earl Pointer, Public Enemy No. 13.

The jangle of the telephone aroused Rog from his musings. A moment later he turned breathlessly to Roberta Roberts, his pretty secretary.

"Listen to this! The beautiful widow of William La Joie, you know, the former Frances Weiss, has been murdered! Where's Roger Crosby, my right hand man? Where are my false whiskers? Where's my badge? Get the bloodhounds! Call a taxi!"

A moment later the Great Detective was being whirled through New York by Lawrence Beal, a trim, efficient taxi driver. While they were waiting for a red light, Rog hopped out and got a hamburger at Bob Denison's Hot Dog Stand. Rog always ate a hamburger before going on a case because he had read a statement by Craig Ettenborough, noted doctor, that this dish was conducive to thinking, and was excellent brain food.

A few minutes later the taxi drew up before the huge La Joie mansion. Just as Rog stepped out, a woman dashed up to him.

"You're Relentless Rog, the great detective, aren't you?" she asked. "I wonder if you could help me find my husband, John Pope."

"When did you miss him?" asked Rog, recognizing the woman as the former Eleanor Smith.

"He's a missionary," she replied, "and he left four years ago to convert some cannibals in the South Seas. I can't imagine why he doesn't come back."

"I'll work on your case later," promised Rog. "Crosby, tie the bloodhounds in the garden!"

The two men were met at the door by Bud Boutin, the butler.

"I don't like that man; he's too cold and dignified," whispered Rog. Then he said aloud, "Who discovered the corpse?"

"I did," gushed Garnetta Barnhill, the cook. "I was so excited that I called up the cook next door, Margaret Hancox who works for the Joseph Hunts. You know Mrs. Hunt was the former Winona Alderson, and they just got married after being engaged for fifteen years—ever since their high school days! Isn't that romantic?"

Suddenly an explosion rocked the house.

"What's that?" cried the Great Detective, making a note of it in his pink notebook.

"That, sir, is Eugene Buchholtz," said Bud Boutin. "He has a laboratory in the basement, and he is trying to find the fifth dimension."

A terrific commotion rent the air as Larry McKeown and Gene McCallum, the town's two rival undertakers, burst into the room.

"You fight your battles outside," said Crosby, the right hand man. "The man who gives the lowest price gets the job."

The doorbell rang again. Bud Boutin peeked out the window and fled.

"It must be Gail Talley, that woman who is devoting her life to equipping pencil-selling blind men with ear muffs. She has been soliciting money all over town," remarked Rog, lighting a new cigar, which was manufactured by George Hall and Co.

Almost immediately there was the crash of a breaking window, and Roy Thompson, resplendent in his fireman's uniform, leaped through.

"Where is the fire?" he shouted.

"Throw away your cigar, Safford," commanded Crosby, who immediately sized up the situation.

Relentless Rog, the Master Detective examined the room. He counted the pictures, stopping before a frame containing a muddle of lines and spaces. "Bees at Play," it was entitled, by Don Pounds.

Suddenly the noble countenance of Rog lighted with joy.

"Aha," he cried. "I have found a clew! This little piece of blue wool was caught on this chair. It was evidently ripped off the garment of the murderer. I shall have it chemically analyzed and perhaps we can track down this fiend! Come, Crosby."

As the two left the house, a shot rang out. However, upon investigation, it was found only to be Clayton Gross, the gardener, shooting the prize angora rabbits of Jack Laing, the chauffeur. They had eaten some special mushrooms that Clayton had been growing for three years.

As the two men left the yard, they saw a distinguished-looking person sitting on a park bench. He had a diamond on his lapel, and wore other marks of being a real gentleman.

"That man looks suspicious. Have him followed," whispered Rog.

"Sh--that's Clifford Rowan, Mayor of New York," said Crosby in an alarmed voice.

"Really? Well, anyway lets take the subway to Jo Hopkins' Chemical Laboratory, and save money."

After much shoving and pushing, they boarded a train driven by Wilbur Stokes and stood there hanging onto the straps. The ride was indeed pleasant, for the car had just been re-decorated in pink and green by Mary Genevieve Gamble, the woman who has introduced interior decorating into subways.

Rog stared moodily at the advertisements that adorned the walls. Before him on a card was a vaguely familiar face. Beneath it were the words, "I always drink an Alka Seltzer before I go in the ring with my act" says Lenore Button, famous trapeze performer.

He passed on to the next card. "Buy your fish at Ehrhardt's Fish Stands," it said.

"Clever advertisement," thought Rog. "Bob Ehrhardt has made millions from his chain system of fish stands."

He looked at the next advertisement.

"Send your daughters to Thomas Teakle's exclusive girls school on the Hudson," it read. "We have famous people from all over the world for teachers, such as Eloise Giblett, renowned harmonica player; Robert Price, author of the startling new book 'How I Became What I Am,' and Frank Beneke, the English duke who has just come to America."

Meanwhile Crosby was reading the newspaper over another man's shoulder—about Wayne Hall's trouble with his labor unions and Lawrence Barker's trip to Mars. However, Barker's rocket ship crashed there, and as he had no way of getting back, he had radioed to the Earth for aid.

After riding ten blocks past their stop, the two detectives left the subway and took a taxi back to the Hopkins Laboratory, only to find the famous scientist himself at a baseball game between the Yankees and the White Sox.

"And you know," said Wanda Simpson, the secretary, "the Yankees' pitcher is Bob Neudorfer, who originated the 'Snake Ball' which curves about five times before it reaches the batter. Isn't that marvelous? And also on the team are Jack Holland, Ed Kraus, and Harry Simchuk. What a team! But I can have David

Holmes examine it for you. He has about seven degrees and is very brilliant."

An hour later the two detectives were again speeding through New York. Mr. Holmes had examined the piece of cloth and found it to be a new fabric made from corn husks, invented by Alice Thorstensen, National Economy Expert for the Bureau of Home Economics. The only shop in town which handled this new fabric was the exclusive dress shop of Helen Dyser, the famous screen tragedian of five years ago.

Breathless with excitement, Rog dashed into the store. But alas—he was doomed to disappointment, for the pretty clerk, Marie Mulligan, informed them that she had sold their only dress of that material to Mrs. La Joie herself.

"Foiled again," muttered Rog, with a sigh of disappointment. "Come, Crosby—back to the scene of crime!"

Who could the murderer be?

When they reached the mansion, Crosby uttered a cry of amazement. The bloodhounds had been stolen!

Suddenly Rog got an inspiration.

"Call all the servants!" he commanded.

"Where were you last night when this murder was committed?"

"I was in the kitchen," said Garnetta Barnhill, "making some liverwurst sandwiches for Henry Moore and the ice man. He's anemic, you know. And then the two maids, Virginia Fish and Beverly Le Duc, and the gardener and chauffeur went to a movie with us. We saw Verne Cressey, the matinee idol, playing opposite Zoa Warner in 'Gone With the Wind.' You know it is the old-time novel that has just been produced by the director, George Harding."

Suddenly they were interrupted when two women came climbing through the window—Ruth Enfield and Sara Whitley—reporters for the paper.

"Well, how did you get in?" demanded the Great Detective. "Please leave immediately. I do not want any publicity until I find some clues."

"Remember, you are addressing a lady," warned Ruth. "Get out of my way. I'm going to take some pictures."

"You are forgetting who I am," protested Rog as he wandered into the next room.

Suddenly he pounced upon a small object on the floor. It was a gum wrapper—a new kind of bubble gum invented by Ben Lindsay.

"Aha!" he cried. "Perhaps the murderer chewed gum."

"Sir," suggested Bud Boutin, the butler, who

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CLASS WILL

We, the June graduating class of 1938, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby commit and publish this, our last will and testament.

If you read this class will carefully, we believe you will have had your (William) Wordsworth before entering any English 8 class.

To Mr. Reed, the class members leave their hopes for his added success in the years to come, and also a copy of the June '38 Tiger to help him remember the most intelligent and cooperative class that has ever graduated from Lewis and Clark.

We, the class as a whole, will all the text-books in our possession to the senior B's.

We leave our record of being the largest graduating class to any class of the future that can break it.

Some members of the class have certain personalities (???), characteristics, and idiosyncrasies which we now bequeath to underclassmen, in hopes that they will accept and appreciate these most noble contributions:

Hugh Sherrick leaves his height to Donny Swick in hopes Don will be able to take advantage of it.

Bill Robertson bequeaths his "twinkling toes" to Bob Paisley.

June Vogel leaves her most winning smile to Barbara Anderson.

Ted Thompson wants Ken Barnes to receive his outstanding basketball technique.

Royal Johnson is still trying to leave the school.

Kenneth Skoglund leaves the art of sweeping the field house to whoever wants to "dig up dirt."

Eileen Green leaves her figure (skating ability) to Jane Laberee.

The column "Squirrel Food" is left by George Hardgrove to anyone who can do the job as satisfactorily as he has.

Bob Holt leaves Virginia Olson to anybody who wants her, and it looks as if there are many who do.

Martha Whitehouse and Phil Lutz leave their public hand-holding to the school at large.

Mack Rodney wills his "toughness" to Joe Fiala.

Margaret Scanlan gives her brains to Dick Robinson if he will use them to the best advantage.

Glen Porter wants Thelma Fisher to have his art of "shagging."

Patsy Cooper leaves to all those young ladies

who enjoy leaving school without permission, her technique of sneaking back in.

Jack Adams bequeaths that "animated" expression to Bobby Steinhauser.

Tom Porter leaves his grades—wishing he could change them.

Don "Scotty" MacNaughton wills his two-year-old penny pencil to his pal, Joe LeMieux.

John Bacon and Bill Wade leave their twirling batons, and high-stepping struts to Jeanne Wade and Betty Laberee.

Ernest Castino thinks Albert Domini might like a few of his surplus (?) credits.

Bud Boutin wills his sincerity and ability to do a job well to Douglas Allen, providing Doug continues the good work.

Barbara Williams bequeaths her "athletic walk" to Dorothy Belcher.

Virginia-Lee Nance gives back to Mr. Stout, for his future use, the title "Cotton Top," which he bestowed upon her.

George Hill bequeaths his famous, conquering (???) technique with N. C. girls to Alan Roberts.

Violet Peacock leaves her self-consciousness to some unsuspecting frosh.

Garnetta Barnhill has been noted for aiding boys solve their girl problems. She wills this job to Ruthie Strausz, believing she can do the work successfully.

Virginia "Babe" Henry just leaves the school—to be with Bill Swann.

Chuck Theis has left nothing that we know of. We just hope he wakes up in time for graduation.

Angionette Day wills her quiet way to Virginia Newton.

Mary Hartin leaves her "sweet" disposition to Jean Ackermann. We think Jean really is "sweet" enough now.

Joyce Tucker leaves her ability to get "excited" to Dorothy Erickson.

Shannon Patterson bequeaths his title "Most Eligible (???) Bachelor" to Dick Wouters. Can Dick live up to it? We wonder.

The whimsical witticisms of Robert Browder are bequeathed to C. G. Miller.

J. Lewis "Lefty" Thayer leaves his wonderful golfing ability to Bob Rucker, our number one man.

Frank "Scoop" MacDonald wills his ability to report propaganda and rumors to any "aspiring journalist" who wants it.

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ANOTHER HAND THAN MINE

Midnight in the small country town of Racion, Spain, was a sight never to be forgotten. Despite the rumblings of war, and death, and suffering that surrounded the little hamlet, it was as yet untouched by destruction's greed. This night, in particular, contained all the splendor imaginable—the moon was a warm, soft, orange ball suspended in a great blue-black expanse of nothingness sprinkled with numerous twinkling sparkles. The vine-covered white peasant cottages, their gardens filled with many-colored gems that only God's generous earth can give to humanity, the white fences surrounding each of the precious mines of beauty, and as far as one could see, the endless fields of green grass swaying in the light breeze until they met the sloping hills that formed a close companionship with the sky, gave the village a close-knit picturesque beauty—a beauty built up by the combined interest and love of centuries of peace-loving men and their immortal Maker, but in one night completely abolished by a single agent of Satan and his unlearned followers. The sharp, piercing cry of some strange bird cut through the air, gradually becoming a long, dreary wail, bespeaking the ugly fate to happen this night. To every appearance all else slept—not a sound broke the utter silence—the stillness of death prevailed. One would never realize that the town could seemingly sleep so peacefully, considering its nearness to the hostile armies, the continuous far-off sound of cannons, and the news that every hour was bringing the enemy closer and might mean this very day would be their last to live in and love their tiny town. One might think that the simple-minded peasants had placed their fate in the hands of God, and knowing it safe, had no longer bothered about it. No, that wasn't it—they were afraid because they knew what to expect; they knew destruction would come sooner or later—this deep sleep was nothing more than the sleep of utter exhaustion—fatigue that could no longer be endured by human flesh and blood—the tired sleep of a desperate people.

In the hayloft of a barn behind one of these little cottages, a boy of sixteen summers lay, face downward, sobbing—sobbing uncontrollably, almost hysterically—his voice becoming quieter for a few minutes, and then breaking out in a fresh spasm of weeping. Unconscious of the beautiful night; unconscious of everything except the constant stabbing pain in his heart, Fernando must have lain there for several hours, for when

the far-off, almost indistinguishable sound of thunder first reached his ears he got up quickly, hurried to the hayloft window and looked out over the peaceful town. The town clock said exactly twelve-thirty, and every family in Racion was in bed by nine o'clock. Immediately after his mother had retired for the night, Fernando had crept quietly out of the house and ran to the hayloft to lessen his sufferings a little by releasing too long pent-up tears. The hayloft had always sheltered Fernando from amused or pitying eyes in his moments of weakness; it had sheltered his brother too; once they had even gone to the quiet place of refuge together to cry—just once, though. That was the day their father was buried in the tiny, green cemetery on the hill. Two weeks ago a new grave had been dug beside his father's, and Philip, Fernando's eighteen-year-old brother, had been quietly lowered for a long, peaceful rest. Philip, the best companion a boy ever had, the truest friend, the kindest, most peace-loving person in the whole of this bloody land of cruel butchers—thus mused Fernando bitterly.

On a warm September evening ten months ago, Philip, Fernando, and their lovely, silver-haired mother sat, contentedly talking on the white steps of their little home. The setting sun dyed the sky with wonderful pale hues, and the old-fashioned flowers huddled about the steps gave forth the lovely aroma of June's earthly glories. Happy family circles sat on their front steps, now and then waving a friendly hand to passersby, or speaking a cheerful greeting to near-by neighbors, while carefree children romped on the green lawns. Down the unpaved street a freckle-faced boy from the local post-office ran excitedly and said, turning in at the gate, "It's a message for you, Phil." The three on the porch were startled by the arrival of the unexpected military dispatch, for very rarely did they receive out-of-town news.

"What can it be?" exclaimed Mrs. Manzano.

Tearing it open, Phil said, "Why, it's from Uncle Pierre. Listen, while I read it."

Dear Philip:

You have now passed your eighteenth birthday and have grown into fine young manhood, so I am told. Nothing could be more gallant or honorable than a gentleman's fighting for his people. You will please journey to Belchite at once and join the new regiment there. You will be treated with the

respect and courtesy due you as my nephew.
I am expecting this of you so do not fail me.

Your loving Uncle,
GENERAL MANZARO.

Phil looked quickly at his mother, who stared out at the distant hills with unseeing eyes. A sob escaped her lips and she bent her silvery head into trembling hands.

Immediately Phil sat down by her side, lifted her head on his shoulder and said in his gentle voice, "Of course I won't go, madre. He can't force me to." A doubtful look entered his eyes as he continued. "Oh, I know he sounds absolutely intolerant of anyone disobeying his orders, but after all, he can't always run our lives. He's done enough damage as it is, and we have to break with him sometime. It's now or never. I'll not go," he finished emphatically.

Hot-headed Fernando, nursing his anger thus far, suddenly broke out. "Of all the insufferable dogs—! Why—it wasn't enough to practically kill father—now he wants to murder Phil. The— the fool! He can't get away with it. I'll—I'll kill him if he doesn't stop meddling with our lives." Unnoticed, a great black cloud had appeared on the sunny horizon of the lovely evening.

The next day a letter was sent to General Manzaro, leader of the rebel forces, in which Phil expressed his regrets at not being able to carry out his Uncle's wishes.

"As fighting against my country, not for the betterment of the people, but for the selfish unreasonableness of a few men, is in itself detestable to me, I also despise war in any form, and although I cannot oblige you, I sincerely hope you will respect my decision," he wrote.

As he sat alone in his bedroom after writing this rather pointed refusal, gloom settled over the young boy's features. Oh, why were they ever cursed with an uncle like this stone-hearted man—this man who, seeking fame and power and not being able to obtain it decently, had urged poor peasants to overthrow the government. Promising riches, and jeering at the way the government trampled on them, this strong, loud-voiced coward collected wealth and fame for himself at the expense of a suffering, ignorant people. This beast who owned the very land they lived on, the house—everything; who saw their own father die a slow, torturing death for want of badly-needed medical aid; the money he could have lent and saved his brother's life—the money he wouldn't lend—all these horrible sins he had committed with an understanding smile, but still he wasn't satisfied. Phil would go to war, he

knew, or else his mother would not have a home to live in, or an easy moment all the rest of her days. Sadness filled the blue eyes so like his father's, and dumb misery contorted his sincere, young face, filling his heart and soul forever until the inevitable and merciful death eased the pain. Yes, he had gone to war as Fernando knew he would. And he had hated every moment of it—hated it with such intensity and loathing that his whole being was completely demolished. Laid to rest in the tiny cemetery on the hill was not a free, golden-haired boy, but a slender figure with an age-old face contorted by suffering, hollow eyes, sunken cheeks, and a tight mouth that spoke of indescribable bitterness. This piece of dead humanity that arrived in a wooden coffin to a broken-hearted mother and her son had lacked a soul. The tender, lovable Phil had died from a deep and mortal wound to his religious soul which had finally withered and faded away to nothingness.

The thunder grew louder and Fernando's eyes scanned the clear midnight sky. "That's queer," he thought. "Not a cloud in the sky."

Puzzled, he stood listening intently. Then came the realization that it was not thunder—it was a steady roar, constantly growing louder. Why, it sounded like horses' hoofs—and men—tramping men. Yes—yes, that was it. They had come to destroy them, burn their town, kill the people. The rebel army was advancing on Racion!

A cold shudder passed through the boy's tense figure. Stiff with fright he stood, unable to move a muscle, and saw them come over the brow of the hill—a long, straight line of marching men.

Then suddenly his mind was working rapidly. "What shall I do?" he thought. "What can I do?"

Desperately he tried to think of a plan, but in vain. He could go to the church and wake the people by pulling the great bell. But what good would that do? The people were tired, they couldn't fight, they had no firearms, and the rebels were already too near to make any kind of defense. Still, he couldn't just stand there and see all of his fellow men murdered in their beds. Across his mind flashed a picture of a sweet, sad-eyed woman, and instantly action took place in his formerly immovable frame. Whatever happened, he must look after his mother.

Quickly he jumped out of the back window of the low shed, and ran with the greatest speed he could muster in his trembling legs, down a narrow lane, leaped across a small creek, and bounded over a meadow fence in desperate haste.

The stately old church, erect and peaceful in

the moonlight, stood on the edge of a cool, green forest. Entering, Fernando ran up the steep stairs to the tower, stood a moment trying to regain his breath, then with all the strength in his hard, young muscles, pulled the rope.

Six times the resounding bell rang through the silence. It woke every peasant in the village and peace no longer reigned, for even a desperately tired people will fight for the right to live.

The soldiers had already entered the village when Fernando reached his own house.

A flickering candle stood on the table, and in the dim light he could make out the white-clad figure standing so very still, staring out the window. He put an arm around her shoulders and said, trying hard to keep his voice normal, "Well, they've come."

She nodded her head dumbly, but said nothing.

He asked, growing doubly excited at his mother's stricken attitude, "What shall we do?"

"What can we do, Fernando, but wait?" she answered in a low voice.

"How can we—wait?" he choked on the dreadful last word.

"We must," his mother said quietly.

Gaining strength from the woman's calmness, he stood silently praying by her side.

A loud pounding at the door startled the two out of the daze. They looked at each other uncertainly; the woman finally nodded her head. They walked to the door together, and Fernando opened it, then stood transfixed, staring at the man. A gasp escaped Mrs. Manzano's lips as she gazed on her husband's brother's smiling face, and a trembling, frail hand clenched at her temporarily paralyzed throat.

General Manzano spoke first in a friendly voice. "Well, aren't you going to ask me in? I dare say, you don't seem any too happy to see me."

Receiving no response, he continued sarcastically, "Oh, come now. I'm not accustomed to being treated so, and by my own dear relatives." He pushed past them, closing the door rigorously.

At last grasping the situation, Fernando said in a tight voice, "So, it's you."

"Were you expecting someone else?" the General inquired politely.

Striving to keep his voice under control, the boy answered, "Why, no. There's only one person in the world who would destroy his home town and his own people—a madman."

"My dear boy, I wouldn't think of harming you or your charming mother. I came here with the express purpose in mind of escorting you to my

camp where you will be treated royally, while I—er—finish with this distressing business."

Mimicking the General's patronizing tone, Fernando answered, "Indeed. 'Being treated royally' seems to be one of your favorite expressions. My brother, if you recall, died from it. My father died too from the certain type of poison you exhale."

"A tragedy about Philip's death, really. Very queer, too. He didn't have the slightest wound on him," said the General.

"No, it was the poison," the boy answered bitterly. Hate slowly filled his eyes as his Uncle said, "Or maybe he just wasn't a man."

In a sudden blind rage Fernando screamed, "I'll kill you for that." His muscles bursting with inaction, he sprang madly at the man, who merely put out a great palm, struck the boy's face, and pushed him to the floor with brutal strength.

Mrs. Manzano, sobbing hysterically, knelt beside him.

Towering above them the General said, smirkingly, "Very touching, my boy." Then musingly, "Let's see—you're almost old enough to fight in my army, aren't you? Well, I'll give you another two years. I daresay you'll make a better soldier than your golden-haired brother did."

Fernando answered chokingly, "I'll never fight in your army."

Smiling, the General replied in a very soft voice, "Yes, you will."

In the long pause that followed, the quiet, determined answer sank sickeningly into the boy's heart. He rose from the floor and stood on trembling legs, but the hot rage within him could not be quelled.

"You—you blackhearted devil! Get out," he said, raspingly.

"Then am I to understand that you're refusing my offer of help?" asked the General, ignoring the insult.

"Get out," the fiery-eyed lad replied.

With a low bow the General turned upon clicking heels and walked out.

Fernando turned to his mother and said in a voice sick with unreleased anger, and a humiliating inward longing to cry, "Is—is there anywhere—anyplace you might go—and be safe for a while—without me?"

"Fernando, where are you going? What are you going to do?" Mrs. Manzano asked with a terrified look in her lovely eyes. Noticing the grim determination on her son's face, the square, young jaws clamped together so tightly, she put

her arms around his neck and said pleadingly, "Please, Fernando, don't. I—I only have you left. He's not worth the trouble to kill him. Don't have his blood on your hands, Fernando." She began sobbing desperately, "Please—please don't."

The boy could not comprehend his mother's words; he didn't know she was crying. He was dazed and weak and sick with the fire that consumed his whole body, but his fevered brain was working madly—planning. He was going to kill the man that wrecked his life. He always knew that some day—somewhere, he would kill him. Now the opportunity had come. Oh, he was glad—glad!

Hurriedly he went to the kitchen and took a long, curved, shiny object from the wall.

"Come," he said, "I think the church will be the safest place."

As the woman refused to move, he put an arm around her, and gently pulled her out the door.

A wonderful, horrible sight met their eyes, and they stood transfixed on their vine-covered porch. The soldiers had not yet reached their vicinity. They were taking their time and enjoying to the full extent the trail of destruction and slaughter that followed their footsteps. The mammoth red brightness from the blazing village nearly blinded the two pairs of stricken eyes. Haystacks, houses, barns—everything—was set afire. Still forms, dismembered bodies, and a moaning, dying humanity lay strewn about the streets. Cattle, tortured and afraid, bellowed loudly in their suffering, dumb ignorance. Women, clutching tiny babies to their breasts, while older children hung desperately to their hands or skirts, ran madly, trying to escape their doom, while men stayed to fight off the blood-thirsty soldiers long enough for their beloved ones to escape the inevitable death. What was wrong with everyone? Were they insane? Yes—mad! War-time madness engulfed the one-time peaceful, little hamlet.

Fernando and his mother turned away from the terrible sight, hurried across the meadow, and entered the cool, quiet church. They each lit a candle, and knelt at the altar, with heads bowed, and hands clasped together in prayer.

Only for a moment did the reverent silence last. A great pounding began on the door, and tall, beautiful stained-glass windows crashed inward.

Before the soldiers entered the holy sanctuary, Fernando lifted his mother across the altar, and took her to a tiny, dark room hidden beneath the stairway that led to the tower.

"They'll never find you here, madre. Wait for

me and I'll be back soon." Kissing her quickly, he avoided her clutching hands, and pretended not to hear her frantic pleadings that he remain with her.

He stayed very close against the wall, hiding himself in the shadows, watching the soldiers destroy, so perfectly, one of the most beautiful cathedrals in Spain—the pride of Racion. The largest, loveliest statue ever made of the holy Virgin stood, tall and stately, under a great arch erected for this purpose.

The soldiers were entering the altar, hacking down the communion rail, ruining the expensive floor covering with muddy, heavy boots, crashing saintly statues. Then Fernando glimpsed General Pierre's cruel face, smiling—always smiling—enjoying so fully the dastardly crime for which he was responsible.

Fernando's muscles tensed, his breath came hard; he could hardly wait till the man got close enough. He would spring at him and sink the cold steel in his heart. No—he would probably have some protection covering his useless, cowardly heart. The neck would be better—yes, the neck. He had so often slaughtered cattle with this curved weapon; and every time the deed had provoked a sad, miserable feeling. Yet there he was, waiting impatiently, to sink it into a human being, and he was glad—tremendously glad.

General Manzano was coming closer—closer. Finally he stopped on the altar. Just a couple of yards more and Fernando could pay his long overdue debt to the devil. Crazy with his one obsession, the boy didn't even think of himself. Vaguely he realized that the soldiers would shoot him on the spot if he were seen, but he imagined he could step quickly under the stairway and into the little room without being noticed. Besides the soldiers were busily engaged in disrobing the richly-ornamented altar, and gaining as much personal wealth as possible. If he could just strike his Uncle in a critical spot, the dog would not have time to die noisily.

The General was staring fixedly at the wonderfully sculptured statue of Mary. Then he laughed in a loud, ugly voice.

"Look—look, my lads. The lady—is she not beautiful?"

Raising his pistol he pointed it at the saintly face. His followers stood spell-bound, watching. The pistol shot loudly disturbed the silence. The lovely face was shattered into bits.

Still laughing uproariously, the General did not notice the statue topple on its pedestal—back—

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WHAT'S GOOD ABOUT IT?

"There is something good in everything," is an expression often quoted. A person who repeats this phrase, however, is not over-weight. I am sure of this because in all my seventeen and one-half years I have never found anything advantageous about being too heavy.

Even at the age of three months, I am sure that I was envious of babies who tipped the scales exactly on the right mark. I imagine, when I looked at these perfect weight babies I felt very awkward and clownish.

When I reached the age of six and started to school, I felt even worse. By this time I was so chubby that I looked for all the world like a round "rolly-polly" bear, and my classmates took every opportunity to remind me of it.

Before I started to school, I had continually wanted a nickname, but after attending school for two or three weeks I decided that nicknames were not such pleasant things to have. After the first day at school, I was immediately presented with such names as: Fatty, Fatty-arbuckle, and Fatts. When I was first called by such undesirable names, it made me feel very sad and unpleasant, and I always wanted to have a good cry. After being summoned many times, however, by these titles, I soon began to take them as matter of fact and could laugh with the others as if it was an exceptionally good joke. Soon, I even began to make jokes about myself.

Now, although I am not quite so stolid as I was when I started to school, I still have the problems which confront every over-weight person.

One of the most embarrassing questions I am asked is how much I weigh. This is especially humiliating when I am asked before a great number of people. Every time the subject of weight comes up, after blushing and becoming very uncomfortable, I try to turn the thought and conversation to some other subject. However, the conversation is very seldom detoured, and it finally comes the time when everyone is asking each other how much he weighs. When someone asks me, I want very much to fall through the floor, or at least disappear, but to no avail. After turning as red as a beet and starting to wring my hands in nervous prostration, I finally stammer out how much I weigh. From that time on, until the group departs, I feel very confused and self-conscious.

A thing that becomes very discouraging and disappointing at times is the problem of selecting clothes. One of my pet habits is window-shopping;

consequently I am very interested in wearing apparel. On one of my window-shopping expeditions I usually spy some dress that I think is unusually attractive, and I make up my mind right then and there that the next dress I buy will be like the model in the window. When, after about three months, I finally save enough money to purchase my dream dress, I become heart broken. After trying on the garment, I find that this dress in size 18 on my figure is very different from the size 14 on the model. Therefore, as a last resort, I usually take some dress that gives slenderizing effects although I do not especially care for the garment.

The problem of every over-weight person, that I have received much unasked information about, is reducing. Nearly every one of my acquaintances has given me some advice on reducing. Some tell me to quit eating candies and sweets, some insist that I watch my calories, and still others plead with me to do much bicycling, walking, and exercising. After listening to their ideas and looking at myself in a mirror, in almost evenly divided intervals, I decide to reduce. Yes, I decide to quit eating candy and cake and to exercise every night and morning. After the first day of the routine, however, my mouth begins to water for a "Power House" bar and my bedroom is too cold in the mornings to crawl out for my exercises. Nevertheless, in another week or two I decide again to reduce.

Taking into consideration the difficulties I have already mentioned, plus the humiliation when I get into a bathing suit, and the awkward antics I perform when riding a bicycle or playing tennis, do you wonder why I say, "What's good about being over-weight?"

—LORENE PETTY.

Night Sky

Last night
Someone took a thin blue tea cup
And set it gently over the city
Upside down to keep the wind out.

Clouds? Oh, no!
Those were the shadows of his fingers
Holding the cup down.

—FRED WARDNER.

THE CASE OF MRS. PUMPELLE

Now, usually, I'm a placid sort of person. My life goes on as unruffled as a left-over plate of tomato soup, but this day everything conspired against me to make me commit this dastardly deed. The police will probably be over here any moment, but I know you won't blame me when you hear all the extenuating circumstances.

I had just finished washing my hair when the phone rang. I draped the towel fetchingly over my dripping hair and rushed out to answer it. It was Mrs. Pumpelly! Mrs. Pumpelly has been my pet hate since earliest recollections. She is a large, officious sort of woman who talks down to you in a patronizing manner that is very irritating. She has a clinical turn of mind and is married to a man with a stomach. I think that is the only reason she married him, because of his stomach. She regards it as a personal insult whenever anyone other than herself gets a word in, so Joe's stomach is always a safe topic, one about which she can go on and on. He has been a sort of testing ground for all her pet theories about health but has borne up remarkably in spite of it. I knew that she didn't expect any answer other than a "Really!" when she ran out of breath, so I held the receiver far enough away from my ear to make her loud voice sound comparatively soothing—somewhat like the buzz of hornets—and tried to dry my hair with one hand. I couldn't hang up because mother, for some reason, liked the person, but all the while the most obnoxious bits of slimy water were trickling down my back. I knew my hair would be too dry to do up properly but there I was, stymied. My temper was growing more and more frayed, and just as I was giving up altogether any hope that I would be able to get away, her decidedly unmellifluous voice said, "Well, this is just a chat. I'll be over in about twenty minutes, then."

"Be over? Oh, yes. Well, goodbye."

You can imagine my feelings then. I rushed into the bathroom armed with bobby pins, but even these faithful friends failed me in my hour of need. Luckily, mother got home before the old battle-axe got there, but even at that, the prospect of Mrs. Pumpelly, until my hair dried, was quite unnerving.

She arrived in a gale of words. "Well, how are you? Your hair looks so nice right after you wash it. Oh, you lucky, lucky people with naturally curly hair! How are you, Mabel? I just had the most entertaining telephone conversation with your daughter! How are your tulips? Mine are

just above the ground now. Oh, turn on Gloria Golden's Romance. It's just time for it."

I had been smiling vaguely and feebly all during this time, but at this blatant announcement even this poor effort ceased. If you have ever listened to morning radio programs, you will understand my dread. All of them are inane, but Gloria Golden's Romance was probably the worst of the lot. There was 7 minutes of the inanity of the program and 8 of the advertising. Gloria Golden was a beautiful young heroine with whom everyone at once fell in love. They raved about her marvelous conversational abilities when all she ever said was, "Oh, David, don't press me. Can't we remain just good friends?" or "Now, Tommy, don't forget your rubbers!" At the end of a preposterous episode that wasn't supposed to be funny but was, Gloria trussed up, not gagged though, much to my disappointment, with Public Enemy No. 1, mysteriously in Pumpkin Center standing guard over her. Then the announcer embarked on one of those horrible analytical discussions of his. He briefly reviewed the almost nil action of the program and asked such pertinent questions as, "Can Gloria escape?" "Will Stephen get there in time?" and "What has become of the mysterious gypsy fortune-teller?" A few thousand well-chosen words about soap and he was through for the day after he said breathlessly, "Be sure to listen to the thrilling, true-to-life story of Gloria Golden's Romance tomorrow at this same time."

I admit that I wasn't myself after 15 minutes of that coming at me. I knew I had to get out of there immediately but my hair wasn't dry. I think I know how a cave man felt when he was dragging his women around by the hair. I could even hear Mrs. Pumpelly's screams as my iron fist closed tightly over her iron-gray hair.

In a moment of weakness I mentioned something to the effect that I was going to see a movie. She pounced eagerly on it as if it were a mouse and she a cat, as she was, in one sense of the word.

"I'll walk down with you! Oh you simply must see it! It's the most thrilling thing. You see this man is murdered in the bath-tub by—oh, I mustn't tell you the plot, it would ruin the story for you."

"Yes, I'm going now. How's your mother?"

"Fine. But this man, everyone thinks it is suicide but Frankie Fran, the Chinese detective,

[Continued on Page 127]

THE GOBBLER OF THUNDERHEAD

The Old Man, they called him; and they devised many schemes for his undoing, and spent considerable time plotting against his life. But for the better part of a year, he was too clever for Joe Garey and Crowley Masterson. Crowley gave it up after a time. There was a strain of Romany blood in him, and when, upon three separate occasions he nearly lost his life while following The Old Man's trail, his Romany blood whispered something about omens. Joe Garey laughed at his friend's fears and pursued The Old Man's trail more relentlessly than ever.

The Old Man knew it. He knew that his two worst enemies were Joe Garey and Lantern Eye.

It was Joe Garey who named Lantern Eye, and it was Joe Garey who named The Old Man. He had a habit of bestowing names, and the names, though seldom poetic, were always appropriate. Lantern Eye was a big bay lynx who lived in a deep valley of the Cowee Overhills under Thunderhead Mountain, and whose palely glaring eyes Joe had seen one night in the flaring light of a pitchpine torch. The Old Man was a wild turkey gobbler. As for Joe himself—lean, taciturn, a little under middle height, tough as hickory, and wiry as jack-vine—for about twenty of his twenty-six years Joe had been a hunter. If he lived to a hundred and was still able to sight a rifle, he would even then be a hunter. It was bred in his bones.

There was something else that was born in him. Around the slope of Thunderhead ridge there wound a narrow, deep-worn trail. It was more ancient than any other trail in that mountain country, and time had obliterated most of it, so that only here and there could its course be traced through the woods. But Joe Garey knew it better than any other man, and he used to sit beside it sometimes, when Crowley was not with him, and see visions, shadowy armies of buffalo trooping past under the ancient trees—beast after beast, bearded, high-humped—and hear the noise of their hoofbeats as they tramped along the path, and could smell the hot odor of their bodies and feel in his nostrils the dust of their passage.

That was the kind of a hunter that Joe Garey was; a hunter that could look back over two hundred years. And Joe had made a bargain with himself to kill The Old Man, the first wild turkey seen in the Cowee Overhills in a thousand years. He never doubted his ability to carry out that bargain. His only fear was that Lantern Eye would get him first.

When the faint pink of April dawn tinted the sky above the distant ranges to the east, The Old Man awoke. For many minutes, he remained motionless on his perch in a tall pine; then, just as the curved edge of the sun peeped above the horizon, he crouched low, spread his long wings, and launched outward. His long neck outstretched, his tail spread behind him like a half-open fan, he planed on stiff pinions down to the flat top of a great buttress of rock—Hanging Rock, it was called—which jutted outward over the mountainside and overlooked the deep valley.

Pale eyes hidden in a clump of woody pines watched his descent; a long, tawny body, faintly speckled and barred, quivered momentarily, then grew hard and tense.

On the flat surface of Hanging Rock, The Old Man paced to and fro in the full flood of the morning sunlight—a superb twenty-five-pound gobbler in the pride and ecstasy of his love dance. His wings were drooped until the ends of the stiff feathers scraped the rock; his tail was spread like a fan and at right angles to his body; his neck was thrown back until the head almost touched his shoulders. Over his back and shoulders the feathers stood up straight and stiff, so that the great bird seemed twice his size. The sunlight, striking his plumage at a dozen different angles, turned it now bronze, now copper, now purple gold. As he strutted, he gobbled; but even in the exultation of that springtime ecstasy, The Old Man was wise.

So low was his gobble that it could scarcely have been heard thirty feet away. He was calling to the turkey hens, the hens that had never come to him because, years before, the mountain hunters had killed out the turkey flocks that once ranged the Cowee Overhills. But it was not this knowledge that quelled in The Old Man's throat the amorous calls that ordinarily would have carried a mile in the still air. The Old Man had learned that to send those calls rolling loudly through the woods was to court death.

Lantern Eye waited and watched. He had hunted The Old Man again and again, and he knew that it was impossible to stalk the great bird on the bare platform of rock where he strutted in the sun. Perhaps five minutes passed; then suddenly the light in the lynx's fierce eyes grew more intense. A new sound had reached his ears. The strutting gobbler, too, had heard it—a faint, far-off cry, plaintive, and several times

[Continued on Page 128]

SITTING FOR A PICTURE

Sitting for a picture. How much is implied in that phrase! I had forgotten all the technicalities and annoying details that arise when one has his picture made. All that I remembered was sitting in a chair looking at some object (I believe they call it a "birdie"), while the photographer snapped my picture, when I was just giving up hope that he ever would. However, it didn't take me very long to find out that there was more to having my picture taken than I cared to remember.

It all started out nicely enough. The photographer appeared to be a nice, harmless man, but I found that one can't judge people by their first impressions. After the proper preliminaries, I followed him confidently into his lair. Just as I was entering the sanctum, I heard mother saying, much to my surprise:

"Oh, I do hope she'll take a good picture."

"Of course, she will. You don't need to worry," I heard a reassuring voice say.

I fervently agreed with the voice. Why, how could there possibly be anything wrong with my pictures? After all, wasn't having a picture taken as simple as falling off a log?

Anyway, I had no sooner got inside than the photographer yelled at me—yes, actually yelled at me; he who had had such a gentle voice—to sit down. I sat down. But no sooner had I complied with his demand, than he came dashing over to me, screaming:

"No! No! Not that way! Like this!" and he viciously attacked my shoulder and wrenched me around in a position which felt like a match must feel on a barrel of dynamite.

I felt like a mouse that a cat has been dragging around, and I guess it must have shown in my face, for suddenly the photographer began excitedly to shout:

"Hold it! Hold it!"

He made a flying tackle for the camera, and after much struggling finally came up for air to announce:

"I've lost it."

However, with my courage rising to the test, I swore to "try, try again." He must have resolved the same thing, for I was suddenly aware of the fact that he was jerking my face around to form a right angle with my body. He then asked me to smile. When I attempted to smile, I found out what mother meant when she said, "Try to get a child to show off before company, and he will—the wrong way." That's exactly the way my

mouth did. I told it to smile. I tried to force it to smile. But it either misunderstood me and grinned, or it didn't believe me and cracked its corners. Finally after impatiently waiting, the photographer said:

"Oh, well, eventually, why not now?" and snapped the picture.

After several more struggles and vain attempts to do contortion tricks with my face, the photographer and I both gave up.

Whereas I had marched in so victoriously, I walked out as the proverbial March wind is supposed to go out—like a lamb. Moreover, I had decided that I'd much rather fall off a log than sit for a picture.

—RUTH ENFIELD.

Murder In the Rain

A tall, dark man stood in the falling rain of a late September afternoon. His dark hat, pulled over his face, shaded a pair of watchful, glittering eyes, as he stood there watching silently. In the crook of his right arm, the failing light gleamed dully on the polished barrel of a rifle. He puffed nervously on a cigarette, while his alert eyes never ceased to peer intently before him into the mist and rain. All was silent, except for the ceaseless drip, drip, of the wet leaves on drooping trees. The man, seemingly heedless of the rain which fell unceasingly upon him, and poured from his hat brim in front, waited patiently in brooding silence. He shivered slightly as thunder rumbled ominously far off above the dark blanket of dripping clouds.

Suddenly he stiffened; then dropped his cigarette and silently ground it beneath his foot. In the same motion he raised the rifle to his shoulder with a grim smile, as a figure swung mistily into view before him. How he had waited for this moment. His eyes glittered cruelly like two crumbs of glass in the darkness of his face, as he centered the sights carefully, deliberately. He couldn't miss; he wouldn't! With tightly-clenched teeth, he tightened his finger on the trigger. A shattering report split the silence like a knife. The figure before his sights dropped. With a grunt of satisfaction, the tall dark man laid down the rifle and stepped forward.

"Bull's eye, Jud! I guess you win a box of candy!" exclaimed the man behind the counter of the deserted country fair shooting gallery.

—JACK OSTERGREN.

"SEE YOUR DENTIST AT LEAST TWICE A YEAR"

The title of Public Enemy No. 1 has been applied to several people; Al Capones, installment collectors, and wife beaters have all received this scathing denouncement from society.

There is still one, however, who is more feared and dreaded than any of these, and his operations are the more despicable because he masquerades as a boon to mankind.

He is a dentist.

Soldiers who can face a cannon barrage, hunters who can say "Boo!" to a Bengal tiger, and skyscraper window washers who can sing "O Sole Mio" while cleaning the outside of a window on the thirty-second floor of the Empire State Building—all tremble and turn pale of countenance when they sit down in a dentist's chair.

As for me, the very sight of my dentist, who, for obvious reasons, I shall refer to as Doctor X, spoils my whole day. There is no other creature on earth half so melancholy as I when an appointment with Doctor X looms in the offing. At such times my actions become so characteristic of similar occasions, that my friends all quietly say among themselves, "She must have to go to the dentist again."

The days both fly and crawl past, and I alternately dread the approach of The Day and long for it to come so that I may get it over with.

The dentist's chair might just as well be the electric chair. The sight of it gives me fear, and the drill alone is an instrument which inspires my most object terror.

Yet, I think the most aggravating thing to contend with is the fact that most dentists are such cheerful and unsympathetic ones. Doctor X is a very jolly man. He is never quite so happy as when he can say "Aha! Here's one that needs fixing—and here's another. I'm afraid I won't be able to save this one."

"Can you fix them all tonight?" I question fearfully, hopefully, with my heart racing like a locomotive and my fingers crossed (a guard against bad luck).

"Oh, no!" he answers cheerfully. "You'll have to make several trips yet." Talk about prolonged torture!

Snow White's seven dwarfs had nothing on Doctor X. I have come to believe that Walt Disney got his inspiration from my dentist when he wrote "Whistle While You Work." Doctor X whistles "Chopin's Funeral March" just before he starts in drilling, and during the process, he en-

tertains me with "The Overture to William Tell," while the nerve in my tooth jumps in rhythm.

I have often been told that I should be glad to live in this day and age. Why, when George Washington lost his teeth, they had to pound spiked wooden ones into his gums with a hammer—and no anesthetic, either! He didn't laugh often, they say, because he was afraid of their falling out. And no wonder! Brave soldier and father of his country that he was, he still would not relish going through that experience again.

However, when confronted by this fact, I am forced to admit that dentistry has improved a great deal since the days of our first president.

Yet it has a long way to go before it can reach such a height of improvement that I will be able to walk into the office of Doctor X with a calm, confident air and actually enjoy "The Overture to William Tell."

Should any question arise as to why I have chosen such a morbid subject to write upon, my only excuse is that there is little else on my mind these days. I have an appointment with Doctor X Monday night.

—ELIZABETH SAMPSON.



Mojave Desert

Sand—
White, sifting, hot,
But fine and smooth as in an hourglass,
Rolling in vast waves endlessly to the purple hill.

Cacti—
With ever-changing forms;
Whose delicate blooms have caught and held
The radiant coloring of the setting sun.

Heat—
Rising in shimmering waves,
But wholesome, full of life and strength,
Not the damp odors of the sodden jungle.

Sunrise—
Coming over the hills;
The sun drives away the black of night
And rises into the cloudless, azure sky.

Desert—
For me you are not dead,
Or filled with agony or fear,
But only with warm, alluring loveliness and peace.

—GARNETTA BARNHILL.

DARK RIBBONS

Soft light pillows, warm restful bed . . . funny why he felt so tired this morning—the night had seemed long enough. He'd had some strange dreams . . . rather vague though . . . couldn't seem to recall them. . . . Time to get up now. He'd have to hurry down to the office or young James would be meddling in his affairs again . . . Confound these young, ambitious secretaries—always trying to put over a big deal so they would be promoted. . . . Well, he had been that way too—once . . . and it had got him places—only thirty-seven and with almost enough to retire. There weren't many men who could quit that young . . . Been hard work though. "Too hard," the doctor had said. He had told him that he would have a nervous breakdown if he didn't quit soon . . . Funny how he felt so tired this morning—When he retired, Fanny would go to Bermuda or some other place far away from the office and then he'd sleep for a week straight.

Strange, this bed didn't feel like his somehow, and yet it was familiar . . . Perhaps he had gotten into the guest room by mistake last night . . . had been awfully absent-minded lately.

He should be up now . . . wouldn't have time to shave if he didn't hurry . . . Must have been out on a party last night, he felt so weak and light headed . . . couldn't remember very well—a little too much gin perhaps . . . The bed was so comfortable . . . he'd stay just a few minutes more . . .

Burmuda in the spring . . . he'd always wanted to go there . . . never had the time . . . cool sapphire waters . . . beautiful women. . . .

They'd spend their winters in St. Moritz gliding down sharp, white hills . . . He hadn't really lived yet—been so busy earning money and saving so that he could retire. . . .

Well he just had to get up now . . . He could see by the light from the window that it was late . . . Funny . . . his window had been just over his bed, but this one was high up and to one side . . . and there were peculiar dark ribbons across the square pane of light which echoed from the wall across from him . . .

"Just have to get up," he told himself. He rehearsed the action in his mind . . . Such an effort to put out his arms . . . He struggled to pull himself up off the bed . . . couldn't quite make it . . . funny, why he felt so weak . . .

As he lay there gathering strength for another trial, he could hear a key click in the lock and before his astonished eyes the door of the room

swung swiftly open. Two men entered, both dressed in white. His first impulse was to speak—to cry out, and find answers to the questions which were beginning to trouble his mind, but some half-felt impulse made him close his eyes and lay there quietly as though he were asleep.

He felt a cool practiced hand grip his arm and take his pulse. He heard a crisp young voice say, "This one's been here quite a while, now, hasn't he, John?"

"Yes," the other man in white replied. "About twenty years. His brain went click one night from overwork. He won't be with us much longer though."

"Do you think he'll ever come back to normal before he goes?" asked the young voice again.

"Oh, he may just before he cashes in. It's not very probable though—but come on, let's go. We've got six more cases to visit before breakfast, and I'm getting hungry."

The man on the bed opened questioning eyes as they turned to go. He was puzzled by what they said . . . "Twenty years" . . . what did they mean by that? Perhaps, he argued, they were talking about how long he had been with the company . . . "Cashes in?" . . . for a moment his mind worked furiously to find the reasons for what the men had said. . . . they were probably just talking about his retirement . . . Exhausted, he stopped thinking.

He watched as the men crossed the bright shaft of light from the window on their way to the door.

Suddenly he half rose in bed and gave forth a hideous scream! He had determined the reason for the dark ribbons in the patch of light—there was no argument for them. They were caused by bars in the window.

—DAVID HOLMES.



The Road Is Obscure

There was a boy sitting in the principal's office, staring sullenly at the floor. Without looking up or changing the expression on his face, he answered the questions Mr. Norris, the principal, asked, briefly and in an uninterested voice.

"Now, Johnny," the principal was saying, "I think it was very generous on Mr. Adams' part to come to me first, instead of the police, but unless you change your attitude I can do you no good. It's a serious offense, you know, robbing a

store. What were you going to do with the money after you got it?"

"Buy a car, second-hand."

"Was a car so important to you that you would steal for it?"

"All the fellows have them. I wasn't going to get much of a car—just a cheap one to run around in."

Mr. Norris spoke in a gentle but firm voice, trying vainly to catch Johnny's eye. "I still don't think that justified what you did."

"Oh, it wasn't just the car! All my life I haven't had the money to have the things other kids had. I never go to shows or dances or things. I haven't joined a club because I can't afford it. If I do have any money, it's got to go for food for the family. You don't know what it's like, not having a cent you can call your own!"

The principal evaded this. "You could get a job you know, Johnny. Did you think of that?"

"Sure. Sure I thought of that! I'm trying all the time to get a job. But there aren't any now-a-days. Jobs are hard to get! Have *you* ever thought of *that*?" Johnny looked up now and repeated his question half hysterically, looking right at the principal. "Have *you* ever thought of *that*? Don't you understand how a person might want to have the things other kids have and do the things they do? You say you do. Sure. But that's all you do about it. And when we try to get things our own way, you're shocked and pretend you can't understand why we do it!"

Mr. Norris looked briefly at Johnny and then reached for the phone. "Mr. Adams? I'm afraid it's no use. The boy won't co-operate with me at all. He seems to feel no remorse whatsoever for what he has done."

The boy slumped in the chair and stared sullenly at the floor.

—MARION RICHARDSON.

INTERLUDE

DEATH:

And yet they fall—
The screaming, tearing, bursting bombs;
The merciless, passionless, battering bombs!
The field is mine tonight,
And one by one a thousand souls
I'll send to heaven's height.

LIFE:

Your price is far too dear.
Would you destroy these
Puppets, row on row,
That kill because their crafty
Masters bid them so?
Forsake your mission here!

DEATH:

You pray for life that cannot live,
For death that fears to die.
What helping hand can you extend
Or glad existence give
To all these shattered, broken men
That here before us lie?

LIFE:

I cannot promise peace or joy
Or even health, to them.
The only light that I may lend—
A chance to live again.
So give me those that I can save,
That war cannot destroy.

DEATH:

Peace, peace, you plead for torture, pain.
The heart commands the mind
That would prolong the agony
Of hope they'll never find.
Be good and gentle, spirit,
For how small would be their gain!

LIFE:

The road I walk is steep and high
That few of these will climb.
Yet there are those who still can dare
To walk the road I open there,
To face the challenges of time
And live a while before they die.

DEATH:

And I can give contentment, now,
That last through all eternity.
The great and small of ages past
Are one, at peace with me.
But take the lives you'll re-endow—
They'll still be mine at last.

LIFE:

And so it must forever be.
Although my charges fear your face
And would elude you in the chase,
Be not my enemy,
For side by side we'll ever stand;
Giving, taking, sea and sand,
And growing through infinity.

—WINIFRED GROBEL.

Loads of luck and happiness
to a very sweet Sigma
sister. I think it's perfect
that you and Phil have
gone together so long. Of course
Jim and I have done alright
for ourselves.

Love

Elaine Duaks
Sigma



Best wishes
Elaine - you
really sweat
and I'd like
you loads -

Sincerely,
Gus Staley
Er

A clear fire, a clean hearth,
And the rigour of the game.

—Lamb

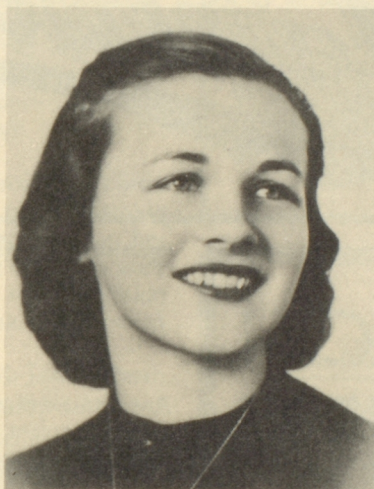


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Swimmers

Are we mere bits of flotsam floating free,
Borne on a careless wave, hurled to the gloom
Of deep green-girdled caves, then giddily
Swung to precipitous peaks of crested spume;
Beaten by rain and wind; encased in ice;
Tangled in kelp; lifted to clear blue air—
Toys of a petulant sea that in a trice
Tosses us on a beach to dry-rot there?

No. We are swimmers resolutely aiming
At definite sands. Calmly and with slow breath,
Cleaving white water; ultimately taming
Unbroken steeds that wildly race with death,
And holding, with our faces toward the sun,
Neptune in leash until the shore be won.

—FRED WARDNER.

CLASS PROPHECY

[Continued from Page 80]

had been observing him closely, "Mrs. La Joie was the only one who chewed gum here and that is the kind she chewed."

All at once Relentless Rog gave a cry of joy. He saw a long dog hair on Bud's uniform. He must have stolen the dogs!

"Where were you last night?" demanded Rog.

"Why—a—er—you see," stammered Bud.

"Bud Boutin," cried Rog, "I accuse you of the murder of Mrs. William La Joie, the former Frances Weiss, and the theft of two bloodhounds!"

Bud turned ashy pale.

"Wait a minute—you can't talk to my client that way," said a voice. All turned to see Don Schoedel, famous criminal lawyer.

"Why, you shyster," muttered Crosby. "Wait until Jean Noland, the prosecuting attorney gets on this case!"

Eight days later the court room was jammed. William Brandt was the judge—he had been a former pianist in Ronald Bisatt's Swing Band. If you want to hear good swing music, go to the Waldorf-Astoria and hear Ronny and all the lads. (Paid Advertisement.)

On the jury were such celebrities as Glenn Davenport, picture post card poet; Marjorie Price, New York debutante, who gave up her position in society and is devoting her life to work in the slums since her fiance died; and the Waldo twins, who both went to Alaska and married wealthy miners.

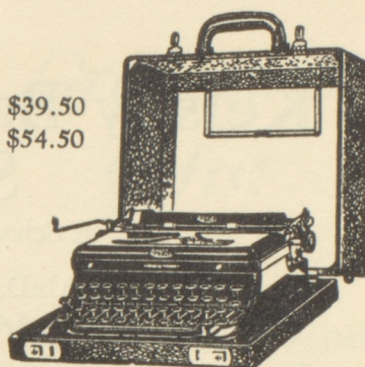
For five days the case continued. Jean Noland, the District Attorney, was never more brilliant as she flung questions and accusations at the haughty, aristocratic butler. Then on the sixth day, he cracked under the strain.

"Stop—stop—I can't stand it," he screamed. "Yes, I did it. I'll confess everything. It was because she chewed gum so much. There was gum stuck under the chairs, the piano, the window sills, the chandeliers—everywhere. One day she stuck it under her plate and when I removed it, I not only got all stuck up myself with gum, but I ruined my new uniform. I went insane with rage for a while. I put ground glass into her soup, and she died that night from indigestion. I stole the bloodhounds, too."

Bud Boutin slumped down in his chair. His face was haggard and wan.

The courtroom was deathly silent except for the sound of weeping women—even of men, who were so touched by the sad story that they could not restrain themselves.

Without leaving their seats, the jury reached their verdict. Charles Little, the foreman, a dare-



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devil who recently went over the Coulee Dam in a barrel, rose and announced the verdict of justifiable homicide.

A mighty cheer rocked the courtroom.

"Silence," commanded the judge. "I sentence you to two days in jail for the theft of the dogs. And may this be a lesson to all gum-chewing women. Mr. Boutin, you have rendered a noble service to humanity. Let me congratulate you and Mr. Safford for bringing this to light."

"I only did my duty," said the Great Detective.

For the next few days the story of the trial crowded all other news from the front page—even the marriage of Hitler to Ethel Frederking, and the eccentric actions of Lois Emry, wife of the newly-elected Townsend president.

From that day on, Bud Boutin has been besieged with offers to go on the stage and in the movies. He finally went to Hollywood and is making pictures under the direction of Vada May Lawrence, Hollywood's newest director. So far he has been a dexamperatary* success. Thus ends another incident in the life of Relentless Rog Safford, the Great Detective. Another episode will be published next week.

*—New word. Look upon page 71532 of Ernest Cagle's 1,000,000 word dictionary.

—RUTH BOYER

CLASS WILL

[Continued from Page 81]

Bill James leaves his piano in hopes that in some future year he may find it in tune again.

James Mack and Doris Gulsrud happily leave the school—together.

Dick Davenport leaves to Mr. Middleton the knack of filling his "Model T" to the brim with beautiful girls.

Oscar Swenson, Hugh Sherrick, Bob Garrison, and Glen Porter leave the "B.S.S." (Big Shots Society) to Dick Wouters and Ned Lageson.

Jerry Johnson wills her "umph" and agility to Peggy Davis.

Lucille Miller and Dorothy Neville will the perfect example of their inseparable companionship to Virginia Siegmund and Darlene Schmidt.

Before graduation, Carl Scott suddenly left Betty Pasley.

Roger Safford leaves an impervious attitude toward lectures to anyone who can use it to an advantage in Mr. Livingston's class.

Bud Skadan leaves his gum under every desk in the study hall.

Warren Snyder would like to will a new fiddle to Marian Cooil. He believes she needs one.

Dorothea Hansen bequeaths her freckles to Aggie Boutin.

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Ruth Thomson wills all the positions she has held in the girls federation to Julie Crommelin.

Eudora Merager leaves her arched eyebrows to Betty Jean Beale. Think you need them, Betty?

Gertrude Soss wants Peggy Talbot to accept her business ability.

Carol Polwarth bequeaths the nickname of "Put-Put," which was so graciously bestowed upon her, to Frances McCarthy, along with "Pep."

Shun Yuasa leaves his punching habit to Sam Numata.

Don Modesitt wills his three club pins to Wayne Flower. They should come in handy.

Lily Yonago wills her beautiful complexion and "sweet" expression to Barbara Atwater.

Virginia Wester leaves her craze for the Big Apple to the spectator, Marg McCargar.

James Patton wishes to bequeath his filthy cords to the display case in the front hall.

We believe Lydia Perley should leave her self-made nickname, Chere, to some unfortunate girl—but whom?

Jack Muller wills his green pants to George Tichbourne.

Phil Notton is not leaving Elaine Johnson to anybody, if he can help it. Isn't that right, Phil?

Bob Oehler would like to leave Miss McCrea in the library.

Bertha Minnick leaves the nickname of "Butch" to any little sophomore who wants it.

Betty Hangauer wills her position of sore thumb (5th executive) to that unfortunate individual who soon will follow in her footsteps.

James Beaver doesn't want to leave Jean Hill at all.

James Dillard leaves his record of "steady life" to any couple who wish to break it, if they can.

Dick Marshall leaves his kinky hair to Sherwood Gillespie.

Bill Cunningham bequeaths his charm and gum to Beatrice Wolfe. You might find some of it under the desks, Bea.

Chuck Burch leaves his winning (???) personality with Miss Stubblefield.

Elizabeth Sampson wills her singing voice to Mary Trenery.

Paul Sinnitt leaves—for Harvard, if they will let him in.

James Austell wills that sweet fragrance he carries with him to Gail Florea.

Marco Johnson leaves to the school fond memories of his dancing on girls' feet.

Louis Reinhard wills his immaculate appearance to the one and only Johnny King.

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And last, but by no means least, Virginia McCarthy leaves Tom Lally to Becky Blum.

In closing, we might be so bold as to leave a suggestion that the faculty take up a collection to buy Mr. Parker a vest.

And so, in conclusion, we leave the underclassmen to find out for themselves, why the life of a senior A is so different from theirs. We have not as yet discovered the true answer to this most vital question ourselves.

By BOB PRICE
GAIL TALLEY

ANOTHER HAND THAN MINE

[Continued from Page 85]

and forth—and back. As it came forward the last time the man noticed it, but it was too late. He had not time to get out of its path, so fast it fell, like a swooping eagle. He let out one great, terrified yell, then the very structure of the once magnificent church shook and to those within, the noise sounded like a deafening thunderbolt.

The insulted Virgin was no longer a thing of beauty—rather a high mound of broken bits, but crushed in its avenging arms, the General found a fitting gravestone.

Fernando's stiff figure began trembling, and he

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leaned against the wall for support. Anger had vanished; he could think clearly and sanely again. God had not forsaken them. God reigned—now and forever. This same thought must have entered into the minds and hearts of the stricken soldiers, for a very strange thing occurred. One by one the peasant warriors turned their backs on the altar, leaving untouched their greedily-acquired riches, and marched silently out the door. They were never heard of again.

Dawn silently crept over the countryside. Pale beautiful streaks, decorating heaven, grew into rosy bright colors as the smiling sun peeked over the hill. Not a thing stirred. Down in the little valley, where once was a lovely town, the mass of destruction still smoldered. A tiny, green cemetery on a hill, alone, remained untouched. Within its peaceful sanctity two graves rested side by side. Against each headstone lay a bouquet of old-fashioned flowers, a tribute to one who fought to live; to another, who died because he had to fight.

On a high hill two figures were outlined against the sky, facing another green valley on the opposite side. Simultaneously they turned, and the silver-haired lady kissed the tips of her fingers to the cemetery, while the dark-haired lad saluted. Arms linked, they turned, and walked into the glorified dawn of a new day.

—DONNA BEY SAWYER.

THE CASE OF MRS. PUMPELLEY

[Continued from Page 87]

and he knows it wasn't, because the soap was slippery."

"Oh, I see, I'm sure I'll like it. Have you been busy lately?"

"No. His wife looks very suspicious but she is killed by—what do you think? She has a very weak heart and falls dead in the presence of ten people and there was no cause of death shown in

the autopsy but Fran knew she was poisoned."

"How interesting! But I suppose you have to go cook for George now."

"No, he's out of town. I won't spoil the story for you but then the butler is found listening at a keyhole with a dagger in his hand all ready to strike the cook but Fran knows he doesn't mean anything by it because he was an ex-convict."

"I really must be going," in a weak voice.

"Well, just a minute, I know you're just dying to know who did it, but I won't spoil the story although I know how I feel when people don't tell me—it was the daughter who was supposed

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to be in New York but she hired a rocket ship and got there and made herself invisible and killed the father and mother. Now run along and enjoy the picture, you'll love it."

Spatters of crimson were everywhere, the world seemed to be whirling dizzily about my throbbing head. I picked out the biggest red spot which seemed to be Mrs. Pumpelly, shoved her under a street car and ran. There's the doorbell now, I regret that I have only one life to give for my country! Onward Mata. Now to the firing squad!

—MARJORIE MALONE.

GOBBLER OF THUNDERHEAD

[Continued from Page 88]

repeated—the mating call of a wild turkey hen.

A moment The Old Man listened. Then, caution and all else forgotten, he sent his love-call ringing out over the abyss and rolling and echoing along the steep hillside.

Again and again, strutting up and down on the flat surface of Hanging Rock, he called in clarion note, with redoubled energy. His whole body throbbed in a frenzy of fierce, passionate joy.

A long, brown, faintly barred and speckled body, flattened close to the ground, moved out of the vine tangle. It moved forward swiftly, soundlessly, then for a moment lay still. Lantern

Eye's cunning was not the calculating wisdom of a fox, but he was wise enough to know that he must act now, or not at all. Something, whether instinct or experience, told the lynx two things: that within a few minutes the great gobbler would take wing in search of the turkey hen, and that in the increased frenzy that now gripped him, the gobbler was off guard and oblivious of danger.

There was no cover to hide Lantern Eye's advance. He played his game skillfully, darting swiftly forward when the gobbler's back was turned, lying flat and motionless on the brown rock when The Old Man faced him. In less than two minutes he had reached a point within twelve feet from the gobbler, standing with his back to the lynx, near the edge of the cliff.

Lantern Eye crouched, his long legs bunched under him, muscles taut for the spring.

Crowley Masterson had been out hunting squirrels in the woods on Thunderhead Ridge, and hearing, to his amazement, a turkey gobbling furiously, had walked toward the sound. There, on the summit of Hanging Rock within fairly easy range, he saw The Old Man strutting and gobbling in the sun.

Yes, he would take the chance. If there was bad luck in trying to kill The Old Man, he would know it in about sixty seconds.

Crowley raised his rifle and, bracing the barrel against a hickory sapling, sighted carefully. His smile had vanished now, but his black eyes twinkled as he thought of how Joe would look when he heard the news. The gobbler was a perfect target.

Crowley's muscles tightened. It came to him suddenly that the gobbler was about to take wing. His finger curved around the trigger.

It happened so quickly that it left Crowley numb. He saw a long, brown shape spring upon The Old Man from behind, saw a mighty threshing of wings at the very verge of the precipice, saw a black and brown object, turkey and lynx inextricably fastened, fall over the cliff and crash into the tree tops two hundred feet below.

Crowley reached the spot within five minutes. Thirty feet up in a big dead chestnut he saw the bay lynx hanging lifeless from a sharp stub. Of The Old Man, he could not find a sign.

He climbed a sapling close to the dead chestnut and with the aid of a long pole dislodged the body of the lynx. Then he made his way to the summit of Hanging Rock and studied the ground there.

Being a pretty good woodsman, he figured out fairly accurately what had happened there. Returning to the foot of the cliff, he slung the carcass of Lantern Eye over his shoulder and set

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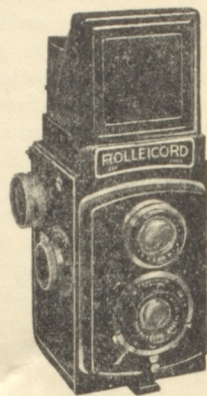
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off through the woods for Joe Garey's cabin.

Joe came out on the porch as Crowley opened the gate. Crowley mounted the steps without a word, and with a jerk of his shoulders dumped the carcass of the lynx on the floor of the porch.

"Joe," he said, "here's another fool jest like you. He tried to kill The Old Man this morning up by Hangin' Rock, and here's what's left of him."

Joe studied carefully the tale that Crowley told him. It was a strange tale, yet credible. But what had become of The Old Man? Had he escaped fatal injury? He must have been able to run when he struck ground, for the woods at the foot of Hanging Rock were fairly open, and Crowley had searched the spot carefully. And what of Crowley's statement that just before he heard The Old Man's first gobble, he had heard the far-off call of a wild turkey hen coming from the ridge across Thunderhead Valley?

It was this call that chiefly interested Joe. He suggested that they hunt The Old Man and the mysterious turkey hen the next morning. Crowley refused flatly.

"Not me!" he said. "I've had three warnin's, and you see what happened to him!" He pointed to the carcass of Lantern Eye lying limp and bloody on the porch.

He devoted his whole attention to the lighting of his pipe, and cocked his booted feet up on the railing.

"Joe," he said presently, "let's leave The Old Man be. If a mate's come to him, they'll breed this spring, an' we'll have some turkeys in these here woods. I was talkin' to a government ranger last Wednesday from over by Pilot Knob. They're stockin' the government lands over there with turkeys an' buffalo from the West."

"So I heard," scorned Joe. "Heap o' good it'll do us!"

He drummed his long brown fingers on the railing of the porch.

"I'm agoin' after The Old Man in the mornin' an' if he ain't dead, I'm gonna get him if it takes me a month."

On the morning of the second day Joe discovered fresh scratches in the woods, and in the soft soil thus exposed he found fresh tracks so large that they could not have been made by the turkey hen that Crowley had heard. Joe knew then that The Old Man had recovered from his injuries. More grimly than ever, Joe set about hunting the great gobbler.

Day after day, dawn found Garey high on the ridges, sitting motionless at the foot of some great oak or hemlock sounding his turkey call with all

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the skill of which he was capable, his hearing strained to catch some answering sound. He believed that success was virtually assured by the coming of the turkey hen whose mating calls Crowley had heard. Joe, proud of his skill as a turkey caller, and remembering many gobblers lured to their deaths on the high ridges of the distant Smokies, believed that now The Old Man would be a fairly easy victim.

All along the ridges of The Cowees, in all the most likely spots, Garey made his amorous music, reproducing with almost perfect art, the plaintive, love-lorn notes of the wild turkey hen. He was sure that more than once The Old Man, standing straight and alert on a high limb of some tall tree in which he had spent the night, listened to that captivating music of love quivering through the misty woods in the dim light of dawn; but to Joe's eager ears there came no answering gobble to reveal the great bird's whereabouts and encourage the hope that he might yet be lured within reach of the hunter's rifle.

At last Garey began to doubt whether Crowley had really heard a turkey hen calling that morning a week or so earlier at Hanging Rock. When, after tempting him every morning for a week, Garey failed to get a gobble out of him, the hunter became convinced of two things: that

Crowley's turkey hen was a myth, and that The Old Man would gobble no more that season.

This was a disappointment, yet deep in his heart, Joe did not regret it. Crowley's suggestion that The Old Man and his mate be spared had stuck in his mind. The more Joe thought about this suggestion, the more the idea appealed to him. It brought to his hunter's soul once more visions of the old days of which tradition told; those marvelous days when the Cowee Overhills was a hunter's paradise, alive with game. His inborn obstinacy and his wager with Crowley held him to his task of hunting The Old Man down. Yet, all the while, as long as his belief in Crowley's turkey hen persisted, his conscience troubled him.

These scruples vanished when he became convinced that Crowley's turkey hen was a myth. If no mate had come to The Old Man, there was nothing to be gained by sparing him. Joe Garey then began the second phase of his campaign.

* * *

Spring mellowed in the Cowee Overhills. A haze, now blue, now golden, floated upward from the deep valleys, and lay like a misty, half-transparent curtain upon the tops of the taller mountains. The Old Man, waking one morning to a chorus of bird calls, listened with languid interest.

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Shortly after dawn, just as he was about to fly down from the tall pine in which he had spent the night, a new sound came to his ears. It was the low, anxious call of a turkey hen to her brood, the mate whose voice he had heard for the first time at Hanging Rock. Yet, though he was aware that in this sound there was no menace, no treachery, in some subtle way it stirred The Old Man's fears.

He had forgotten his mate's existence. After a brief courtship and honeymoon he had deserted her. Her seclusion had completely removed her from The Old Man's consciousness, and the sound, although he knew it to be genuine, filled him with vague dread.

So, while the morning brightened around him, The Old Man remained motionless on his perch in the tall pine, his head high, his big beautifully-molded body—slim yet superbly stalwart—glowing in the light, like coppery bronze. He heard the voice of the turkey hen no more, however; and at last, after one careful search of the forest floor beneath him, he planed gently down, alighting in a grassy plot fifty yards from the pine's base.

For some moments he stood perfectly still, his tall form erect, his eyes scanning the thickets around him. Then he set off at a brisk walk toward the feeding ground where he would find his breakfast.

Five minutes later, Joe Garey, stretched on his back behind a chestnut log, against which his head was pillowed, opened his eyes slowly and realized that he had been sleeping for more than an hour. Joe did not stir; instead he closed his eyes again.

The spot was an old haunt of his, an open, park-like glade in the woods near the foot of Thunderhead Ridge. Just below it, swinging around the steep shoulder of the mountain, wound the old buffalo road.

A hundred times Joe had sat on the old chestnut log and had thought of the days that were gone. He had heard the old mountain men tell tales that their grandfathers had told; and a hundred times with those old stories in his mind, he had sat here and seen in his imagination the long columns of buffalo pass by.

He lay for a while longer, thinking of these things. Then he unclasped his hands, which had been crossed upon his chest. In another fraction of a second he would have sat upright; but, with muscles already flexed, his head already an inch from the log against which it had been resting, he stiffened suddenly.

For a few moments he remained motionless, tense, his whole mind focused on an intermittent, barely audible sound, coming from somewhere

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beyond the chestnut log. Then very slowly and noiselessly he rolled over so that he lay on his chest. Even more slowly and cautiously he raised his head till he could look down the slope beyond the log. His eyes widened with amazement, then narrowed to steel-gray slits. In the old buffalo road, thirty yards away down the slope, stood The Old Man.

The old gobbler was standing perfectly still, his head high. Garey knew that the bird had heard some sound and was listening—feared that in another moment he would stoop, spread his wings, and fly. Yet Garey dared not move a fraction of an inch. The Old Man seemed to be gazing directly at the chestnut log, and Joe was aware that if he pushed his rifle over the log, the gobbler would catch the glint of sunlight on the barrel.

Joe's limbs quivered, his ears throbbed with the thumping of his heart. He had almost within his grasp the prize which he had sought vainly for so long.

On guard, his senses alert, strained to catch the slightest sound or movement, The Old Man was a spectacle never to be forgotten. His compact form, clean-cut as a game-cock's, seemed amazingly tall. His burnished, feather tail glinted and shone with changing iridescent tints of gold, copper, purple, green, and bronze. His red legs, with their long, pointed spurs, glittered like metal; in the poise of his small head, in the gleam of his hazel eyes was all the wildness of the wilderness.

The steely light in Garey's eyes brightened as he gazed. He knew that never, even in those old days when the mountains teemed with wild turkeys, had the Cowee Overhills seen a more noble gobbler.

Joe waited, motionless as a stone, except for the quivering of his limbs and the pumping of his heart. Within the next few seconds, The Old Man would either take wing or else resume his scratching amongst the leaves. It was the slight sound

of his scratching that had attracted Joe's attention; but what had put The Old Man on guard?

The minute stretched to two minutes. With a thrill of exultation Garey saw the rigid form of the gobbler relax, saw him lower his head, take three steps forward, and begin pecking at the short grass in the buffalo road.

Slowly Joe reared himself on his elbows. Slowly, inch by inch, he pushed his rifle barrel over the log. He could put a bullet through The Old Man's head the minute it was raised and held momentarily motionless. But Garey would not take the chance, slight though it was. He drew his bead on the gobbler's body, just behind the wing, where the bullet would pierce The Old Man's heart.

A movement beyond the gobbler caught Garey's eyes as he gazed along the rifle sights. Out from the thicket of sour-wood saplings fringing the buffalo road stepped a wild turkey hen, and behind her, emerging from the bushes in two's and three's, trooped thirteen turkey chicks about ten days old.

Garey, still gazing along his rifle barrel, counted them mechanically as they came into the open. This, then, was what The Old Man had heard. For the moment Joe's brain was paralyzed by amazement. So Crowley Masterson's turkey hen had not been a myth after all! For the first time in many years, a brood of wild turkeys had been hatched in the Cowee Overhills.

Desperately Garey strove to adjust his mind to this new development. Within him, as he lay behind the chestnut log, a battle raged. The restocking of the Cowee woods with wild turkey was now under way. To kill The Old Man now would almost be a crime.

Suddenly fierce anger surged in him. His face flamed red; his jaws clamped. Had he hunted The Old Man all these weeks for nothing? Had he won the prize, only to throw it away at the last? His cheek pressed tighter against the rifle

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stock. His narrowed eyes saw only the gobbler at which he aimed.

The thing that happened, burst upon them—upon Joe Garey, upon The Old Man, upon the turkey hen and her brood—without forewarning.

The Old Man heard them just as they rounded the shoulder of the hillside, raised his head high and stood at gaze. Garey drew a fresh bead quickly, fearing The Old Man was about to take wing. Joe's finger was tightening on the trigger when he heard a swish of leaves and grass, a low thud of plodding hoofs.

Garey remained motionless. For one wild moment he believed that he had lost his reason. That agony passed swiftly. Several seconds elapsed before his numb brain hit upon the secret of the miracle.

Even then he made no move, could scarcely credit the evidence of his senses. The great days had come back! Along the old buffalo road a herd of buffalo was marching through the Cowee Overhills.

He knew that he was awake. With his own eyes he was watching them as they came on in single file along the path. The scent of them was in his nostrils; his ears drummed with the thump of hoofs. He could see the bulging muscles of the bull in the lead, could catch the arrogant gleam of his eyes through his matted frontlet of hair.

Huge, fantastic, incredibly magnificent in that wild and lonely place, they were all that his imagination had pictured. The grandest thing he had ever seen or ever would see. With shining eyes and quickened breath, he lay motionless behind the chestnut log, while the shaggy column passed along the buffalo road below him. The first buffalo that had trodden that ancient path in two generations. Then, minutes after the last of them had faded amid the trees, he roused himself and looked for The Old Man.

The great gobbler had vanished, and with him the turkey hen and her brood. Joe Garey, his eyes

strangely bright, smiled happily as he started homeward.

Far down the valley, where his path crossed the main road from the Pilot Knob region, Garey met two men on horseback. They drew up and one of them spoke.

"Been huntin' up in the hills?" he asked pleasantly.

Joe nodded.

"Didn't see nothin' of no buffalo up that way, did ya?"

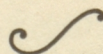
Garey smiled. "What's the joke?"

"No joke," the other replied. "We're government rangers. The buffalo on the government

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lands over by Pilot Knob have strayed off an' we tracked 'em in this direction. Want to lead 'em back if we can; but if they ever git up in them hills, they'll have to stay there."

Joe nodded again, "Yeah, that'd be a right tough job."

At his cabin Joe found Crowley Masterson sitting on the porch waiting for him, and he

remembered that he had asked Crowley to come in that afternoon and help him mend a wagon. Joe went inside, and when he came out he held a five dollar bill in his hand.

"Here, Crowley," he said, "you won your bet. I ain't shot The Old Man yet, an' I ain't goin' to shoot him!"

—FRED WARDNER.

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TIGER SPORTSCOPE

Volume 1, No. 1

THE LEWIS AND CLARK HIGH SCHOOL, SPOKANE, WASH.

Page 1

L. C. WINS HOOP TITLE

Lose Only Five Out of 24 Games This Season

Won 19 games, lost 5; scored 861 points to opponents 539; placed sixth in the state tournament at Seattle; and (as usual) took the city series championship in a walk.

The above briefly summarizes the 1938 Lewis and Clark basketball campaign. Playing championship ball throughout the entire season, the Tiger's sixth consecutive city crown was foreseen from the first. Ted Thompson, captain, made his third year on the team his best by running up a scoring total of 117 points to set a new all-time scoring record for city series play. He also was named on the Associated Press first all-state team.

Credit for the team's success cannot be given to any one player. It was a spirit of close team work that was outstanding in all the Tiger's games and that was responsible for moving the squad to the top. Together, the team executed scoring plays that could break through the stiffest defense.

Coach E. L. "Squinty" Hunter found a good, steady, smooth-working combination in his usual



E. L. HUNTER, Coach

starting five: Gilberg, Thompson, Holt, Russell, and Reid. Backing up the starters were a fast-improving group of substitutes including: Nye, McAuley, Middleton, Shank, Huie, and Scott.

A large portion of the credit for the fine showing of the team must be given to Coach Hunter, who has made the city basketball championship almost a permanent possession of Lewis and Clark in recent years.

Prospects for next year cannot be labeled as too bright as four of the first stringers will be lost through graduation.

Among those returning will be four lettermen: Gilberg, Nye, McAuley, and Middleton.

Christmas Trip

Playing six games in as many days, the Lewis and Clark squad came

home from their yearly barnstorming trip during the Christmas vacation with a record of four wins and two losses.

The two defeats came at the hands of the 1937 state champion squad of Walla Walla by the close scores of 31 to 28, and 29 to 27. The Tigers won four straight victories in the next four days, December 29, 30, 31, and January 1, over Prescott, 32 to 19; Colfax, 32 to 19; LaCrosse, 46 to 15; and Moscow, 33 to 29.

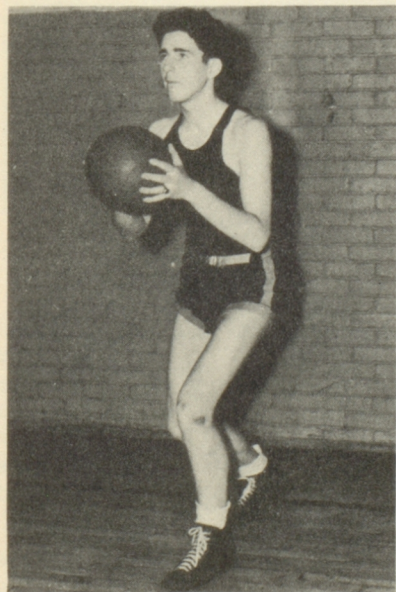
Russell led his team by scoring 48 points while the squad was on the road. Thompson was a close second with 45 points.

City Series

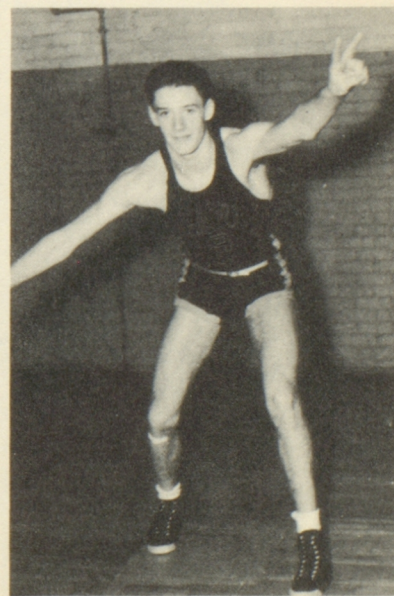
JANUARY 11—*North Central at Lewis and Clark.* It was an unbeatable pack of Tigers that pushed a 40 to 14 victory over North Central in the opening game of the city schedule. Lewis and Clark's 2-point lead at the end of a fairly even first quarter was never threatened throughout the remainder of the game. High scoring honors went to Gilberg with 12 tallies.

JANUARY 13—*Lewis and Clark at Rogers.* Rogers was second to fall before the Orange and Black's fast-clicking attack, this time by the

[Continued on Page 2]



TED THOMPSON



MARVIN GILBERG

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TEAM SIXTH IN SEATTLE

Tigers Show Good Form in State Tournament

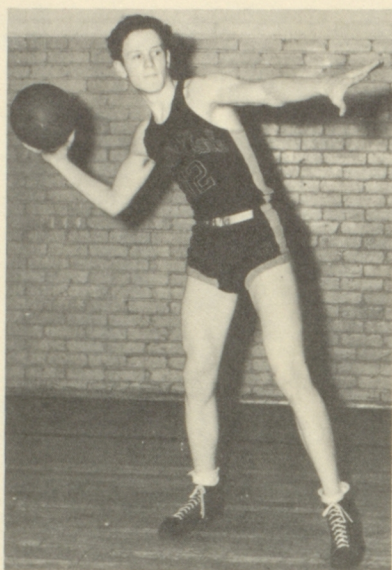
"They were the smoothest and best-looking team in the meet, and, had the breaks been, with them, they might have just as easily taken first place as sixth."

This statement was made by a former Lewis and Clark student who watched the Tigers play in Seattle. It apparently was the general opinion of all who witnessed the games March 16 to 19. Lewis and Clark entered the tournament as one of four teams favored to take the title.

Two impressive victories, one over Blaine, 49 to 36, and the other over Snoqualmie, 47 to 24, put the team into the semi-finals. When Lewis and Clark and Vancouver met on Saturday, after a postponement of the game originally scheduled for Friday, the Tigers were determined to win. They played a cautious game controlling the ball 28 out of the 32 minutes of actual play. They controlled the entire game, including a score in their favor, until the last few minutes of play when Vancouver came from behind to win by the weird score of 10 to 8.



JACK RUSSELL



ROBERT HOLT

Victory turned to defeat in so short a time, and in such an important game, was disheartening to the team and to their coach. They lost their final game to Hoquiam, 23 to 17.

WINS HOOP TITLE

[Continued from Page 1]

score of 37 to 17. Russell and Thompson split high scoring honors with 9 each.

JANUARY 18—*Lewis and Clark at Gonzaga.* A 54 to 18 score was piled up by the Tigers over Gonzaga as the first round of city play was completed. Russell led his squad with 13 points.

JANUARY 20—*Lewis and Clark at North Central.* Lewis and Clark met a hard-fighting group of Indians in the second contest between the two schools. At the half-time the score stood even at 23 all, but the Tigers hit their stride in the second half, coming through to take the game 48 to 30. Thompson led the Lewis and Clark squad with 20 points.

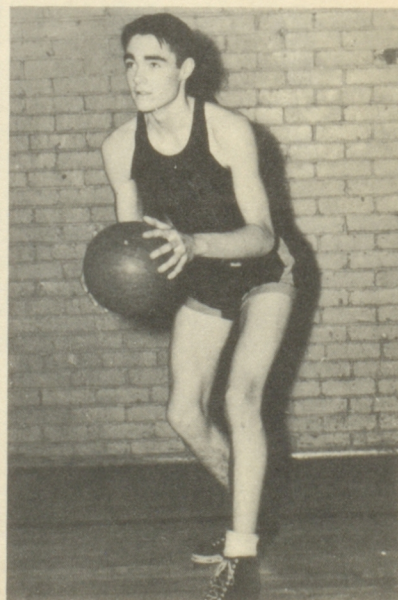
JANUARY 25—*Rogers at Lewis and Clark.* The Tigers took a ragged game from Rogers, 38 to 20, as the two teams met for the second time. Thompson's 11 points was "tops," with Russell, Gilberg, and Reid close behind with 8, 7, and 7 respectively.

JANUARY 27—*Gonzaga at Lewis and Clark.* A smooth-working offense,

marked with excellent team work, was too much for the Bullpups in the final game of the first semester's play. The Orange and Black squad was easily the victor by the score of 42 to 17. Individual scoring in the game illustrated the near equality of the players. Holt and Reid were high with 10 each while McAuley and Thompson followed with 8 each and Russell with 4.

FEBRUARY 8—*North Central at Lewis and Clark.* The Tigers started the second half of their schedule with an impressive 30 to 19 win over North Central. Gilberg was absent from the starting line-up for the first time in the season on account of a slight illness. He was ably replaced by McAuley. Thompson's threat of success in breaking the city scoring record became apparent as he tallied 12 times during this game.

FEBRUARY 10—*Lewis and Clark at Rogers.* With Gilberg on the bench the entire game, and Thompson out via the personal foul route early in the contest, the Tigers had quite a scare thrown into them before they managed to squeeze out a hard-earned 32 to 30 victory over Rogers. McAuley, Reid, and Holt carried the burden of the scoring with totals of 6, 5, and 5 respectively.



GORDON REID

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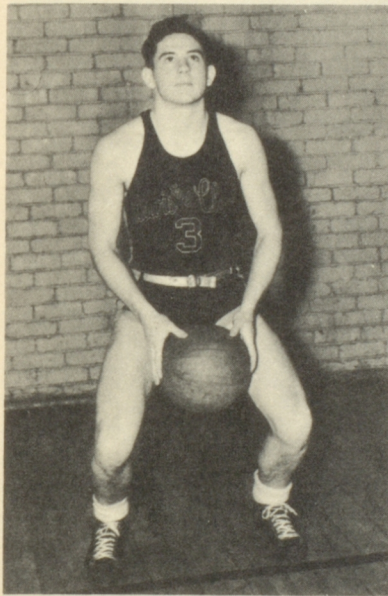
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BASKETBALL FIRST SQUAD

Left to right—Marvin Gilberg, Bob Holt, Jack Russell, Ted Thompson, Gordon Reid, Louis Shank, Charles McAuley, Bill Nye, Dick Middleton, August Klaue.

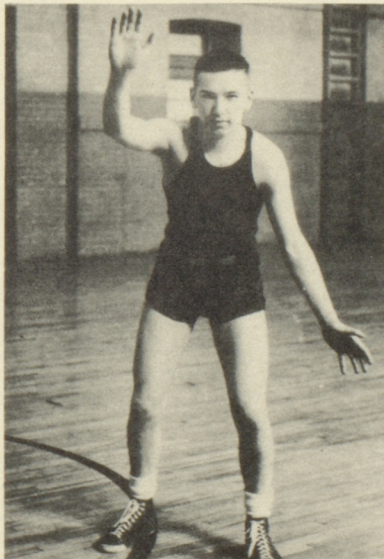


CHARLES McAULEY

FEBRUARY 15—*Lewis and Clark at Gonzaga.* Lewis and Clark ran up a smashing 39 to 11 victory over Gonzaga as the two teams met for the third time. Gonzaga offered only weak competition against a Tiger attack that clicked to perfection. Gilberg was high with 12 points.

FEBRUARY 17—*Lewis and Clark at North Central.* Lewis and Clark's jinx game, the final one between the Tigers and Indians on the North

side floor, caught up with "Squinty" Hunter's team again this year. An effective zone defense in the "cracker box" gym proved to be enough to give North Central a 27 to 24 win. Gilberg's 10 points were high for the game.

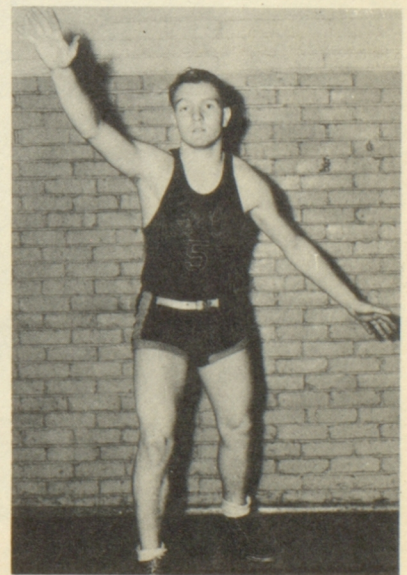


DICK MIDDLETON

FEBRUARY 24—*Rogers at Lewis and Clark.* Grabbing an early lead and keeping it throughout the entire game, the Tigers took another easy game from Rogers by a 33 to 18 score. Thompson led his team with 9 points.

MARCH 1—*Gonzaga at Lewis and Clark.* Finishing the city season in true championship style, the Tigers took their fourth easy game from Gonzaga by a 47 to 20 score. Thompson again led his team with 13 tallies.

In a pair of tune-up games before leaving for the Seattle tournament, the Tigers took a game from Rathdrum high, 42 to 30, on their home floor, March 2, and traveled to Moscow where they handed the Bears another beating, 37 to 35, on March 12, in the Idaho gym.



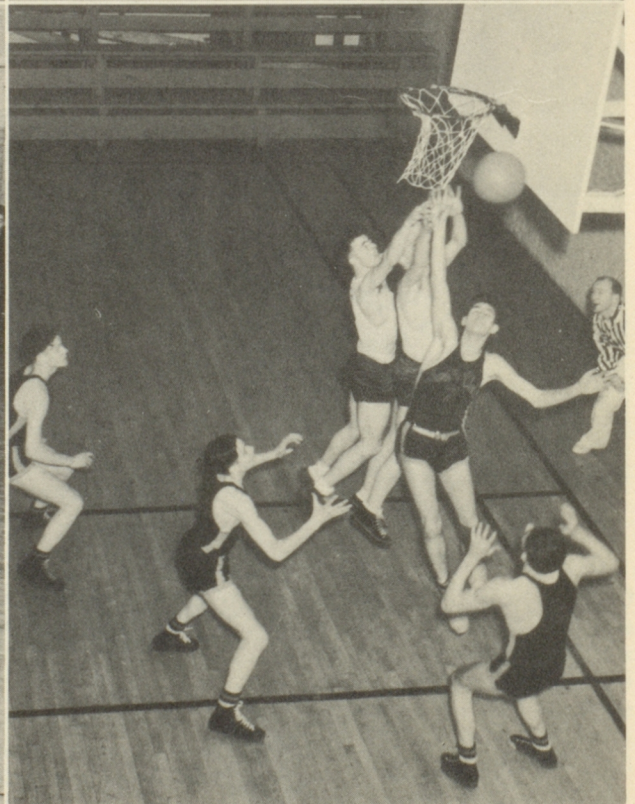
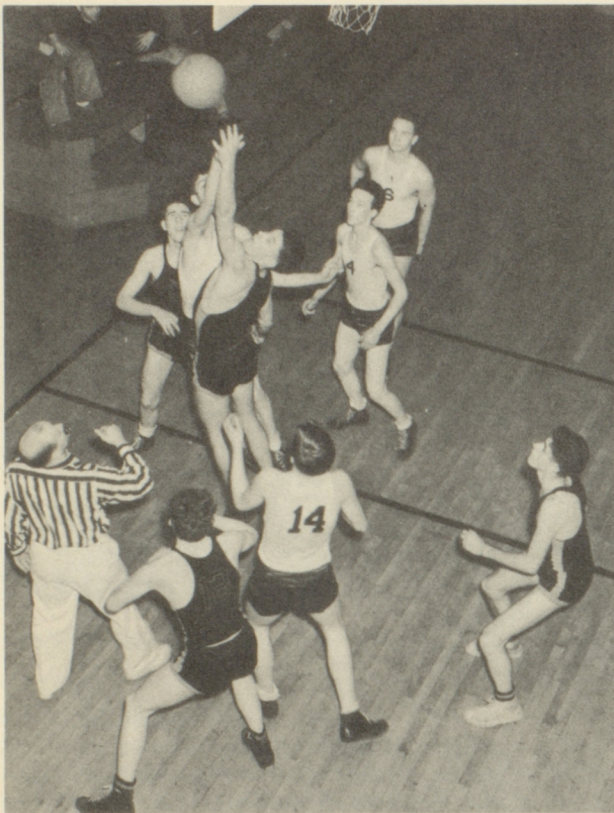
BILL NYE

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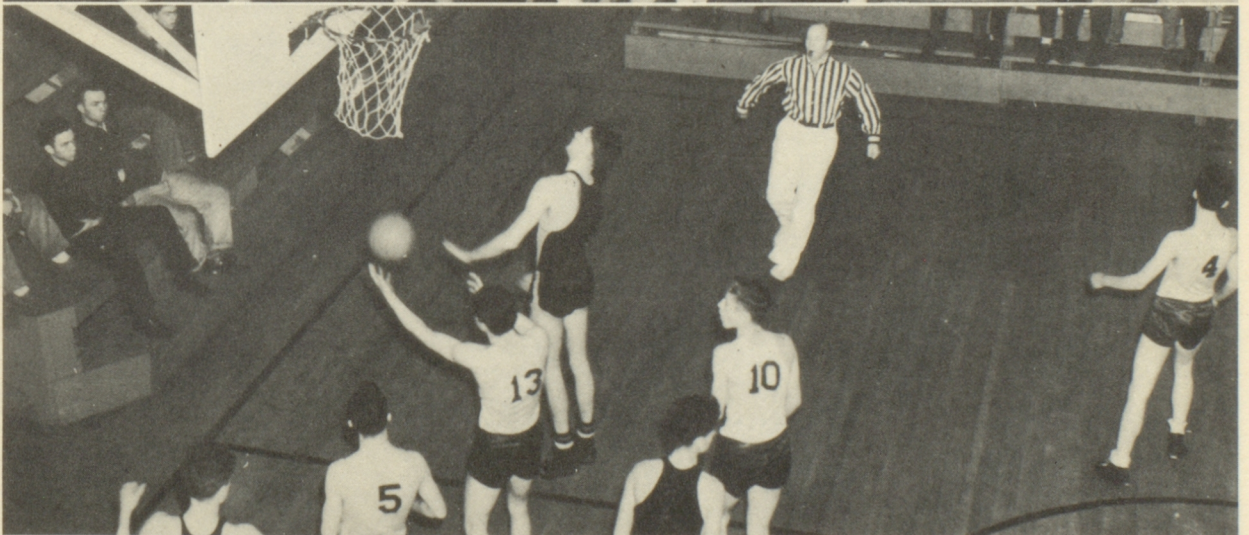
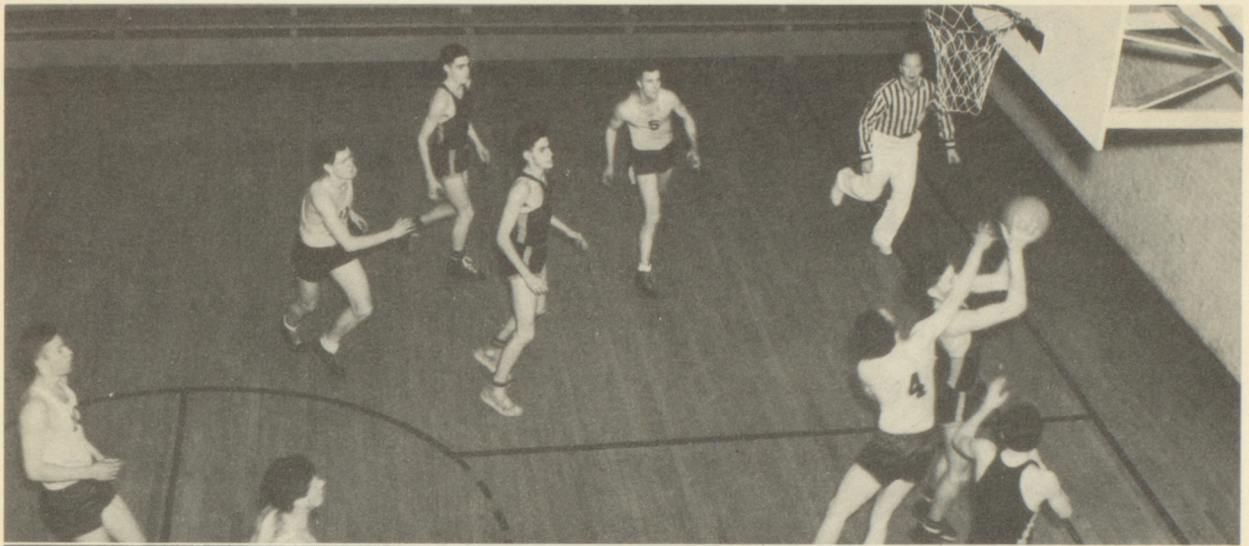
*Upper Left: Lewis and Clark at Gonzaga. Upper Right: North Central at Lewis and Clark.
Lower Left: North Central at Lewis and Clark. Lower Right: Lewis and Clark at Gonzaga.*

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Top: Lewis and Clark at Gonzaga
Center: North Central at Lewis and Clark.
Below: Lewis and Clark at Gonzaga

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HOCKEY IS BIG SUCCESS

Tigers Win First City Championship on Ice

Spokane's first season of inter-high school ice hockey was inaugurated this year and met with success—especially at Lewis and Clark, as the Tigers grabbed the championship in true Orange and Black style. An eager squad of Tigers went through a schedule of six games, winning 5 and tying 1.

At a meeting held December 2, more than sixty boys expressed interest in the game to Lyle A. Maskell, who acted as coach for the team. Starting December 4, practices were held at the Ice Arena every Saturday morning throughout the season.

In spite of the fact that practice facilities were not satisfactory, the Tiger squad rounded out into a good-looking puck and stick team. Tom Hill, scoring four goals, was responsible for more than half of his team's points. Malcolm Stewart, goalie, made an impressive showing, allowing the puck to go through him for a score only once. The following boys were awarded letters: Tom Hill, Malcolm Stewart, Wayne Petaja, Jim Austell, Dick Wouters, Mike

Saad, Bob Croyle, Bill Beale, Emmett Jeffers, and Glen Magers.

The continuation of the sport next year depends upon whether or not the high school principals can make satisfactory arrangements with owners of the Ice Arena for lengthier practice sessions, according to Coach Maskell.

JANUARY 10—*Lewis and Clark vs. North Central.* The Tigers upset a favored Indian team 1 to 0 in the season's first game. Hill, assisted by Curdy, scored the only point of the contest.

JANUARY 17—*Lewis and Clark vs. Gonzaga.* The second game saw the Tiger's fast ice attack fall upon Gonzaga. The score was again 1 to 0.

JANUARY 24—*Lewis and Clark vs. Rogers.* Lewis and Clark took their first game against the Pirates by a score of 2 to 0. Hill and Curdy each scored once.

JANUARY 31—*Lewis and Clark vs. North Central.* Tight defense on the part of both teams caused the second contest between the Tigers and Indians to end in a scoreless tie.

FEBRUARY 7—*Lewis and Clark vs. Gonzaga.* In their next-to-the-last game, Lewis and Clark outclassed Gonzaga to win by another 1 to 0 score.

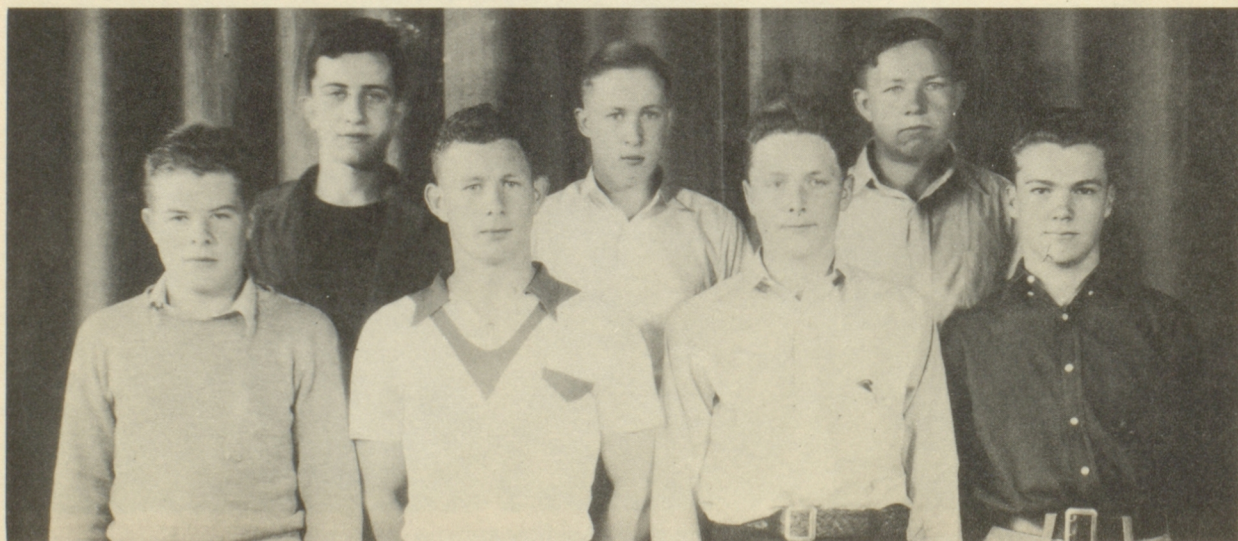
FEBRUARY 14—*Lewis and Clark vs. Rogers.* The Pirates had the honor of



COACH LYLE MASKELL

being the only team to break through the strong Tiger defense, and score. They tallied once in the season's last game, but their glory stopped there, as Lewis and Clark's 2 points gave the margin of victory to the Southsiders.

All games were played at the Spokane Ice Arena.



ICE HOCKEY SQUAD

FIRST ROW (left to right)—Robert Croyle, James Austell, Emmett Jeffers, Tom Hill. SECOND ROW—Michel Saad, Wayne Petaja, Glen Magers.

MANY OUT FOR TENNIS

Racketeers Met Rogers, Gonzaga, and North Central

Four lettermen and several other promising candidates reported to Coach Clarence E. Miller as the 1938 tennis season opened. "The squad is pretty well balanced with some pretty good material and it's possible we can make a good showing in the city matches," said Mr. Miller as the season opened.

Lost to the squad through graduation were Alf Erie, one of the city's ranking amateurs, who swings his racket from the port side, and Rodney Burch, another consistent player from 1937.

The lettermen who returned were John Rock, Lynn Aldrich, Lawrence Semon, and Morris Rashkov.

Other players reported by the coach as likely candidates for the team were Willis Bussard, Chancy Miller, Malcolm Stuart, Wayne Petaja, John Harvey, Don Swick, and Jack Kilcup.

Tennis is rapidly growing in popularity at Lewis and Clark,

especially among the younger students, reports Coach Miller.

The team's 1938 schedule was:

APRIL 27, Wednesday—Lewis and Clark at Gonzaga.

MAY 3, Tuesday—Lewis and Clark at Rogers.

MAY 11, Wednesday—North Central at Lewis and Clark.

Pole-Vaulter is Injured at Meet

The Lewis and Clark Track team suffered a serious loss Friday, April 22, at practice meet at Rogers, when Joe Nail, promising pole-vaulter, broke his arm.

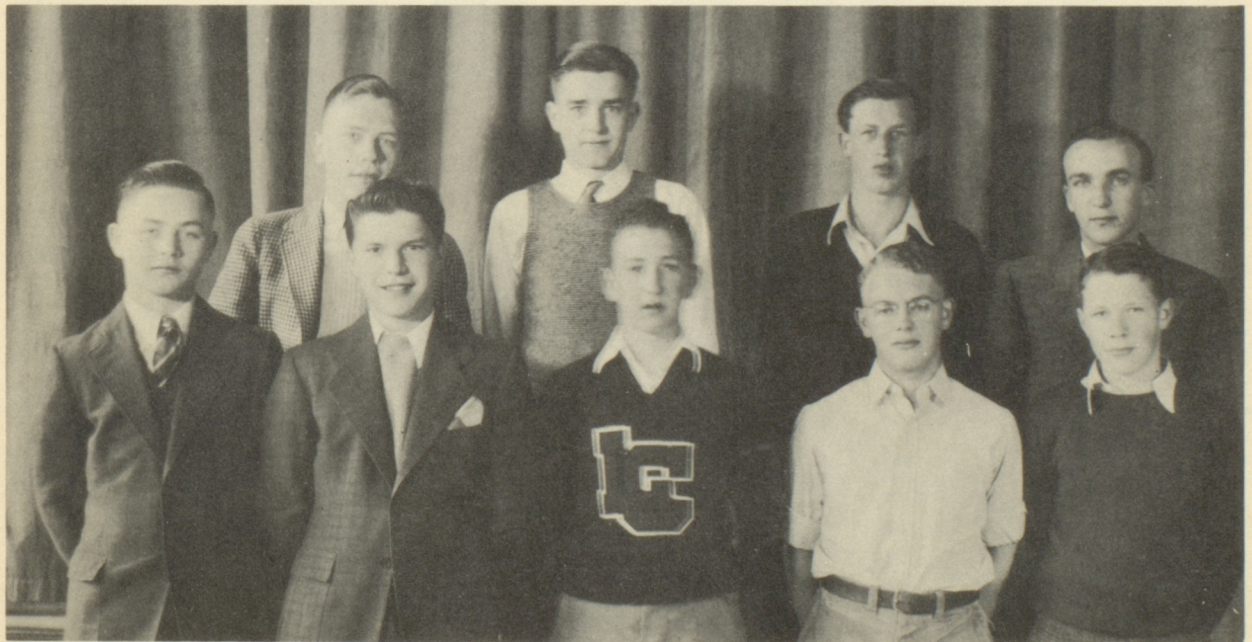
Nail was attempting an 11-foot jump when the accident occurred. According to Track Coach George Meyers, he landed in the pit feet first and in order to break his fall he extended his arm backwards. In doing so he hit the back edge of the pit and snapped his arm. Monday, Joe was still in the hospital under the care of Doctor John O'Shea.

The remainder of the team looked very good. The sprinters and shot putters look good, but the hurdlers are still weak. Incidentally Joe Nail's



COACH C. E. MILLER

teammate, Don Vawter, will carry on the pole-vaulting because Joe will be out for the season. Don and Joe were known as the "Gold Dust Twins of the Track" because of their equal ability.



TENNIS SQUAD

FIRST ROW (left to right)—Jack Casey, Willis Bussard, Morris Rashkov, Karl Maxwell, Jack Harvey. SECOND ROW—Roger Schedler, Lynn Aldrich, Lawrence Semon, Chancy Miller.

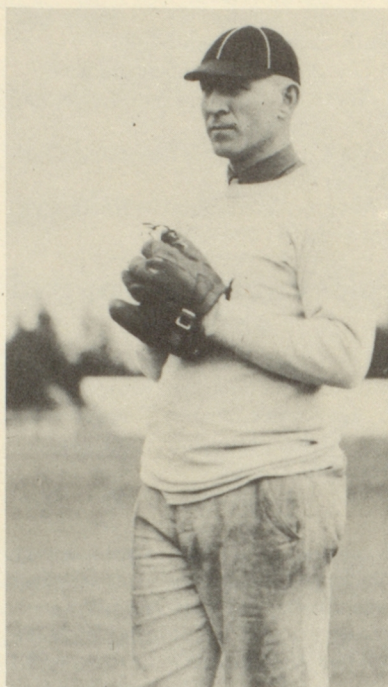
FIRST-STRINGERS RETURN

'38 Baseball Squad Has Many Experienced Players

Practices for Coach Arthur O. Walther's baseball squad began early in the spring when the first warm weather permitted work-outs to be held in the lot west of the school.

Eight returning lettermen, all with first-string experience; a group of good-looking players from last year's Freshman squad; and another large group of "hopefuls" made up a squad of about fifty that was on hand when the season opened.

John Leland, who chucked a no-hit, no-run game during the 1937 season, and Dick Wouters, who pitched well for the Tigers as a Freshman two years ago, topped this season's mound staff, which should be ranked second to none in the city. Other pitchers who looked good as the season opened were John Neudorfer and Craig Ettenborough. Allen Little, who was a letterman



COACH ART WALTHER

pitcher of last season, transferred to Gonzaga this year.

Around the infield, Coach Walther

found experienced lettermen returning to each position except first base. Harry Simchuk, a hard hitter from last year's team, was moved from the outfield to cover the initial sack. Walt Haspedis returned to second base, as did Chuck McAuley to short, and Ed Kraus to third. Another letterman, Ken Barnes, last year an infielder, was switched to the center field spot early this season. Behind the plate, Jack Holland, veteran catcher, returned for his final season with the Tigers. Pitcher Wouters sometimes plays third while not on the mound.

The starting line-up for the opening game of the season which was played against Coeur d'Alene high school, April 14, at Hart Field, was this:

Haspedis, 2b	Olsen, lf
McAuley, ss	Kraus, 3b
Austell, rf	Leland, p
Simchuk, 1b	Wouters, p
Holland, c	Ettenborough, p
Barnes, cf	

Substitutes: Prentice, Middleton, Bickford, Hattrick, DeFelice, Garcea, and Davis.



FIRST BASEBALL SQUAD

FIRST ROW (left to right)—Craig Ettenborough, Robert Brask, Kenneth Barnes, Elmer Olsen, Jack Holland, Ed Kraus, Walter Haspedis. SECOND ROW—Don Prentice, Dick Middleton, John Leland, Charles McAuley, Harry Simchuk, James Austell.

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SECOND BASEBALL SQUAD

FIRST ROW (left to right)—Arthur DeFelice, Bill Trapp, Jack Otten, Keith Parks, Jack Daniel, Bill Williams, Jim Hattrick, Glenn Davenport. SECOND ROW—Cliff Bickford, Ted Carl, August Garcea, Arthur Davis, Ernest Horr, Don Mitchell, Bob Christopherson.

Besides these, some other good-looking players on the squad include: Giampietri, catcher; Otten, pitcher; Horr, Daniels, Wouters, Mitchell, Christoferson, Trapp, and Carl, infielders; and Davenport, Parks, Joslin, Williams, Berthiue, Brask, and Burnham, outfielders.

Coach Walther has been handling baseball teams at Lewis and Clark since 1931. During his first five years

his teams won as many championships. In 1936, North Central took first place from the Tigers by a very close margin. Gonzaga was the 1937 winner. The Tigers have won 81 per cent of their city games in this seven-year period.

The following was Lewis and Clark's 1938 schedule:

APRIL 26—West Valley vs. Lewis and Clark at Hart Field.

APRIL 28—Rogers vs. Lewis and Clark at Rogers.

MAY 4—Gonzaga vs. Lewis and Clark at Hart Field.

MAY 10—North Central vs. Lewis and Clark at North Central.

MAY 18—West Valley vs. Lewis and Clark at West Valley.

MAY 24—Rogers vs. Lewis and Clark at Hart Field.

MAY 26—Gonzaga vs. Lewis and Clark at Gonzaga.

JUNE 1—North Central vs. Lewis and Clark at Hart Field.

Early season indications seemed to point toward a battle between the Tigers and Gonzaga for the top spot in the league with North Central a likely threat. Rogers was also given a chance, and West Valley's quest for recognition in the league was conceded as considerably better than in the past three years.

Tigers Win Over West Valley in First Game

Lewis and Clark opened its 1938 baseball season by eking out a close 3 to 1 victory over West Valley in a thrilling game at Hart Field, Monday, April 25.

Dick Wouters turned in an excellent performance for the Tigers



HARRY SIMCHUK



JOHN LELAND

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JACK HOLLAND

allowing the Valleyites only four hits and fanning eleven.

In the first inning a scratch hit by Grater and a rifling three-bagger by Parrot gave the Valley team a 1 to 0 lead which was held until the sixth, when singles by Harry Simchuk and Ken Barnes, coupled with a pair of errors, gave Lewis and Clark three runs.

The summary:



KENNETH BARNES

LEWIS AND CLARK

	ab.	r.	h.	a.
Haspedis, 2b.....	3	0	1	4
Olsen, lf.....	1	0	0	0
Prentice.....	1	0	0	0
Kraus, 3b.....	0	0	0	1
Austell, rf.....	2	0	0	0
Simchuk, 1b.....	3	1	1	0
Barnes, cf.....	3	1	1	0
Wouters, p.....	3	1	0	2
Middleton, 3b.....	1	0	0	0
Brask, lf.....	2	0	0	0
Holland, c.....	3	0	1	0
McAuley, ss.....	2	0	1	3

Totals.....24 3 5 10



ED KRAUS

WEST VALLEY

	ab.	r.	h.	a.
Grater, lf.....	3	1	1	0
Olson, cf.....	3	0	0	0
Fleetwood, rf.....	3	0	1	0
Parrott, c.....	3	0	2	2
Lewis, p.....	3	0	0	3
Reed, ss.....	3	0	0	2
Schreck, 1b.....	3	0	0	0
Larned, 3b.....	3	0	0	2
Schram, 2b.....	2	0	0	2

Totals.....26 1 4 11
West Valley.... 1 0 0 0 0 0 0—1
Lewis and Clark 0 0 0 0 0 3 x—3

Errors—Larned 2, Reed 2, Haspedis, McAuley. Three-base hits—Parrott 2. Double plays—Simchuk to McAuley. Bases on balls—Lewis 2. Strike-outs—Wouters 11, Lewis 3. Umpire—Clink.



CHARLES McAULEY

Rogers Game

Rogers took the lead in the city prep baseball league by an 8 to 7 victory over Lewis and Clark on the Hillyard field, Thursday, April 28.

The Tigers scored four runs in the first inning which gave them a lead they held until the fourth, when pitcher Dick Wouters was battered from the box. Tough luck hit the team when John Leland, who re-



JAMES AUSTELL

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placed Wouters, splintered a fingernail which put him on the bench for several weeks. Neudorfer finished the game.

Lewis and Clark.

	ab	r	h
Haspedis, 2b.....	3	0	1
Olsen, lf.....	3	1	1
Austell, rf.....	4	1	0
Simchuk, 1b.....	4	2	2
Barnes, cf.....	3	1	2
Wouters, p.....	4	1	1
Holland, c.....	3	0	0
McAuley, ss.....	3	1	0
Kraus, 3b.....	1	0	0
Brask, lf.....	1	0	0
Leland, p.....	2	0	1
Neudorfer, p.....	0	0	0

Totals.....31 7 8

Rogers

	ab	r	h
Perry, 2b.....	4	2	1
Bergman, 3b.....	4	1	2
McBreen, 1b.....	4	1	1
Marier, p. lf.....	4	3	4
Mead, p. rf.....	4	0	2
Innes, ss.....	3	0	0
Novotny, rf.....	3	0	0
Nelson, c.....	4	1	1
Johnson, lf.....	0	0	0
Wakeley, rf.....	1	0	0
Hardy, p.....	2	0	0
Langil, rf.....	1	0	1

Totals.....34 8 12

Lewis and Clark...4 0 0 0 2 1—7

Rogers.....3 0 0 3 0 1 1—8



DICK MIDDLETON



ELMER OLSEN

Errors—Haspedis Simchuk, Holland, McAuley 2, Innes 2, Novotny, Langil, Johnson. Home runs—Wouters, Marier. Three-base hit—Bergman. Two-base hits—Leland, Nelson, Mead. Double play—Leland to Simchuk. Bases on balls—Wouters 2, Hardy 3, Mead 2. Winning pitcher—Mead. Losing pitcher—Wouters.

Strikeouts—Wouters 5, Leland 4, Marier 2, Hardy 2, Mead 1. Stolen bases—Olsen, Simchuk, Barnes.

Attendance 1200. Time, 2½ hours.

Umpire—George Clink.

Gonzaga Game

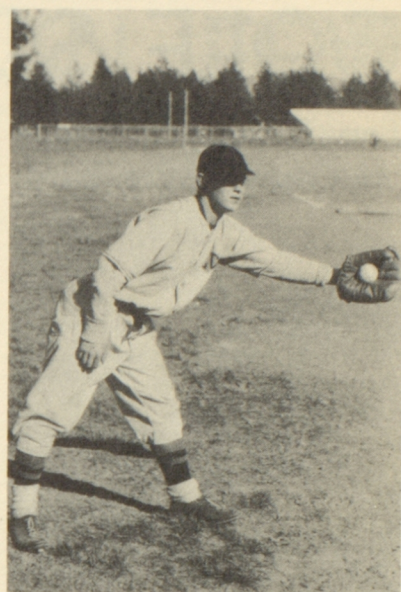
Lewis and Clark eked out a tight 3 to 1 victory over Gonzaga Wednesday, May 4, at Hart Field. Dick Wouters fanned 10 and allowed the Bullpups only three hits.

The summary:

Gonzaga

	ab	r	h
Goodwin, ss.....	3	0	0
Medved, 1b.....	2	0	0
Scarpelli, c.....	3	0	0
McBreen, lf.....	3	0	1
Jones, rf.....	3	1	1
Kestell, 2b.....	3	0	0
Rottuno, cf.....	2	0	0
McGuigan, 3b.....	3	0	0
Molitor, p.....	2	0	1
Gerstenberger.....	1	0	0

Totals.....25 1 3



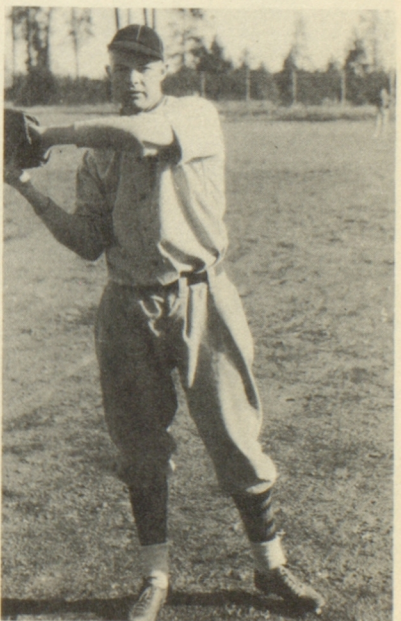
WALTER HASPEDIS

Lewis and Clark

	ab	r	h
Haspedis, 2b.....	3	0	0
Olsen, lf.....	1	1	1
Barnes, ss.....	3	0	0
Simchuk, 1b.....	3	1	1
Wouters, p.....	3	1	2
Ostell, rf.....	1	0	0
Holland, c.....	3	0	0
Breck, cf.....	2	0	0
Middleton, 3b.....	1	0	0
Kraus, 3b.....	0	0	0

Totals.....20 3 4

[Continued on Page 17]



ROBERT BRASK

GOLF SCHEDULE IS LONG

Four Lettermen Return to Coach Philip Baird

With four lettermen returning and a large turnout of good prospects, Golf Coach Philip M. Baird's hopes of winning another championship in the city golf league were fairly high this year.

Returning were John Leland, who is playing his fourth year on the team; Frank Boutin, playing his third season; and John Storaasli and Eugene Buchholtz, each with one year's experience.

Places on the six-man team for the city matches were decided by a ladder tournament which was started in April. Besides the lettermen, those competing in the tournament were: Bob Rucker, John Strickle, Sherwood Gillespy, Bud Greeno, Thomas Hill, Don Imhoff, Dick Mattresse, Robert Brooke, Jack Nevers, Arthur Kennedy, Dick Nelson, Dick Wallace, John Coffey, and Lewis Thayer.

Although it is impossible for Coach Baird, who is an expert player himself, to play with his entire squad at any one time, he frequently plays



COACH PHILIP BAIRD

individually with those turning out, giving any help he can to aid in improving the player's game.

Scoring in the city matches is done under the Nassau system, which pro-

vides for teams of six men, each man playing against a member of the opposing team. In the individual matches one point is won by the player winning the first nine holes, one point for the second nine holes, and one point goes to the player who is low for the eighteen holes. At Lewis and Clark a letter is given to each player who wins three points during the season.

Teams from the four city high schools compete each year in a double round robin schedule on the two municipal courses, Indian Canyon and Riverside, for the *Spokesman-Review* Trophy.

Lewis and Clark's 1938 golf schedule was:

APRIL 23—Lewis and Clark vs. Rogers at Indian Canyon.

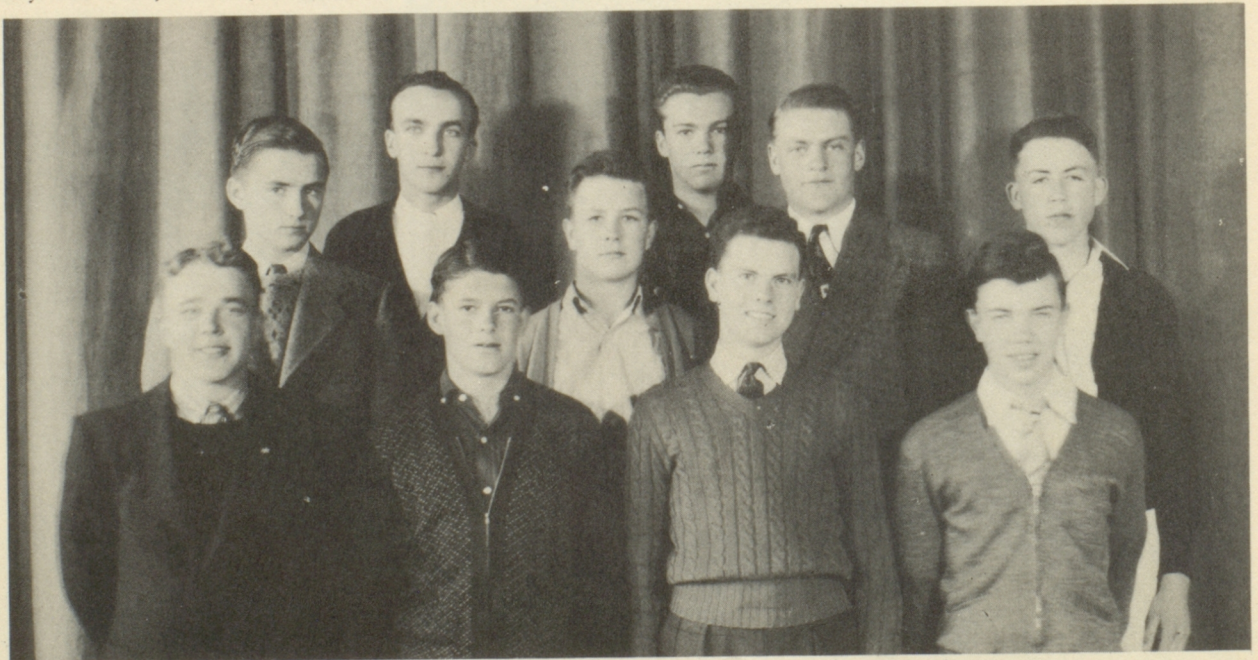
APRIL 30—Lewis and Clark vs. Gonzaga at Riverside.

MAY 7—Lewis and Clark vs. North Central at Indian Canyon.

MAY 14—Lewis and Clark vs. Rogers at Riverside.

MAY 21—Lewis and Clark vs. Gonzaga at Indian Canyon.

MAY 27—Lewis and Clark vs. North Central at Riverside.



GOLF SQUAD

FIRST ROW (left to right)—Eugene Buchholtz, Ralph Greene, Frank Boutin, Lloyd Baughn. SECOND ROW—Robert Rucker, Chancy Miller, Arthur Kennedy, Thomas Hill, Lewis Thayer, John Coffey.

TRACK LETTERMEN FEW

Tigers Work for Better Season; Many Men Green

Only three lettermen were on hand when Coach George A. Meyer looked over his squad at the first track turnout in March. Success of the season depended upon whether or not the large amount of "green" material on hand could develop into some real talent before the first city meet.

Lawrence Barker, broad jumper of ability last season, returned as the leading candidate in that event.

Don Vawter earned his letter in the pole vault last year and was on hand in that event when the season opened this spring.

Bob Simpson, who returned as a veteran in the sprints, is also a football letterman and was expected to add his share of points to the Tiger totals this spring.

Included on this spring's squad also were: Bob Youngs, Bob Atwood, Jim Hatch, Don Modesitt, Aaron

Hart, and Bill Nye, all lettermen in football. Ted Thompson, also on the squad, and Nye are lettermen in basketball. Ted Beamis and Dick Chase, both cross country letter winners, ran the distance races on the track team this spring.

Others that turned out for the sport were: Dick Bodwell, Frank Boutin, Roy Bungay, Bob Croyle, Albert DeFelice, Reiner Deglow, Lyle DeVore, Phil Hilby, Delbert Keinholz, Jack Kemper, Harry Lee, Bill Lee, Bob Long, Ken Mhyre, John Nicholson, Alan Roberts, Jack Russell, Bob Sadler, Charles Scott, Roy Shahab, Bob Turner, Bob Weed, John Williams, Wilho Williams, Bob Winchell, Tom Zagafos, Bill Parmelee, Jack LaRose, Pat Cosgrove, Tom Porter, Dick Davenport, Dick Stern, Joe Nail, Mike Saad, Ed Fletcher, Tom Sill, Frank Barnhill, Gordon Taylor, Bob Paisley, Tom Burnham, Elmer Kruse, Houston Kimbrough, Garth Everett, Dick Wolfe, and Jack Gilberg.

Managers this spring are Kenneth Skoglund, Kiyoshi Takimoto, and Randall Carpenter.



COACH GEORGE MEYER

Aiding Coach Meyer were Lyle Maskell, football coach, who handled

[Continued on Page 17]



SPRINTS

FIRST ROW (left to right)—Robert Simpson, Albert DeFelice, Robert Paisley, Don Modesitt, Kenneth Mhyre, Pat Cosgrove. SECOND ROW—Bill Parmelee, Lawrence Barker, Reiner Deglow, Jack Kemper, Dick Wolfe, Robert Long, Lyle DeVore, Delbert Keinholz.

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L. C. LOSES FIRST MEET

Track Team Beaten by North Central, 85 to 19

Lewis and Clark dropped its opening track meet to North Central by the one-sided score of 85½ to 18½, Friday, April 29, on the North-side playfield. The Indians swept the afternoon by taking first place in every event.

Dick Chase looked as if he were a winner for the Tigers in the half-mile until he was overtaken in the last few feet of the event by Chuck Moore.

Another thriller saw Garth Everett, L. C. miler, nearly pass Theron Goldsmith near the end of the four-lap event. Bob Atwood threw the shot-put well to take another second for Lewis and Clark.

The results:

100-yard dash—Won by Frieske, N. C.; second, Leslie, N. C.; third, DeFelice, L. C. Time—:10.6.

220-yard dash—Won by Crowe, N. C.; second, Swift, N. C.; third DeFelice, L. C. Time—:34.3.

440-yard dash—Won by Leslie,

N. C.; second, Paisley, L. C.; third, Hart, L. C. Time—:54.3.

88c-yard run—Won by Moore, N. C.; second, Chase, L. C.; third, Jensen, N. C. Time—2:04.1.

Mile run—Won by Goldsmith, N. C.; second, Everett, L. C.; third, Swenson, N. C. Time—4:40.

High hurdles—Won by Zimmerman, N. C.; second, Sims, N. C.; third, Posson, N. C. Time—:16.2.

Low hurdles—Won by Zimmerman, N. C.; second, Posson, N. C.; third, Simpson, L. C. Time—:24.9.

Pole vault—Won by Zimmerman, N. C., and Gadd, N. C.; Third, Robertson, N. C.; Vanter, L. C.; Thompson, L. C. Height—10 feet, 6 inches.

High jump—Won by Zimmerman, N. C.; second, Short, N. C.; third, Simpson, L. C. Height—5 feet, 7 in.

Broad jump—Won by Zimmerman, N. C.; second, Robertson, N. C.; third, Barker, L. C. Distance—20 feet, 7½ inches.

Shot-put—Won by Nasato, N. C.; second, Atwood, L. C.; third, Burrell, N. C. Distance—47 feet, 10½ inches.

Relay—Won by North Central (Crowe, Swift, Moore, Leslie); second Lewis and Clark. Time—1:35.8.

Gonzaga Meet

Lewis and Clark won a decisive 68 to 36 victory over Gonzaga Friday, May 6, in the track meet at Hart field. The tigers took seven first places to the Zag's five.

Garth Everett's sparkling victory in the mile run was one of the highlights of the day.

The results:

100-yard dash—Won by Hupper-ten, Gonzaga; second, DeFelice, L. C.; third, Modesitt, L. C. Time 10.2 seconds.

220-yard dash—Won by Modesitt, L. C.; second, DeFelice, L. C.; third, Paisley, L. C. Time, 23.8 seconds.

440-yard dash—Won by Modesitt, L. C.; second, Hart, L. C.; third, Fletcher, L. C. Time 55.4 seconds.

880-yard run—Won by Molitor, Gonzaga; second, Chace, L. C.; third, Staheli, Gonzaga. Time 2:06.3.

Mile run—Won by Ewart, L. C.;



DISTANCE MEN

FIRST ROW (left to right)—Delbert Kienholz, Gordon Taylor, Dick Chace, Ted Beamis, Phil Hilby, Robert Weed, Jack Russell, Robert Turner.
SECOND ROW—Roy Bungay, Elmer Kruse, Frank Barnhill, Ray Shannon, Tom Sill, Tom Porter, Dick Bodwell, Alan Roberts, John Stirn.

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JUMPS AND WEIGHTS

FIRST ROW (left to right)—Pat Cosgrove, Robert Simpson, Kenneth Mhyre, Lawrence Barker, Don Vawter. SECOND ROW—Kenneth Fulton, Jack Gilberg, Robert Atwood, Ed Fletcher, Wilho Williams, Robert Croyle, Michel Saad.

second, Staheli, Gonzaga; third, Weed, L. C. Time, 4:52.6.

High hurdles—Won by Simpson, L. C.; second, Andre, Gonzaga; third, Beamis, L. C. Time, 17 seconds.

Low hurdles—Won by Jones, Gonzaga; second, Simpson, L. C.; third, Weipert, L. C. Time, 24.6 seconds.

Pole vault—Won by Andre, Gonzaga; second, Vawter-Thompson, L. C. Height, 10 feet, 6 inches.

High jump—Won by Cornell, Gonzaga; second, Andre, Gonzaga; third, Simpson, L. C. Height, 5 feet, 4 inches.

Broad jump—Won by Myhre, L. C.; second, Hatch, L. C.; third, Molitor, Gonzaga. Distance 19 feet, 4 inches.

Shotput—Won by Atwood, L. C.; second, Fletcher, L. C.; third, Simpson, L. C. Distance, 45 feet, 8½ inches.

Relay—Won by Lewis and Clark (DeFelice, Hart, Paisley, Modesitt); second, Gonzaga. Time, 1:37.4.

Rogers Meet

Lewis and Clark dropped its track meet with Rogers, 61 to 43, Friday, May 13, at Hart field. The Pirate pole-vaulter, Burkhardt, provided the thrill of the afternoon with his record-breaking leap of 11 feet, 8½ inches.

Results:

Rogers 61, Lewis and Clark 43.

100-yard dash—Won by DeFelice, L. C.; second, Wendell, R.; third, Modesitt, L. C. Time, 10.6 seconds.

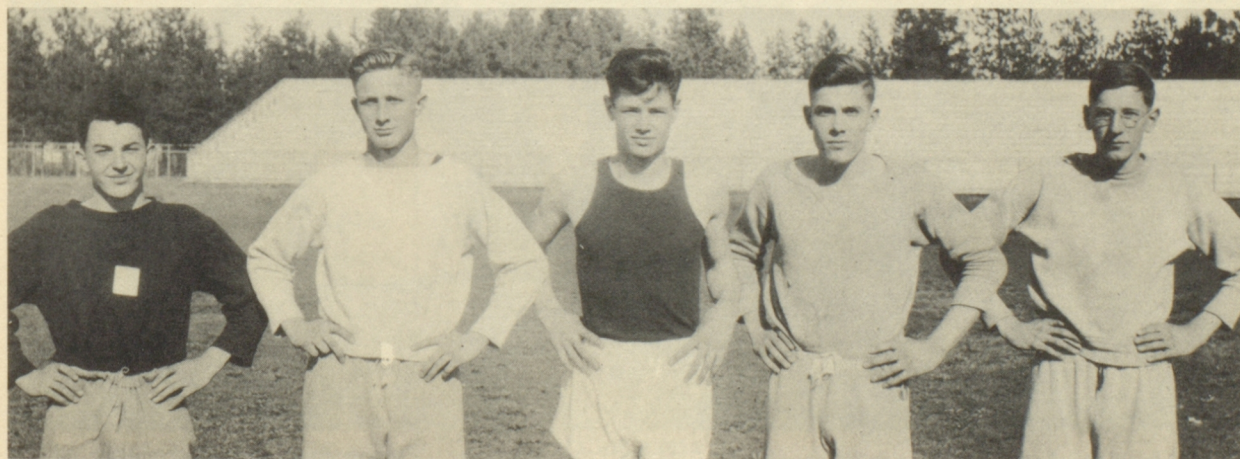
220-yard dash—Won by DeFelice, L. C.; second, Modesitt, L. C.; third, Wendell, R. Time, 23.8 seconds.

440-yard dash—Won by Peterson, R.; second, Paisley, L. C.; third, Leavitt, R. Time, 55.5 seconds.

880-yard run—Won by Balch, R.; second, French, R.; third, Beamis, L. C. Time, 2:08.2.

Mile run—Won by Everett, L. C.; second, Weed, L. C.; third, Young, R. Time, 4:55.

[Continued on Page 17]



HURDLERS

Left to right—Ted Beamis, Gordon Taylor, Robert Simpson, Richard Davenport, Tom Burnham

RIFLE SEASON GOOD

Rank High in Country-Wide N. R. A. Shoot

Probably the most successful rifle season in the history of the sport has just been completed by the Lewis and Clark team. A large number of boys with good shooting ability were on Coach J. G. McMacken's squad. Improved equipment and range facilities also aided in the progress of the team.

Records took a terrific beating as the Tiger shooters bettered five established marks. The record for the twenty-prone-shot event was raised by Jim Lyons from 198 to 199. In the Bellaine match the L. and C. squad raised the ten prone and ten standing record to 886, and a record of 496 prone was made.

Lyons also tied the record of Robert Gay, January '38, of five possibles in the prone position. The record in the standing event of 387 was boosted by the team to 401.

Early in the season Gay established a record of 190 in the ten prone and ten standing event, which was new to the school.

Out of 175 high school teams competing in the National Rifle Association tournament, the Tiger shooters placed in the "A" division nine out of ten times. The team ranked from third to sixteenth, averaging about seventh.

The following boys received rifle letters this year: James Lyons and Joe Hopkins, fourth year letters; Boyd Morrison, third year letter; Bob Worman and Karl Maxwell, second awards; and Dean Gettys, Bob Moore, Lawrence Morse, Roger McMacken, Clayton Gross, Raymond Heft, Henry Moore, and Bob Stillinger, first letters.

Worman, who had the high average for the year and won the N.R.A. medal, received the captain's letter.

Roger McMacken, freshman, and Floyd Johnson, junior, won expert riflemen awards.

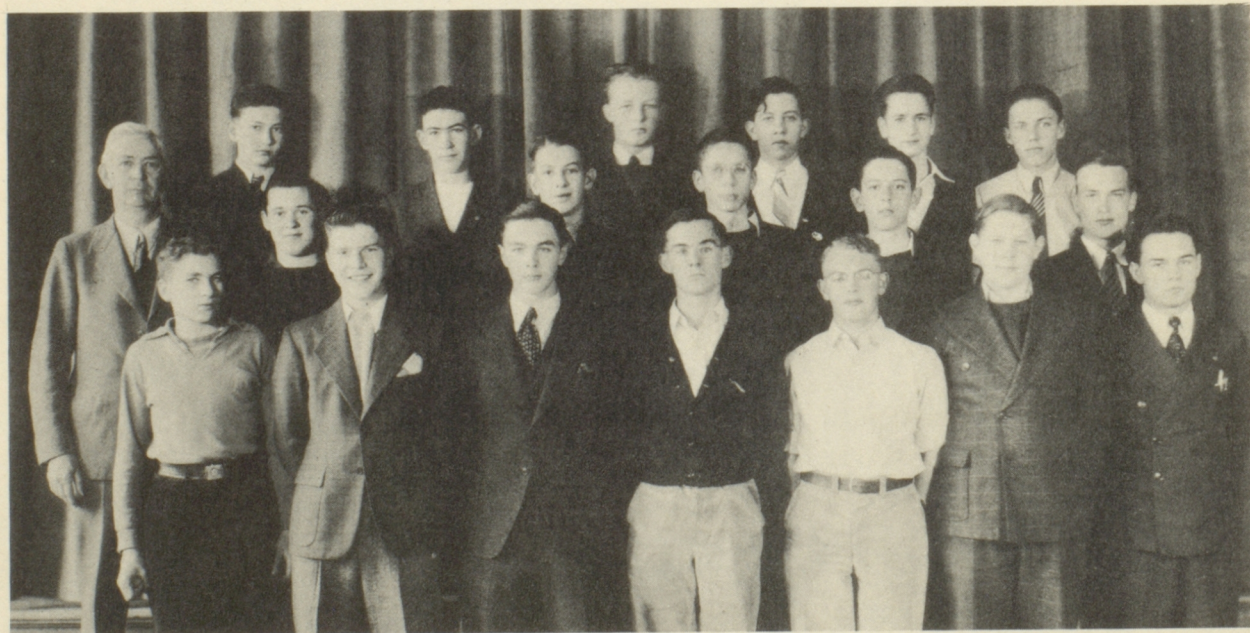
In shoulder to shoulder matches, the team defeated all local high school squads. In telegraphic matches some of the teams defeated by the Tigers were Wenatchee, Bellaine, Lakeside, and Everett.

With many of this year's lettermen returning next fall, prospects for an



COACH J. G. McMACKEN

even more successful season seem likely. Interest in the rifle team is increasing each year, according to Coach McMacken.



RIFLE SQUAD

FIRST ROW (left to right)—Dean Gettys, Willis Bussard, George Dullanty, James Lyons, Karl Maxwell, James Moore, Verne Cressey. SECOND ROW—Mr. J. G. McMacken, Boyd Morrison, George Hutcheck, Joe Hopkins, William Powell, Lawrence Morse. THIRD ROW—Roger McMacken, Floyd Johnson, Clayton Gross, Robert Moore, Robert Worman, Gerald Gifford.

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New Tennis Court Designed

A new indoor tennis court has just been designed by Gavin Haddon, a New York engineer, which will overcome the difficulties of lighting, expense, and other items which prevented the successful construction of indoor tennis courts.

The principal feature of Mr. Haddon's design consists of a curving arched roof which spans the court longitudinally instead of transversely. This results in the enclosure of just enough space required for play without any excess or waste.

The new design also solves the natural lighting problem without the objection of a skylight from above. When the ball, in flight, passed between the player's eyes and backgrounds which were alternately light and dark, it became almost invisible.

In Mr. Haddon's design, the crescent walls at the side of the court, formed by the arched roof and the perpendicular sides, can be filled with large windows which will bring ample and efficient light from the sky, thus eliminating the overhead lighting objection.

Another interesting feature, though not a necessity, is the extension which can be made for shower and dressing rooms.

GONZAGA GAME

[Continued from Page 11]

Gonzaga.....0 0 0 0 0 0 1—1
Lewis and Clark...0 0 2 0 0 1 x—3

Errors—Rottuno, McGuigan, Middleton, Barnes. Three-base hit—Jones. Double play—Scarpelli to McGuigan. Bases on balls—Wouters 1, Molitor 2. Strikeouts—Wouters 10, Molitor 3.

Umpire—Nelson.

North Central Game

Pitcher Dick Wouters skyrocketed to the high school baseball hall of fame Tuesday, May 10, when he pitched a no-hit no-run game against North Central on the Indian field. Lewis and Clark won the long, dull game 7 to 0.

The victory held the South siders in second place in the prep league.

The summary:

Lewis and Clark

	ab	r	h
Haspedis, 2b.....	4	2	1
Brask, cf.....	5	1	2
Olson, lf.....	3	2	1
Simchuk, 1b.....	3	0	2
Wouters, p.....	4	0	1
Barnes, 3b.....	4	0	0
Holland, c.....	4	1	1
Austell, rf.....	3	1	1
Bickford, rf.....	0	0	0
McAuley, ss.....	2	0	0
Middleton, ss.....	1	0	0

Totals.....33 7 9

North Central

	ab	r	h
Dahl, ss.....	0	0	0
Jacobs, ss.....	2	0	0
Pradella, 1b.....	2	0	0
LeDuc, 1b.....	1	0	0
Dupont, lf.....	1	0	0
Morgan, lf.....	1	0	0
Hughes, lf.....	1	0	0
Carter, 3b.....	3	0	0
Peterson, 3b.....	1	0	0
Sloan, cf.....	2	0	0
Ramsey, rf.....	1	0	0
LeGrant, 2b.....	1	0	0
Whorle, 2b.....	1	0	0
Lucas, c.....	2	0	0
Dalghen, c.....	1	0	0
Westberg, p.....	0	0	0
McLeod, p.....	2	0	0
*Pemberton.....	0	0	0

Totals.....22 0 0

*Hit for Jacobs in seventh.

Lewis and Clark...2 3 0 1 0 1 0—7
North Central...0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

Errors—Barnes, Jacobs, Dahl 2, Morgan, Sloan, Westberg. Losing pitcher—Westberg. Bases on balls—Wouters 7, Westberg 1, McLeod 1. Hit by pitched ball—Dahl, Ramsey, Simchuk, Holland, Middleton. Strikeouts—Wouters 14, Westberg 1, McLeod 9. Left on bases—Lewis and Clark 9, North Central 10. Stolen bases—Haspedis, Brask 2, Olson 3, Wouters, Bickford, Middleton, McLeod.

Umpire—Dutch Altman.

ROGERS MEET

[Continued from Page 15]

High hurdles—Won by Decker, R.; second, Goodman, R.; third, Haight, R. Time, 16.6 seconds.

Low hurdles—Won by Goodman, R.; second, Decker, R.; third, Wendell, R. Time, 25 seconds.

Pole vault—Won by Burkhardt, R.; tied for second, Thompson and Vawter, both L. C. Height, 11 feet, 8½ inches (new city record).

Broad jump—Won by Burkhardt, R.; second, Myers, L. C.; third, Hatch, L. C. Distance, 19 feet, 3½ inches.

High jump—Won by Allen, R.; second, Gaffney, R.; third, Simpson, L. C. Height, 5 feet, 7½ inches.

Shotput—Won by Fletcher, L. C.; second, Atwood, L. C.; third, Hoisington, R. Distance, 45 feet, 5½ in.

Relay—Won by Rogers (Peterson, Leavitt, Gottwig, Goodman). Time, 1:37.

TRACK LETTERMEN

[Continued from Page 13]

the boys for the shot put, and William Taylor, who helped in coaching the jumpers.

Coach Meyer, 1928 Olympic hurdle champion and graduate of Washington State College, has coached track at Lewis and Clark for eight years, turning out six championship teams. He was called to Lewis and Clark from Garfield High School, where he was employed after leaving college.

After several years in first place, the Orange and Black track team dropped down to third place in city competition two years ago and finished with little better success last year. It was the hope of the school and the team that this season would see the squad again on top.

First place winners in each event in the annual city meet go to Pullman where, at Washington State College, they compete in the state track meet held each year in the latter part of May. Lewis and Clark has never failed to have a representative in this tournament.

The Tiger's 1938 city schedule was:
APRIL 29, Friday—Lewis and Clark vs. North Central at North Central.

MAY 6, Friday—Lewis and Clark vs. Gonzaga at Hart Field.

MAY 13, Friday—Lewis and Clark vs. Rogers at Hart Field.

MAY 20, Friday—City Meet.

MAY 28, Saturday—State Meet at Pullman.

The outcome of the city track events looked about evenly divided among the four schools at the first of the season. A slight edge might be given to Rogers, last year's winners.

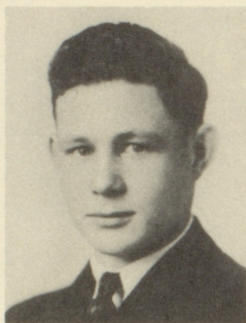
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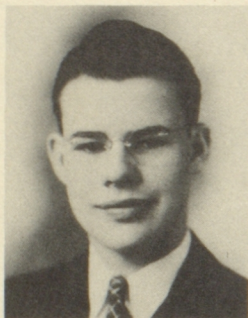
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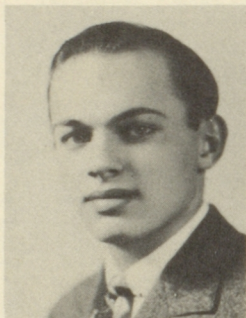
SENIOR LETTERMEN



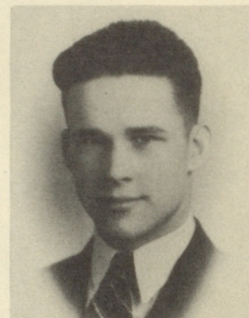
JIM AUSTELL
*Football, halfback
Hockey, center*



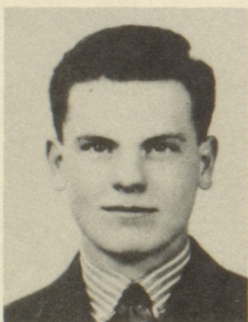
JOHN BACON
Rifle, manager



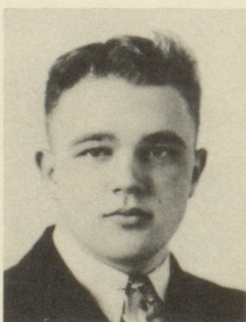
LAWRENCE BARKER
Track, jumper



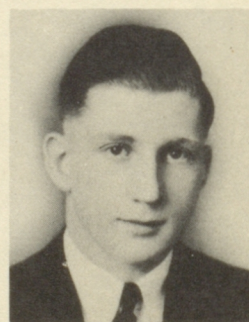
BILL BEALE
Hockey, defense



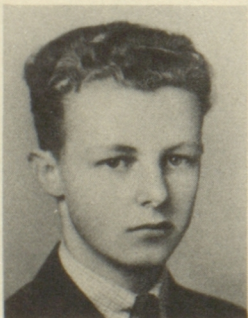
FRANK BOUTIN
Golf



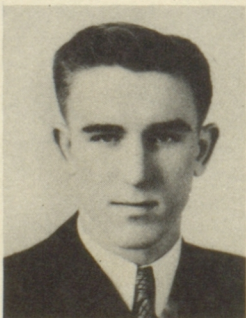
EUGENE BUCHHOLTZ
Golf



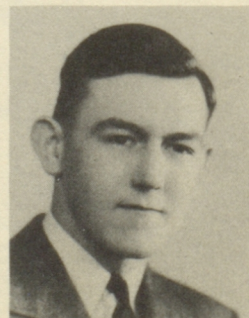
BOB GARRISON
Football, halfback



CLAYTON GROSS
Rifle



AARON HART
Football, halfback



GEORGE HALL
Baseball, manager

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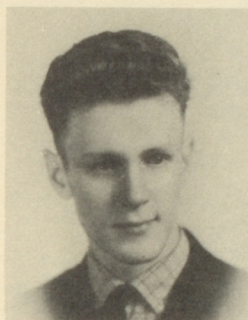
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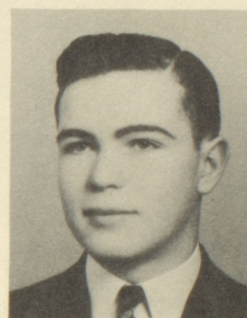
JACK HOLLAND
Baseball, catcher



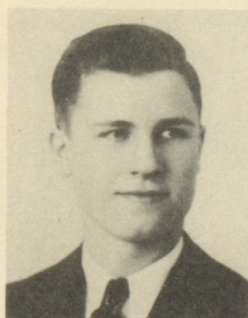
BOB HOLT
Basketball, forward



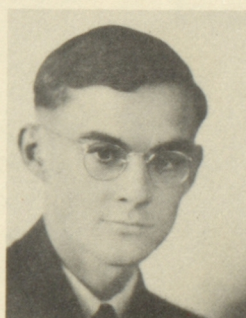
JOE HOPKINS
Rifle



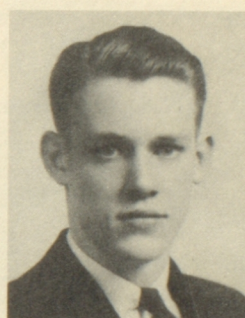
JOE HUNT
Basketball, manager



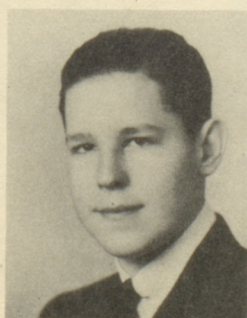
ED KRAUS
Baseball, third base



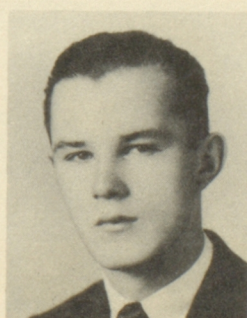
JAMES LYONS
Rifle



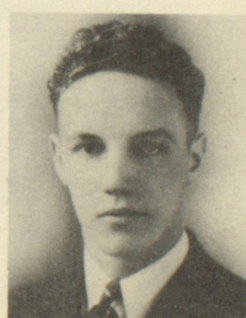
DON MODESITT
Football, guard



HENRY MOORE
Rifle



SHANNON PATTERSON
*Baseball, short stop
Basketball, guard*



GLEN PORTER
Football, guard

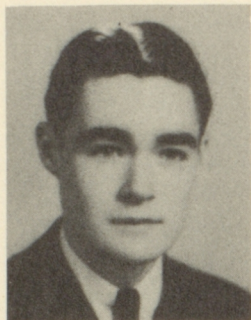
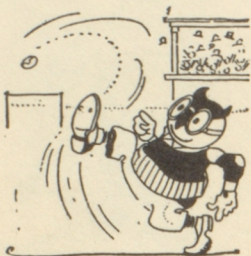
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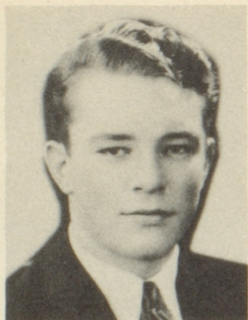
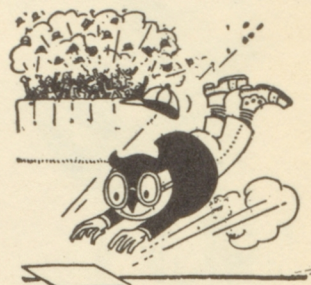
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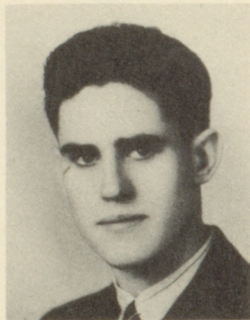
SENIOR LETTERMEN



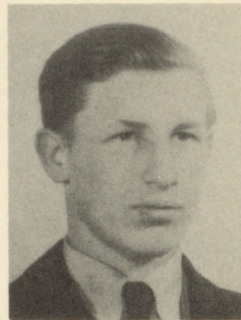
GORDON REID
Basketball, forward



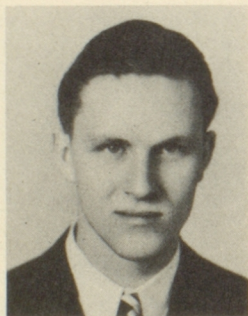
MAC K RODNEY
Football, guard



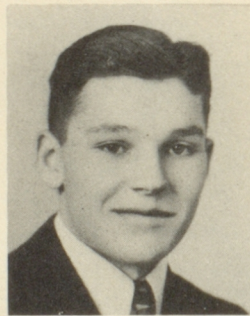
JACK RUSSELL
Basketball, guard



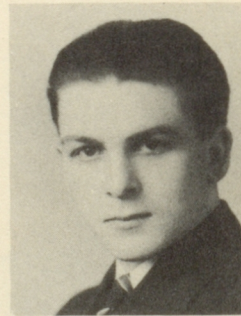
LAWRENCE SEMON
Tennis



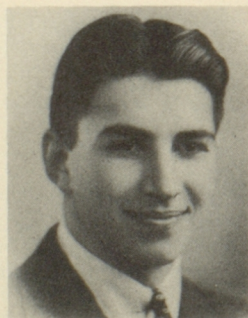
HUGH SHERRICK
Football, tackle



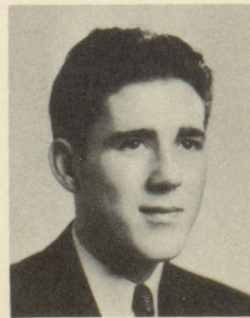
HARRY SIMCHUK
Baseball, outfield



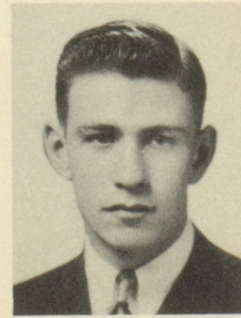
OSCAR SWENSON
Football, tackle



CHARLES THEIS
Football, guard



TED THOMPSON
Basketball, forward



BILL WADE
*Track, distance runner;
cross country*

22 ON TENNIS SQUAD

Lack of Courts Causes Cut in Girls' Team

Fifty-five girls originally turned out for tennis this year, but on account of the fact that the L. C. courts were not repaired, an elimination tournament is being played to select twenty top-ranking players. Last year Miss Norvell handled a squad of fifty girls on the courts at our own play-field.

Each year tournaments are played for cups. There is the Sophomore-Junior-Senior cup, which is presented to the top-ranking player from these classes. The Freshman cup is given to the one who has beaten opponents of her year in a tournament.

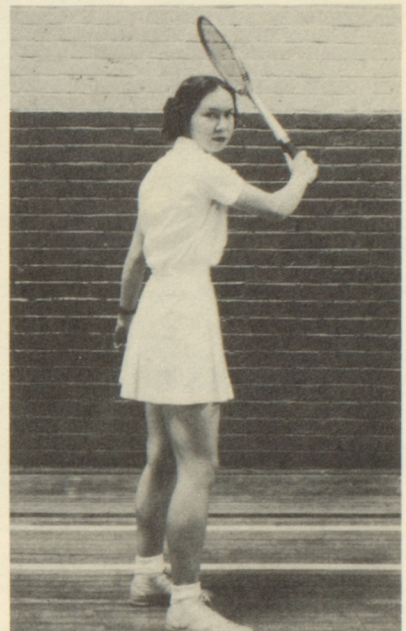
On May 5, L. C. played West Valley—five doubles and six singles. On May 19, L. C. met North Central.

Five ranking players scheduled for their usual fine work this season are Vada May Lawrence, Betty Laberee, Dorothy Belcher, Marjorie Rarey, and Eileen Green.

The cup tournament began in May. In the first round for the Sophomore-Junior-Senior cup, Marjorie Rarey defeated Eileen Green;

Jean Harris defeated Sara Lee Williams; Betty Alberts defeated Virginia Lou Mahoney; Agnes Stromen defeated Ruth Thomson; Beverly Webber defeated Helene Anderson; Marjorie Nelson defeated Eleanor Davis; Jean MacCallum defeated Ruth Finney; Janet Turnball defeated Charlotte Jenson; Lorraine Zapell defeated Muerl Walters; Betty Gamble defeated Evelyn MacKay; Betty Laberee defeated Sylvia Knight; Dorothy Belcher defeated Marjorie Williamson.

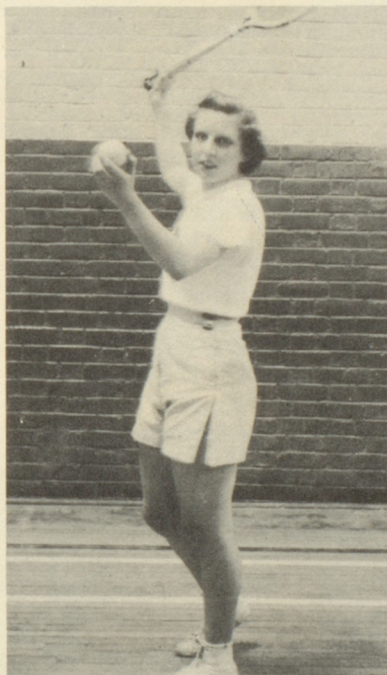
For the Freshman cup Jane MacVeigh defeated Lillian Robertson; Doris Bennett defeated Louise Alger.



VADA MAY LAWRENCE

and making openings. Tennis is a model sport for time saving. In an hour and a half, one can step into tennis togs, dash through two sets, a shower, and get back to his business.

The tennis racquet should be one's life-long friend. Once considered to be a "sissy" game, tennis is now

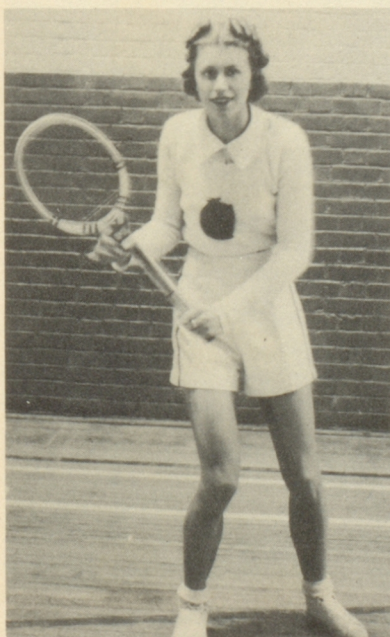


INA SCHOEMPERLEN

Game of Tennis of French Origin

Courtiers of King Louis the Fourteenth invented Tennis. French temperament inspired its dash, but it is made to order for Americans, who like action with their exercise.

Zip and skill; tennis has both. There's nothing so satisfying as a hearty overhead smash. It's exciting combat. One is always trying to out-guess his opponent, taking chances



EILEEN GREEN



VIRGINIA WESTER

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TENNIS SQUAD

FIRST ROW (left to right)—Ruth Finney, Patricia Sweeney, Mary Lou Ostrander, Jean MacCallum, Betty Fogelquist, Marguerite Carroll, Evelyn McKay. SECOND ROW—Jane Laberee, Virginia Wester, Virginia Olson, Betty Laberee, Beverly Weber, Kathleen Arnold, Ina Schoemperlen, Agnes Stromen, Vada May Lawrence, Dorothy Belcher, Eileen Green, Marjorie Rarey. THIRD ROW—Miss Anne Norvell, Virginia Lou Mahoney, Betty Jean Gamble, Beverly Soss, Marjorie Williamson, Betty Alberts, Jane Wilson, Jean Emry, Gwyneth Owen, Ruth Rock, Janet Turnbull, Virginia Hitzel, Eileen Mitchell. FOURTH ROW—Lillian Robertson, Muel Walter, Marjorie Nelson, Jane McVeigh, Phyllis Paynter, Helen Amick, Mary Beyen, Doris Bennett, Lorraine Zapell, Eleanor Davis, Jean Harris, Sylvia Knight, Charlotte Jensen.

recognized as one of the most vigorous sports in the catalog. It takes a first-class athlete to play top notch, but any person can adapt his game to his strength and enjoy it. If singles are too strenuous, try doubles. King Gustav of Sweden, past seventy, plays regularly and well.

In choosing a racquet seek balance and proper weight. Thirteen ounces for women and fourteen ounces for men are good standards. Studying

the strokes, playing with better players, and constant practice are the surest ways to improve. Whether hitting the ball against the side of a wall at practice, or warming up before a game, aim each shot at a definite spot. After impact, the racquet should follow through freely. An important item is this, "Keep your eyes on the ball." If one can't be as graceful as Suzanne Lenglen, at least strive for accurate footwork.

It's fifty per cent of tennis. Variety in speed and strokes is the key-note of tennis strategy. Never let your opponent get set; keep him moving.

After all, whether one is professional or amateur makes little difference. Tennis is a sport which offers enjoyment to all, regardless of ability.

Lewis and Clark has plenty of ability in the person of Miss Norvell, however. She is busy coaching.



TENNIS LETTER GIRLS

FIRST ROW (left to right)—Jane Laberee, Betty Laberee, Vada May Lawrence, Beverly Weber, Marjorie Rarey, Eileen Green, Virginia Olson, Virginia Wester. SECOND ROW—Betty Jean Gamble, Shirley Campbell, Ruth Rock, Gwyneth Owen, Jean Harris, Ina Schoemperlen, Dorothy Belcher. THIRD ROW—Virginia Lou Mahoney, Betty Alberts, Agnes Stromen, Sylvia Knight.

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9A BASKETBALL

FRONT ROW (*left to right*)—Betty Hallett, Bette Ahrens, Phyllis Winchell, Peggy Yarbrough, Shirley Ann Kinch, Patsy Parker. SECOND ROW—Mary Beyen, Jane McVeigh, Vera Novich, Ruth Ellingwood, Barbara Pearson, Vivian Moline. THIRD ROW—Alice Lee, Bobbee Judd, Dorothy Belcher, Jerry Rowse, Lucille Isaacs, Kathleen Curry.

11A's Sweep Girls' Basketball Meet

This is the first time in the history of the girls' basketball tournaments that one class has taken both first and second places. The winning team was the 11A class. It was

extremely fortunate in having a large group of outstanding players. The 9A team, winner of the lower class division, showed its promising ability by placing third.

The large turnout of girls throughout the tournament lent an enthusiastic spirit to the competition. There were nine teams entered in the

tournament, the 9A's and the 11A's having two teams each. No distinction was made, however, as to the ranking of teams within the same class.

This was the first basketball season carried on under all-student management. Vada May Lawrence,

[Continued on Page 24]



11A BASKETBALL

FIRST ROW (*left to right*)—Louise Mohn, Marjorie Rarey, Marguerite Hopkins, Lorraine Ring, Marjorie Williamson, Betty Alberts. SECOND ROW—Mary Nell Schaefer, Kathleen Arnold, Helen Amick, Lucille Poirier, Lucille Gormley, Phyllis Paynter.

L. C. GIRLS IN GOLF AGAIN

Ladder Tournament is Held to Choose Squad

This is the second season for girls' golf in Lewis and Clark, last year being really an experimental one. Its success under the able management of Miss Jessie Baltezure was greeted with the greatest enthusiasm. Considering that last year was our first year, the turn-out was excellent.

After our ladder tournament, places for our six-man team were determined: 1—Carol Gleason, 2—Betty Jones, 3—Bernice Graves, 4—Mary Ruth Barnes, 5—Jane Storer, and 6—Barbara Paine. Last October we met N. C., and literally swamped them by taking 14 points out of a possible 18. This season looks very promising. A number of new girls have turned out, who will no doubt prove very valuable players in the future.

At present we are holding a ladder tournament to determine those who will play against N. C. next month, and their positions. A girl may challenge anyone either one or two positions above her on the ladder; and if the challenger wins the match, she advances to the position of the other girl. At the end of this tournament, the girls holding the first six places meet the six girls representing N. C. So far we have two tournaments scheduled, one for May 14, and another for May 21, both to be played with North Central.

Three of our most promising girls are Carol Gleason, Bernice Graves, and Mary Ruth Barnes. They have practiced consistently and all did well in the past tournaments. We only hope that we may again "swamp" N. C.

Vital (???) Statistics—

Those out for golf—and positions:

1. Carol Gleason
2. Betty Jones
3. Bernice Graves
4. Mary Ruth Barnes
5. Jane Storer
6. Barbara Paine
7. Doris Hilscher
8. Peggy Pickette



GOLF

FIRST ROW (left to right)—Carol Gleason, Barbara Paine, Jane Storer, Bernice Graves, Mary Ruth Barnes. SECOND ROW—Jo Weller, Barbara Anderson, Peggy Pickette, Barbara Atwater, Kathleen McNulty, Betty Jean Rucker.

9. Barbara Anderson
10. Barbara Atwater
11. Kathleen McNulty
12. Betty Jean Rucker
13. Jo Weller
14. Dona Major

Recruits:

1. Jo Weller
2. Betty Jean Rucker

Girls' Badminton Popular at Lewis and Clark

This is Badminton's third year in Lewis and Clark. The first year, honors went to the tennis girls; but last year, as classes became larger, many new faces came to the front. The tournament last year was held according to classes, and the winners of each class played for school championship. This year, however, a new plan was tried and the girls were lined up by drawing for places. In the finals Sara Lee Williams defeated Ruth Rock for the 1937 championship. This semester, the class is almost too large to be accommodated on the one small court. Now a doubles ladder tournament is in progress. Julie Crommelin and Mary Ann Magney are top ranking team with Rowena Bowdry and Juanita Rose Doyle second. This spring found the team playing at Comstock Park on Tuesdays and Thursdays, during the sixth period.

Racquet Club is Active Girls' Body

The Racquet Club was formed in 1910. Ever since that date it has been an active organization. The membership of twenty-five is chosen from girls on the tennis team. The purpose of the club is to promote interest and participation in tennis.

The officers are Virginia Wester, *President*; Dorothy Belcher, *Vice-President*; Marjorie Rarey, *Secretary*; Shirley Campbell, *Sergeant-at-Arms*; Jane Laberee, *Historian and Reporter*.

BASKETBALL

[Continued from Page 23]

prominent in school athletics, having won the tennis cup in the spring of 1937 and the junior class championship in the badminton tournament in the same year, was manager of the tournament.

The line-up for the final game found the two 11A teams as opponents; thus it was made possible for this class to win first and second places.

The championship game furnished the most exciting and stimulating plays of the season. The entire tournament on the part of all the girls was marked by fair, hard, and earnest play.

G.A.C. ACTIVE MANY YEARS

Conducts Inter-Class Sports and Fixes Rules

The Girls Athletic Council is a service organization which was started twenty years ago. Its purpose is to promote interest in girls' athletics, to conduct inter-class sports, and to determine the rules governing awards.

During the past year, it was active in sponsoring the Washington apple sale, and in supervising the basketball and volleyball tournaments.

In order to join, a girl must have her "L. C." letter in sports, and in order to gain her letter she must participate in at least three sports. Her awards are as follows: first, the large orange star; second, the orange crescent; third, the class numeral; and finally, the "L. C." which entitles her to membership.

Its sponsor, Miss Baltezure, is busy directing the energy of the girls toward inter-class sport, toward making the inter-class letters, and toward supervising the party which the council gives at the end of each athletic tournament.



TI-GIRLS

FIRST ROW (left to right)—Carol Gleason, Lorraine Schulz, Edith Eng, Mary Ruth Barnes, Gloria Olson. SECOND ROW—Marvel McVay, Betty Laberee, Ruth Thomson, Betty Flett, Patricia Updike, Jane McVeigh. THIRD ROW—Virginia Wester, Jane Laberee, Melva Kinch, Jane Machen, Catherine Petite, Alice Lee, Miss Anne Norvell.

The officers are Sara Whitley, *President*; Marjorie Rarey, *Vice-President*; Minnie Emry, *Secretary*; Betty Black, *Treasurer*.

Ti-Girls is New Pep Organization

"Ti-Girls," the winning name submitted by Virginia Lou Mahoney, is the newly organized group of girls

who will serve the pep sauce to liven up games and convocations. The girls are planning to put on stunts between halves of football games and basketball games. Their activities are directed by Miss Norvell and Miss Bungay.

The officers are Ruth Thomson, 12A, *President*; Jane Laberee, 10A, *Vice-President*; Ruth Rock, 10A, *Secretary-Treasurer*.



BADMINTON

FIRST ROW (left to right)—Jean Fairweather, Beulah Jackson, Marcia Blakemore, Rowena Beaudry, Betty Blum, Marcille Williams. SECOND ROW—Carol Robertson, Alice Lee, Mary Ann Magney, Julie Crommelin, Harriett Calkins, Juanitarose Doyle. THIRD ROW—Mary Sherman, Catherine Petite, Susanne Ehrhardt, Joanne MacEachran, Peggy Anderson, Geraldine Russell.

